THE WORLD'S BEST HUMOROUS ANECDOTES

Wit and Repartee

SELECTED FROM MANY SOURCES
AND ARRANGED TOPICALLY

BY

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THE WORLD'S BEST HUMOROUS ANECDOTES. II

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PREFACE

The humor in this volume is of the cleanest sort and of the best quality, as it has been gleaned entirely from leading religious papers. These papers have gleaned the incidents from life and from many sources all over the world, including leading secular newspapers and other periodicals.

We are certain that the editors of papers with the highest moral standards would publish only what is elevating as well as entertaining.

Acknowledging our debt to these papers for any help, pleasure or entertainment the readers may obtain from these selections, we consign them to the public.

THE AUTHOR.

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ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

NOT A VERY GREAT EXPLORER

"Professor Diggs, the famous archæologist, is said to have discovered half a dozen buried cities. Mrs. Diggs ought to be proud of him." "Well, yes, but she would have more respect for his ability as an explorer if she didn't have to find his hat for him every time he leaves the house."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

NO MEMORY AT ALL

"Is he a forgetful man?"

"Forgetful? I should say he is. His wife even accuses him of forgetting at times that he's a married man, and any one who can forget that has no memory at all."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ABSENT-MINDED

Professor—"I went to the railway office to-day and got that umbrella I left on the train last week."

His Wife—"That's good! Where is it now?"

Professor—"Eh? By Jove, I, really, my dear, I'm afraid I left it in the train!"—*London Answers.*

WAS CERTAINLY FORGETFUL

Caller—"Is it true, my dear, that your husband is very absent-minded?"

Mrs. Newly—"Yes. We've been married six months, and many an evening at eleven he gets up, takes me by the hand, tells me what a delightful time he has had, and would leave if I didn't remind him."—*Boston Transcript.*

ADVERTISING

MISAPPREHENSION

A certain chemist advertised a patent concoction labeled: "No more colds! No more coughs! Price, 1s. 1½ d."

A man who bought the mixture came back in three days to complain that he had drunk it all, but was no better.

"Drunk it all!" gasped the chemist. "Why, man, that was an india-rubber solution to put on the soles of your boots."—*Tit-Bits.*

EXAGGERATED ADVERTISEMENTS

Traveler: "How's train service here?"

Small-Town Native: "Wal, they advertise one train a day, but you and me know them advertisements exaggerate."—*Selected.*

ADVICE

WAS CARRYING OUT HIS IDEAS

Youth: "I sent you some suggestions telling you how to make your paper more interesting. Have you carried out any of my ideas?" Editor: "Did you meet the office boy with the waste-paper basket as you came upstairs?" Youth: "Yes, yes, I did." Editor: "Well, he was carrying out your ideas."—*Tit-Bits.*

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE FREE

"Some say you can't get free professional advice."

"Can you?"

"To be sure you can. Your doctor will talk law as long as you will listen, and your lawyer will give you medical advice on any ailment you want to bring up."—*Selected.*

AGREEABLENESS

WAS VERY AGREEABLE

"Don't you agree with me?" he inquired, after expressing a lengthy opinion about a matter of very little interest to his friend.

"Yes, what did you say?" replied his friend.

AMATEURS

PUT THE PAINT ON HIMSELF

"I thought you were working on Jay Krank's new house," said the house-painter's friend.

"I was going to," replied the house-painter, "but I had a quarrel with him, and he said he'd put the paint on himself."

"Did he do it?"

"Yes, that is where he put most of it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

ART

PORTRAITS AND PIECE-WORK

A merchant prince of Manchester engaged a rising young painter for the purpose of having his own portrait in oils conveyed to posterity. The terms were arranged.

"How long do you think it will take?" asked the model.

"Perhaps fifteen days," was the reply.

Sittings began, and the artist entered so heartily into his work that in eleven days the portrait was done.

"Why," asked this Crœsus of Cottonopolis, when the fact was announced to him, "do you intend suppressing four days' work?"

"It does not matter at all; the portrait is finished," answered the painter.

"Well, sir, this is not business; we said a hundred guineas and fifteen days' work. I am quite ready to stand the price, but you ought not to spend an hour less upon the work than we agreed for."

There was no use arguing with such a man. The painter took his brush again and spent four sittings more in lengthening, little by little in the portrait, the ears of his patron.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

AN HONEST LABEL

A cynical-minded gentleman was standing in front of an exhibition of local-art talent labeled "Art Objects."

"Well," he announced to the attendant in charge, "I should think Art would object, and I can't say that I blame her."—*Harper's Magazine.*

INTERESTED

Mabel had gone to the art exhibit. Not that she cared for pictures, but every one went. A friend saw her and told another friend. Friend No. 2 met her a few days later. "Why, hello, Mabel. I'm awfully glad to see you. I hear you are interested in art."

"Me? Art who?"—*Current Opinion.*

MARK TWAIN'S JOKE

Whistler, the famous artist, once invited Mark Twain to visit his studio to see a new painting he was just finishing. The humorist examined the canvas for some time in silence, then said, "I'd do away with that cloud if I were you," and extended his hand carelessly toward one corner of the picture as though about to smudge out a cloud effect. Whistler cried out nervously: "Gad, sir, be careful! Don't you see the paint is still wet!"

"Oh, that don't matter," said Mark. "I've got my gloves on."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

SHE WAS ARTISTIC

"She is very artistic," said the impressionable youth. "Yes," answered the man with the steely eye, "she is one of the sort of girls who think a bunch of hand-painted daisies are more important on a dinner-plate than an omelette."—*Washington Star.*

WHY THEY HUNG THE PICTURE

He—"Why did they hang that picture?"

She—"Perhaps they couldn't find the artist."—*Selected.*

AUTHORS

IT MIGHT BE PLAGIARIZED

A Boston firm offered a prize for the best original motto for a pen. A reader promptly sent them "The pen is mightier than the sword," with a request that they would forward the prize by mail. The head of the house wrote a humorous reply, asking the claimant if he could prove himself the author of the saying. The man, evidently an honest soul, at once responded: "I can't say for certain whether I read it or just thought it. I've read McGuffey's Readers and Kidd's Elocution and the Proverbs in the Bible. If it isn't in those books, it is original, and you will please send me the money." —*Selected.*

HE HAD HIS PREFERENCE

"It is true," severely said the lady of high ideals to the successful writer, "that you have gained much prosperity by your writings, but you have written nothing that will live."

"Perhaps not," returned the author, "but when it comes to a question of which shall live, myself or my writings, I never hesitate to sacrifice my writings."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

NOT VERY DEFINITE

Landlord: "In one word, when are you going to pay your arrears?"

Hard-up Author: "I will satisfy your demands as soon as I receive the money which the publisher will pay me if he accepts the novel I am going to send him as soon as the work is finished which I am about to commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration."—*Selected.*

WHY HE WENT TO CHURCH

Shears.—"How is it that young Scribleigh has been attending church so regularly of late?"

Typo.—"Why, he says that he likes to go where he is always sure of having his contributions accepted."—A. W. B., in *The Lamb.*

NO MENTALITY REQUIRED

Doctor: "You will have to give up all mental work for a few weeks."

Patient: "But, doctor, in that event my income would cease. I earn my living by writing poems for the magazines."

Doctor: "Oh, you can keep right on at that."—*Selected.*

TOO LONG

"No," said the editor, "we cannot use your poem."

"Why," asked the poet, "is it too long?"

"Yes," hissed the editor, "it's too long, and too wide, and too thick!"—*St. Louis Republic.*

BETTER THAN HIS POETRY

"What I admire about Scribbleton is his sang froid. He is always perfectly composed." "That's more than any one can say of his poetry?"—*Selected.*

A REASONABLE QUESTION

Editor—"Have you submitted these poems anywhere else, first?"

Poet—"No, sir."

Editor—"Then, where did you get that black eye?"—*Judge.*

QUALIFIED AS A CRITIC

Admiral Bradley Fiske was talking in New York about a naval critic.

"This naval critic," he said, "reminds me of Swetson.

" 'What struck Swetson?' a man asked at the club. 'He failed in medicine, he failed in the law and he failed in the ministry, and now he's moved into a $5,000 flat in Riverside Drive.'

" 'Well, you see,' said another man, 'Swetson has started to write magazine articles on "Why Men Fail," and he's made a mighty good thing of it. Qualified, you know.' "—*The Washington Star.*

HE WAS LITERARY

"Colonel Brown seems to be very literary," remarked a visitor to the Brown household to the negro maid, glancing at the pile of manuscripts lying on the floor.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the ebony-faced girl; "yes, ma'am, he sholy am literary. He jes' nat'ally littahs things all ovah this yer house."—*Selected.*

NOT AN INSPIRATION

Wife of author (hearing the sound of a brow being slapped).—"O Harold! An inspiration?"

The author (sadly).—"No, my dear—a mosquito."—*Punch.*

AUTOMOBILING

NEEDED NEW PARTS

"My brother bought a motor here last week," said an angry man to the salesman that stepped up to greet him, "and he said if anything broke you would supply him with new parts."

"Certainly," said the salesman. "What does he want?"

"He wants two deltoid muscles, a couple of kneecaps, one elbow

and about half a yard of cuticle," said the man, "and he wants them at once."—*Christian Register.*

ON THE RIGHT ROAD

They had lost their way in their new and expensive car.

"There's a sign, dear. Are we on the right road?"

With his flashlight he read: "To the Poorhouse."

"Yes," he answered. "We're on the right road and we didn't know it."—*Journal and Messenger.*

MOTOR CAR MIGHT TEMPT HIM

She—"Here's a story of a man who bartered his wife for a horse. You wouldn't swap me for a horse, would you, darling?" He—"Of course not. But I'd hate to have any one tempt me with a good motor car."—*London Tit-Bits.*

APPROPRIATE FOR A TIN WEDDING

Mrs. Ford—"My husband gave me an automobile on our wedding anniversary. We have been married ten years."

Mrs. Neighbor—"Yes, I saw it. How appropriate for a tin wedding."—*Selected.*

BOTH HAD EXPERIENCE

"You know," said the lady whose motor-car had run down a man, "you must have been walking very carelessly. I am a very careful driver. I have been driving a car for seven years."

"Lady, you've got nothing on me, I've been walking for fifty-four years."—*Detroit Motor News.*

UNDER ARREST

"You're under arrest," exclaimed the officer with chin whiskers as he stopped the automobile. "What for?" inquired Mr. Chuggins. "I haven't made up my mind yet. I'll just look over your lights, an' your license, an' your numbers, an' so forth. I know I can get you for somethin'."—*Selected.*

THE GASOLINE LIFE

How dear to his heart is the little old flivver
  That carries him out to his work and his play;
He finds that its jolting is good for his liver
  And woe to pedestrians who come in his way.

With his cap and his gauntlets and a large pair of goggles.
  He makes an impression you will not forget
As he sits at the wheel where he teeters and joggles,
  And only the traffic cops cause him to fret.

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

MODERN LANGUAGE

A somewhat rapid city man, according to a story that is going the rounds, remarked to a farmer friend:

"Thursday we autoed to the country club and golfed till dark, then trolleyed back to town and danced till morning."

The farmer "got back" in this language:

"I've been havin' some time myself. Wednesday I muled to the cornfield and gee-hawed till sundown. Then I suppered till dark and piped till nine. Then I bedsteaded till five o'clock, then breakfasted till it was time to go mulin' again."—*Selected.*

TOO MANY POINTS INVOLVED

"Ever tempted to sell your automobile?" asked the Cheerful Idiot. "The temptation is strong enough," replied Mr. Inbadd, "but there are too many points involved. You know I mortgaged my house in order to buy the machine." "Well, I mortgaged the machine in order to build the garage, and now I've had to mortgage the garage in order to buy gasoline."—*Puck.*

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE

The First Lady. "My husband wired me from Paris on my birthday asking whether he should buy me a Rembrandt or a Titian. Now which would you have?"

Second Lady. "Well, as far as that goes, any of those French cars are pretty good."—*Sketch.*

GASOLINE AND GRAMOPHONES

"Now that you are opulent I suppose you hear sweet music and inhale delicate perfumes." "Nothing of the kind," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I listen to auto horns and smell gasolene."—*Washington Star.*

TOO MANY CARELESS PEDESTRIANS

"How are you getting on with your new motor car?" "Oh, I'm all right. But I'd feel a lot more comfortable if the streets were not so full of careless or inexperienced pedestrians."—*Washington Star.*

SELF-DENIAL?

"I once knew a man who went hungry in order to buy feed for his horse." "I can understand his sentiments. Many's the time I have cut down on meat and potatoes in order to buy gasoline."—*Washington Star.*

SAW THE WOMAN ALL RIGHT

First Officer—"Did you get that fellow's number?"
Second Officer—"No; he was going too fast."
First Officer—"Say, that was a fine-looking dame in the car."
Second Officer—"Wasn't she?"—*Puck.*

ANOTHER KIND OF OIL

"So your son's in college, eh? Burning the midnight oil, I s'pose."

"Well—er—yes; but I've an idea—er—that it's gasoline."—*St. Patrick's Monthly Calendar.*

A POPULAR DECISION

A Pennsylvania judge has decided that the pedestrian has a right of way which the motorist must respect. We hereby nominate his Honor as candidate of the Pedestrian Party for President in 1924.—*Journal and Messenger.*

WHY SHE FELT SAFE

Proud Wife (taking very nervous friend for a little trip)—"I feel so safe with George driving, now he has joined the Red Cross. He is learning first aid, and knows where all the hospitals are."—*London Opinion.*

AN AUTO FACE NOT MOBILE

"They say the habit of motoring produces a fixed, set expression." "Yes; it seems strange, doesn't it, that an auto face shouldn't be also a mobile one?"—*Selected.*

A FAST AUTOMOBILE

"How fast is your car, Jimpson?" asked Harkaway. "Well," said Jimpson, "it keeps about six months ahead of my income generally."—*Selected.*

COULD NOT RUN A LAWN MOWER

Woman (to new chauffeur)—"Do you know how to run a lawnmower?"

Chauffeur—"No, ma'am, I don't. My eddikation has been limited to cars, biplanes and submarines."—*Boston Globe.*

THE ONLY DRAWBACK

"Land sakes," ejaculated Mrs. Bragg, "me and Henry could have an auto with the best of 'em, only we couldn't afford an usher to run it."—*Selected.*

WHAT HE WOULD GET

Teacher—"If a farmer sold 1,470 bushels of wheat at $3.17 a bushel, what would he get?"

Boy—"An automobile."—*American Boy.*

TAKING LIBERTIES

He—"Did you see those motors skid?"

She—"How dare you call me that!"—*London Opinion.*

THE LEADING QUESTION

"Will you marry me, my pretty maid?"

"How many cylinders has your automobile, sir?" she said.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

NOTHING WRONG WITH ITS APPETITE

"How's your motor car behaving?"

"Well," replied Mr. Chuggins, "the way it uses gasoline shows that while it may be weak in spots, its appetite is all right."—*Washington Star.*

WHY SHE WAS LIVING

Mistress—"So the automobile almost ran you down, did it, Hannah?" Hannah—"Hit sho did, Missus Arthur. Hit's nothin' but a dispensary er Providence dat I'm libin' ter tell de tale."—*Boston Transcript.*

FIREWATER AND GASOLINE

"What made the trouble for the original inhabitants of America was firewater."

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins, "and what is making the trouble for the modern inhabitants is gasoline."—*Selected.*

THE MODERN GIRL

Oldboy—"What's become of the old-fashioned girl who used to say 'Ask father'?" Newguy—"She now has a daughter who says, 'Give it more gas, George; the old man is gaining on us.'"—*The Lamb.*

AVIATION

A STRANGE MISTAKE

The aviator's wife was taking her first trip with her husband in his airship. "Wait a moment, George," she said. "I'm afraid we will have to go down again."

"What's wrong?" asked the husband.

"I believe I have dropped one of the pearl buttons off my jacket. I think I can see it glistening on the ground."

"Keep your seat, my dear," said the aviator. "That's a lake."—*Selected.*

WHAT TO CALL AIR-FIENDS

Orville Wright said, at a Dayton dinner:

"The war has developed flying enormously. We'll all fly after the war. Air fiends will then be as thick as motor fiends are to-day.

"What name shall we give to the air-field mania? Aerysipelas, perhaps? Or would flyfoid be better? Maybe we'll call it inflew-

enza. Hold though! All things considered, wouldn't the best name be skyatica?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A NEW DISTINCTION

"My father once had ten thousand men under him."

"Oh, was he in a big position?"

"No; an aeronaut."—*The American Boy.*

THE STORK BROUGHT A MAN

Bridget saw an aeroplane for the first time. It came down with a great swoop and landed in the yard next door.

"Holy Moses!" she cried in great excitement, rushing to her mistress; "all the saints be jedged, marm, if the stork hasn't brought a full-grown mon to Mrs. Maloney, and the wee booties she be a-knittin' yesterday will na more'n fit his great toe."—*Selected.*

LIKE A FLYING MACHINE

Mandy: "Rastus, you all knows dat yo remind me of dem dere flyin' machines?" Rastus: "No, Mandy, how's dat?" Mandy: "Why, becays youse no good on earth."—*Sun Dial.*

HAD NOT LEARNED YET

Observer, during a deep volplane.—"This is g-glorious—w-where did you l-learn to f-fly?"

Pilot—"I'm learning now!"—*Passing Show,* London.

BABIES

HIS NEED

For three successive nights Newpop had walked the floor with the baby. On the fourth night he became desperate and bought a bottle of soothing syrup.

"Why, James," exclaimed his wife when she saw the bottle, "what did you buy that for? Don't you know it is very dangerous to give a child anything like that?"

"Don't worry," was her husband's reply. "I'm going to take it myself."—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

DID NOT KNOW THE SEX

The bachelor friend had been invited to inspect the new baby at the home of a neighbor. Manlike he said: "Well, well, but he's a fine little fellow, isn't she? How old is it now! Do her teeth bother him much? I hope he gets through its second summer all right. She looks like you, doesn't he? Every one says it does." And then he went home in a hurry.—*The Mother's Magazine.*

BUILDING THE FAMILY TOO FAST

Winkleby gazed at the new triplets with fatherly pride, but not a little apprehension in his eye, nevertheless.

"What are you thinking, dear?" asked Mrs. Winkleby, softly.

"Nothing, dear, nothing," he said, falteringly, "only don't you think that it would be wiser for us hereafter to build up our little family on the installment plan?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

BETTER THAN AN ALARM CLOCK

"Bridget's had breakfast late every morning this week. Can't you do something to get her up on time?" asked Mr. Collins.

"She has an alarm clock," answered the wife.

"That doesn't always go off," said the husband. "Why not lend her the baby!"—*Selected.*

A CURE FOR INSOMNIA

"And you say that Brownley was cured of a bad attack of insomnia by suggestion?"

"Yes—purely by suggestion! His wife suggested that since he could not sleep he might as well sit up and amuse the baby. It worked like a charm!"—*Selected.*

NO FAVORITES IN THE FAMILY

"Oh, no," soliloquized Johnny bitterly. "There ain't any favorites in this family! If I bite my finger nails, I get a rap over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot, they think it's cute."—*Selected.*

NOT INDISPENSABLE

"Do you like your new sister, Tommy?"

"Oh, yes," replied Tommy; "she's all right; but there's a lot of things we needed more."—*Selected.*

KISSING THE BABY

Young Mother—"The doctor says people shouldn't kiss the baby; it isn't sanitary."

Caller—"Poor little fellow; why don't you wash him?"—*Selected.*

THE BOSS WAS ASLEEP

Agent—"Is the boss of the house in?"

Proud Father—"Yes; he's asleep upstairs in his cradle."—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*

A MORE APT DEFINITION

"In your sermon this morning you spoke of a baby as 'a new wave on the ocean of life,'" said the church warden to the vicar. "I did," replied the vicar; "it was a poetic figure of speech." "Don't you think 'a fresh squall' would have hit the mark better?"—*Selected.*

BALDNESS

AN EXCUSE FOR BALDNESS

"Well, I'd be ashamed if I had as bald a head as you! Look at my head of hair!" "I just want to ask you one question." "Yes?" "Did you ever see grass growing on a busy street?"—*Selected.*

HIS HAIR LIKE HEAVEN

"Anyhow, you must admit that my hair is like heaven," said the man who was being joked about his baldness.

"How's that?" inquired the jesters.

"There's no parting there," was the reply.

WORSE THAN BALDNESS

"You know the old saying, that you cannot have both hair and brains," said the man who was being taunted for his baldness.

"Yes," replied one of his tormentors. "But it is too bad when you are deprived of both."

BARGAINING

SHE WANTED A BARGAIN

"What's the price of this silk?" asked a deaf old lady of a young shopman. "Seven shillings," was the reply. "Seventeen shillings!" she exclaimed. "I'll give you thirteen." "Only seven shillings, ma'am, is the price of the silk," replied the honest shopman. "Oh, seven shillings!" rejoined the lady sharply. "Well, I'll give you five."—*Youth's Companion.*

DID NOT CARE ABOUT COMPLEXION

"Hab yo' any medicine dat will purify de blood?" a coal black Negro inquired of a druggist, as reported in a medical journal. "Yes," answered the druggist. "We keep sarsaparilla at one dollar a bottle. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion." "Well, boss, hasn't yo' sumfin fo' about fifty cents, jes' fo' de blood? I don't keer about de complexion."—*Selected.*

A BARGAIN THAT UPSET HIM

Patience: "Your brother is a great bargain hunter, I hear."

Patrice: "He sure is. And he's quite excited just now."

"What about?"

"Oh, he's a confirmed bachelor, you know, but he read an advertisement yesterday in the paper about great bargains in wedding rings, and now he's all upset."—*Selected.*

BASEBALL

GOT HIS BASE ON AN ERROR

One of the attendants at an art gallery is a baseball enthusiast, a fact he generally manages to conceal there, though it did come out once.

One afternoon a director came bursting into the room where this attendant was at the time and demanded:

"How is it that Shakespeare's statue is standing on the pedestal marked Scott?"

"Well, sir," answered the attendant, "he must have got his base on an error."—*Selected.*

THE WRONG TEXT BOOK

"Here, Johnny," said the father, "what are you doing in that bookcase?"

"I want to find a history of the United States."

"What for?"

"Well, Billy Jenkins says Tim Reilly pitched for the Nationals last year, and I want to find out if he did."—*Selected.*

WAS NOT A MULE

An Englishman was once persuaded to see a game of baseball; and during the play, when he happened to look away for a moment, a foul tip caught him on the ear, and knocked him senseless. On coming to himself, he asked faintly, "What was it?" "A foul—only a foul." "Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "A fowl? I thought it was a mule."—*Argonaut.*

A SIMILAR SUBJECT

"I want a book for a high school boy."

"How about Fielding?"

"I dunno. Got anything on base-running?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

AN ACCOMPLISHED PITCHER

A young lady whose stock of baseball knowledge was not so large as she believed, sat watching a game that was proving very disastrous to the home team. Along about the eighth inning of the farce she turned to her escort and exclaimed:

"Isn't our pitcher grand? He hits their bats no matter where they hold them!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

BEGGING

TRAVELING IN A CIRCLE

Old Lady: "Why do you go around begging instead of working?"

Tramp: "I'll tell you de truth, mum. I begs ter get money fer de booze."

O. L.: "But why do you drink the stuff?"

T.: "Ter get up me courage ter go 'round an' beg, mum."—*Boston Transcript.*

WAS NOT A CANNIBAL

Tramp—"Kind lady, would yer please give a pore man a bite to eat?"

The Lady—"What! You here again? I will call my husband immediately."

Tramp—"Excuse me, lady, but I ain't no cannibal. I bid yer good day."—*Boston Transcript.*

A SAD TALE

"That fellow was an impudent fraud. How did he manage to wheedle money out of you?" "Oh, John, he told me such a sad, pitiful tale about his poor wife who was a widow with six little children!"—*Baltimore American.*

WAS NOT THERE

There was a timid knock at the door.

"If you please, kind lady," the beggar said, "I've lost my right leg—"

"Well, it ain't here," retorted the lady of the house, and slammed the door.—*New York Times.*

HIS TROUBLE EASILY CURED

"Oh, doctor, I feel funny inside!"

"What have you been eating?"

"That's just the trouble, doctor. I ain't had nothing to eat for a week. Could you spare a copper?"—*London Firefly.*

HIS MINIMUM EXPENSE

The Pedestrian—"See here, are you not the same man who got a dime from me three days ago?"

The Peripatetic—"Yes, sir; but do me best, I can't keep me expenses any lower than three and one third cents a day."—*Selected.*

PROVED HE WAS A SOLDIER

Beggar—"I once was a soldier, lady."

Colonel's daughter—"You were, eh? I'll prove it. Attention! Eyes right! Now, what comes next?"

Beggar—"Present alms!"—*Selected.*

A TALE OF TWO IMPOSTORS

Deaf and Dumb Beggar—"Do you think it looks like rain, Bill?"

Blind Beggar—"I dasn't look up to see—here comes one o' my best customers."—*Puck.*

HIS PREFERENCE

"You seem able-bodied and healthy; you ought to be strong enough to work," she remarked, scrutinizingly.

"Yes, ma'am, I know. And you seem beautiful enough to be on the stage, but evidently you prefer the simple life."

He got a square meal without any further reference to work.—*Memphis Commercial-Appeal.*

POOR THROUGH PHILANTHROPY

Old Lady: "Here's a penny, my poor man. Tell me, how did you become so destitute?"

Beggar: "I was always like you, mum, a-givin' away vast sums ter the poor an' needy."—*Boston Transcript.*

COULDN'T SEE HIS FACE

"I'm trying to get back to my poor old father," whined a tramp. "He ain't seen my face for ten long years!"

"I believe you're speaking the truth," muttered the man he had approached. "Why don't you wash it?"—*Selected.*

AN OFFICIOUS REPRESENTATIVE

Lady of the House—"What do you want?"

Weary Walter—"I am de official representative of de Woman's Household Kitchen Culinary Cuisine League, and I'm making a coast-to-coast trip testing the favorite recipe of de most prominent lady in each town."—*Judge.*

AN URGENT REQUEST

Gentleman of the Road.—"Kindly help a pore, lonely, 'omeless man, guv'nor, wot's got nothink in the world but a loaded revolver and no conscientious objection to usin' it!"—*Passing Show.*

BLUFFING

BROTHERLY LOVE

The two colored brothers were apparently about to come to blows.

"Niggah, don't mess wid me," warned one, "cause when you do yo' sure is flirtin' with a hearse."

"Don't pesticate wid me, niggah," replied the other, showing a great bony fist; "don't fo'ce me to press dis upon yo', cause if yo' do Ah'll hit yo' so ha'd Ah'll separate yo' ideas from yo' habits; Ah'll just natcheraly knock yo' from amazin grace into a floatin' opportunity."

"If yo' mess with me, niggah," replied the other, "Ah'll just make one pass, and dere'll be a man pattin' yo' in de face wid a spade to-morrow mornin'."—*Borrowed.*

BLUNDERING

LAPSUS LINGUAE

The ceremonies attending the recent inauguration of a new president at one of our oldest colleges put a heavy strain upon academic dignity. The old president had been an administrative disappointment. Rumor spread disquieting doubts as to the qualifications of the new president.

The new president had made his speech. The governor of the State then rose to his feet. Throwing out the gubernatorial chest, and glancing at his bulky manuscript, he began:

"Fellow alumni, ladies and gentlemen: We are gathered here to-day to celebrate another millstone in the history of our Alma Mater."—*Harper's Magazine.*

NEEDED MORE THAN ONE DONKEY

A young man who was bicycling in southern France was pushing his machine up a steep hill, when he overtook a peasant with a donkey cart who was making but little progress, although the donkey was doing his best.

The benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load up to the top successfully.

The summit reached, the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor.

"It was very good of you, indeed, monsieur," he protested. "I should never have got up the hill with only one donkey!"—*Selected.*

EXPLAINING AN EQUINOX

Tommy—"Father, what is an equinox?"

Father—"Why, er,—it is—ahem! Why do you ask me, Tommy? Don't you know anything about mythology at all? An equinox was a fabled animal, half horse, half cow. Its name is derived from the words 'equine' and 'ox.' It does seem as if these public schools don't teach children anything nowadays!"—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

THEY KNEW HIM

An old lady who had been introduced to a doctor, who was also a professor in a university, felt somewhat puzzled as to how she would address the great man.

"Shall I call you 'doctor' or 'professor'?" she asked.

"Oh, just as you wish," was the reply; "as a matter of fact, some people call me an old idiot."

"Indeed," she said sweetly, "but, then, they are people that know you."—*Selected.*

BOASTING

TOOK THE WIND OUT OF HIS SAILS

An enthusiastic suburbanite who raises chickens was entertaining a friend.

"You have a nice little place here."

"So I think myself."

"A nice garden."

"Yep."

"And some fine chickens."

"Especially fine chickens."

"You like them best?"

"Yes, indeed. I tell you it is fine to take a basket every morning and go out after eggs."

The enthusiastic suburbanite's little girl, who had been listening, took the wind out of her father's sails with the observation:

"Yes, sir, and sometimes we get some, too."—*Selected.*

A STRANGE SUNSET

Mr. Swankley had been a great traveler and couldn't keep quiet about it. Everything reminded him of something else that took place in Timbuctoo or the Cannibal Isles. His friend Martin was admiring a beautiful sunset one evening. "Ah," said Swankley, "you should just see the sunsets in the East!" "I should like to," said Martin. "The sun always sets in the west in this ordinary old country."—*Selected.*

PLAINLY AN AMATEUR

"A man betrays hisse'f by braggin'," said Uncle Eben. "When I hears a man tellin' 'bout how easy he kin drive a mule, I knows right off he ain't no reg'lar mule-driver."—*Washington Star.*

A DEFENSE OF EGOTISM

A man should blow his own big horn;
This right must not be mooted,
For if he does not blow his horn,
The same will not be tooted.

—*Selected.*

MISUNDERSTOOD

Mistress: "Mary, your young man has such an air of braggadocio about him."

Mary: "Yis, pore lad, he worruks in a livery-stable."—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

DIDN'T TOUCH HIM

"Have you never heard the old saying, that self-praise is half scandal?" said Mabel to James, who had been boasting as usual concerning some of his exploits.

"That's nothing," was his reply. "I always boast enough about myself so that if it is half scandal I will be pretty good anyhow."

HE QUIT TOO SOON

"I'm a self-made man."

"You knocked off work too soon."—*Boston Transcript.*

BOMBAST

WAS BEYOND HIS "JURYDICTION"

A party of New Yorkers were hunting in the "piney woods" of Georgia, and had as an attendant an old negro with a fondness for big words. One of the hunters, knowing the old negro's bent, remarked to him:

"Uncle Mose, the indentations in terra firma in this locality render traveling in a vehicular conveyance without springs decidedly objectionable and painful anatomically. Don't you think so?"

Uncle Mose scratched his left ear a moment, and replied, with a slow shake of his woolly head:

"Mistah Gawge, the uxuberance ob yo' words am beyon' mah jurydiction."—*Selected.*

WHERE HE WAS LACKING

Dr. Eaton, a former president of Madison University, was beloved by the students. One day, a student who had spoken in debate asked him what he thought of the effort. The doctor looked at him and then said slowly, "Edward, if you would pluck a few feathers from the wings of your imagination, and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better speeches."—*Selected.*

NEGROES' LOVE FOR BIG WORDS

In the south you often hear many amusing speeches from the negroes, who love to use, or misuse, high-sounding words. One day an old darky came to us and asked, "Madam, you hasn't any fence wire what you would like to expose of, has you?" Another man, happening to be in an installment store, asked, "Does you sell things on de extortion plan?" One darky persisted in owing a small grocery bill, and always had some excuse ready when asked about it. When the grocer came to his house collecting, the wife explained: "Oh, yassah, yassah! I know Mose been slow, but he been contending to pay dat quarter all 'long, sah."—*Selected.*

USING PRECISE LANGUAGE

Judge—"What is your occupation, my man?"

Prisoner—"I am a bus driver, your honor."

Judge—"You mean you are a driver of horses attached thereto?"

Prisoner—"Yes, sir."

Judge—"You are charged with hitting this man in the face. Did you do it?"

Prisoner—"Certainly not."

Judge—"What did you do then?"

Prisoner—"I hit him on the nasal projection thereto."—*Selected.*

IN SCIENTIFIC LANGUAGE

"What is that old proverb about the moss and the rolling stone?" queried the country girl.

"A revolving fragment of the Paleozoic Age collects no cryptogamous vegetation," replied her cousin from Girton.—*Selected.*

COLLEGE DAIRYING

"What are you giving your cows now in the way of galactagogues?" asked the professor of the milkman.

"Oh," said the milkman, who had just been graduated from the state agricultural college and was not to be stumped, "their sustenance is wholly of vegetable origin, rich in chlorophyll and opulent in butyraceous qualities."

"A pint, if you please," said the professor.

"Git up," said the milkman.—*Selected.*

WANTED TO BE PROCRASTINATED

"I wants to be procrastinated at de nex' corner," said Uncle 'Rastus to the street-car conductor.

"You want to be—what?"

"Look in de dictionary, sah! 'Procrastinate, to put off.' Dat's what I mean."—*Selected.*

NEW NAME FOR A LIE

During a controversy in the British parliament some years ago, Winston Churchill, a brilliant young leader of the Liberal Party, was defending his party against the charge that they had deliberately misrepresented the Conservative Party. The Liberals had accused the Conservatives of practising slavery in South Africa because they kept coolie laborers in compounds under severe restrictions. Churchill admitted that the term *slavery* might be "a terminological inexactitude." He was interrupted by Joseph Chamberlain, leader of the Conservative Party, who said that he preferred an ugly little English word of three letters, l-i-e.

Since then the expression "terminological inexactitude" has often been used instead of the word *prevarication,* or the word *lie.* If you accuse a man of using "a terminological inexactitude," it gives you time to escape before he realizes that you are calling him a liar.

BIG WORDS

He was trying to display his knowledge, and in the most grandiose words asked her a simple question. He was somewhat abashed

when she replied: "Your question is too copious for my diminutive comprehension. Will you kindly endeavor to elucidate more explicitly?"

BORES

WHAT MEMORY IS

"What is memory, father?" asked a boy.

"Memory, my boy," answered the father, "is that tired, despairing feeling which starts over you when you listen to a friend's original stories."—*Selected.*

SAID A CLEVER THING TOO OFTEN

"I don't see why you call Perkins stupid. He says a clever thing quite often." "Exactly! It should be said only once."—*Boston Transcript.*

STRANGE

"Odd that it is the dull people who bore us," remarks an exchange. "Also that it's blunt people who generally come to the point."—*Boston Transcript.*

WOULD FURNISH THE MONEY

He—"I wish I had money. I'd travel."

She—"How much do you need?"—*Judge.*

BORROWING

MUST BORROW SOMETHING

At the annual prize day of a certain school the head boy rose up to give his recitation.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," he vociferated, "lend me your ears."

"There,' commented the mother of a defeated pupil sincerely, "that's Mrs. Jones' boy. He wouldn't be his mother's boy if he didn't borrow something."—*Selected.*

WOULD HAVE TO SPONGE ELSEWHERE

Tenderfoot: "Mother says can she borrow some eggs and some sugar; she wants to make a sponge cake."

Tenderfoot (to mother upon returning home): "Mrs. Jones said that if you wanted to make a sponge cake you'd have to sponge off of some one else."—*Boys' Life.*

TROUBLED ABOUT BORROWING

"Are you troubled much in your neighborhood with borrowing?"

"Yes, a good deal. My neighbors never seem to have a thing I want."—*The Bulletin.*

DID NOT RETURN HER BOW

Mrs. Flatbush: "Who is that woman you just bowed to?"
Mrs. Bensonhurst: "Oh, she's my next door neighbor."
"But she didn't return your bow."
"No; she never returns anything."—*Selected.*

A GREAT CALAMITY

"When we first came here," said a Dakota man to his visitor from the East, "our nearest neighbor lived twelve miles away." "The land suz!" she cried. "Who'd yer borrer from?—*The Christian Herald.*

BULLS

HUMOURS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

By Joseph Malins

There is no doubt that one great need of a public speaker is to be able to think while he is "on his legs" facing the audience. While uttering one sentence he should be able to think of the next. This is possible, but possible only when a perfect presence of mind is acquired. It is possible, by use and training, even for one who halts in common conversation, to be nevertheless fluent when on the platform. It is lack of this attainable self-possession which causes speakers to blunder. We have heard a Temperance speaker say: "Dear friends, I have to say a few words on the Temperance cause—and we all know the terrible harm it does all over the country." Another deplores the fact that a friend resorts to "the frequent use of the daily glass." We heard a notable lady speaker speak of slum children "brought into the world with no more idea of home comfort than the children of negroes in Africa." We heard one speaker say, "I rise emphatically," and another said, "I stand prostrate with astonishment." Yet another feelingly told us it was "not the platform-speaker, but the house-to-house visitation, and the

Utterance of the Silent Word

by the caller, which did the most good." Then we heard the statement that "the previous speaker's suggestions were very suggestive," and that another speaker's remarks were "miscalculated to mislead." We have heard the speaker, who always misplaced his "h's" pray "that we might be brought to the haltar." There was a flight of fancy when a speaker asked, "Suppose if a modern balloon dropped upon an uninhabited island, what would the natives say?" The scientific lecturer said, of his coming experiment, that "all depends upon the present condition of the body about to be created." A town councillor spoke of "the rivers and streams that abut on the borough boundaries."

It was in another address on touring that the young speaker

said, "the mountain was too steep for a donkey to climb, so I didn't attempt it"; and the subject was natural history when the speaker said, "I am describing

The Hideous Hippopotamus,

but you boys will have no idea of what it is like unless you pay attention and look at me." More pompous was the speaker who began with saying, "The proper study of mankind in general is the —the study of mankind in general," whereupon an urchin in the audience cried out, "You're a goin' in at the same hole you came out at." Not less embarrassed was the old gentleman who, stumbling through an after-dinner speech, said: "I—I have no more to say, and so—and so—I'll make a few more remarks." The builder frankly declared he was "more fitted for the scaffold than the platform." Sometimes the chairman errs in welcoming the speaker. We heard one welcome his as one "who is always with us, and we wish he would come oftener." Then there is the chairman who says all know the lecturer, "and none can doubt his incapacity"; and the chairman who said, "I need not assure you of the capacity of the speaker to lecture on 'Fools'—you have heard him too often." Kind was the announcement that "there will be two more opportunities to hear the lecturer once more." It was when the meeting was ended we heard the chairman ask the audience to "close by singing just one verse of the Doxology."—(A.V.), in (British) *Christian Herald.*

EFFICIENCY AND ENTERPRISE

A St. Louis University professor, in a lecture before the Academy of Science, told of a printer who could "set type with one eye and read proof with the other." Give us his name, professor, and we'll hire him. Setting type with the eye instead of the hand is quite a feat.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

NOT DEAD BUT SPEECHLESS

Two Irishmen were working at a quarry, and one fell over the edge. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole and called out: "Arrah, Pat, are ye killed entirely? If ye're dead, shpake."

Pat reassured him from the bottom by saying: "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but spachless."—*Junior Christian Endeavor World.*

EASY ENOUGH?

A young woman who had just deposited some money in the bank for the first time was instructing a friend in the mysteries of the proceedings.

"But," said the other, "after you put the money in the bank, is it so easy to draw it out?"

"Oh, yes," she responded, "you can draw it out the next day—but you are required to give two weeks' notice!"—*Selected.*

IMPOSSIBLE TO OBEY

The schoolgirl was sitting with her feet stretched far out into the aisle, and was busily chewing gum, when the teacher espied her. "Mary!" called the teacher sharply. "Yes, ma'am?" questioned the pupil. "Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!" was the command, difficult to be obeyed.—*Florida Times-Union.*

NOT KNOWN AT CHARLOTTESVILLE

There was an old darky who lived in Louisa and who would frequently get drunk and create a disturbance, but he was such a kind-hearted and accommodating darky when he was sober that the officers overlooked his meanness when he was drunk. On one occasion he went up to Charlottesville to visit, and got drunk and began to raise a row; he was arrested and put in jail, and when he had served his term and was let out, he remarked: "I ain't never gwine to Charlottesville no more; I is gwine home to Louisa, whar a man is 'lowed to fight in peace and quietude."—*Selected.*

ALSO AWKWARD

The wife of a clergyman warned him as he went off to officiate at a funeral one rainy day: "Now, John, don't stand with your bare head on the damp ground; you'll catch cold."—*Tit-Bits.*

CHECKING HER UP WITH THE DICTIONARY

A lady was surprised to hear a woman of apparent cultivation pronounce the word "mural" as though it were spelled mooral. She slipped out and consulted her dictionary, remarking to a friend on her return, "She is wrong. Mu is pronounced mew, as in cat."—*Selected.*

AN IRISH BULL

Pat was driving along the street and his old horse fell down and did not try to get up.

"Git up, git up from there, ye lazy critter," said Pat. "Git up, I tell ye, or I'll drive right over ye!"—*National Food Magazine.*

ANOTHER IRISH BULL

At a meeting one night an Irishman got up and said: "I propose that we build a new schoolhouse, and that we build it in the place where the old one is; and I propose that we leave the old schoolhouse standing until the new one is up, and that we use the stones of the old schoolhouse to build the new one."—*Young Folks.*

TWO-LEGGED PHEASANTS

Mistress: "Well, Jones, I hope we shall get more out of the garden this year. We had next to nothing last year."

Jones: "Ay, 'twere they plaguy pheasants 'ad most on it last year."

Mistress: "If you ask me, I should say it was two-legged pheasants!"—*Punch.*

WAS CURED OF INSOMNIA

"They tell me you have cured yourself of chronic insomnia."

"Yes, I am entirely and completely cured."

"My! But it must be a wonderful relief."

"Relief! Well, I should say it is. Why, I lie awake half the night thinking how I used to suffer from it."—*Selected.*

A CONTRARY YOUNGSTER

Mrs. O'Flanagan—"Come here, ye obstinate young Irish raskil, an' put yer hat on! Shure, if ye hadn't got one ye'd always be wearin' it, ye're that contrairy!"—*Selected.*

THE GLAD HAND FOR JOHNNY

"When Johnny comes marching home," says the Dallas *News,* "meet him with a kiss in one hand and a pie in the other."—*Selected.*

A RATHER AWKWARD PERFORMANCE

Addressing a political gathering, a speaker gave his hearers a touch of the pathetic. "I miss," he said, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."—*Selected.*

A REGULAR CENTIPEDE

"See that man? Well, sir, he landed in this country with bare feet, and now he's got millions."

"My word! He must be a regular centipede."—*Selected.*

WHY SHE LIKED IBSEN

Two women were leaving the theater after a performance of "A Doll's House."

"Oh, don't you just love Ibsen?" cried one ecstatically. "Doesn't he just take all the hope out of life?"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THREE HALVES

"Timothy came last, looking half scared, half sheepish, and half amused."—*Young's Magazine.* Timothy must have been a big chap, at least.—*New York Tribune.*

A DOCTOR'S BILL

An Irish doctor sent this bill to a lady: "To curing your husband till he died, twenty-five pounds."—*Selected.*

DISBELIEVED IN PHRENOLOGY

She—"Do you believe in phrenology?"

He—"No. As an experiment I once went and had my head read, and I found there was nothing in it."—*Boston Transcript.*

BUNGLING

HE WAS AN APT PUPIL

Old Clerk—"Just watch me wait on this lady, and you'll get an idea how it is done. 'Is there anything I can do for you to-day, madam?' "

Lady—"Have you any canned peas?"

Old Clerk—"Certainly, madam (taking down a can), and they have the flavor and freshness of the pea from the vine."

Lady—"I will take three cans."

Old Clerk—"You see how it's done; now here comes a lady and I'll let you wait on her."

Lady—"Have you any pickled pigs' feet?"

New Clerk—"Certainly, madam (taking down a can), and they have 'the flavor and freshness' of the pig right from the pen."—*Trade Seeker.*

CORRECTING HIS MISTAKE

A street-car inspector was watching the work of the new conductor. "Here, Foley," he said, "how is this," he said, "how is this? You have ten passengers, and only nine fares have been rung up." "Is that so?" asked Foley. Then, turning to his passengers, he yelled: "There's wan too many on this car. Git out, one of yez."—*Youth's World.*

A VERY POLITE NOTE

A Girton undergraduate, having inadvertently changed umbrellas with a fellow-student, is said to have evolved this note: "Miss —— presents her compliments to Miss ——, and begs to say that she has an umbrella which isn't mine, so if you have one that isn't hers, no doubt they are the ones."—*Selected.*

PRESSED THE WRONG WAY

The Commander—"Well, if that imbecile Gadgett hasn't pressed my trousers 'thwart-ships' instead of fore 'n' aft!"—*London Opinion.*

EASY TO GUESS

The only man she knew who lisped called her up on the phone, and said: "Ith thith you, Ruth? Well, gueth who thith ith."—*Scribner's Magazine.*

NOT ACCURATE

Jimmie giggled when the teacher read the story of the man who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?"

"No, sir," answered Jimmie, "but I wonder why he did not make it four and back to the side where his clothes were."—*Selected.*

CANDOR

FINDING THE RENT

The neighborhood of Toxteth Park, Liverpool, has decided drawbacks from the point of view, at least, of some of the landlords of the cheaper property. It is said (reports the Liverpool *Post*) that an agent, on making the usual Monday morning call for rent at one house, was offered one shilling sixpence (about 36 cents). The rent was already in arrears. He showed his discontent. "Look 'ere, mister, you ought to be jolly thankful you've got this; if my old man hadn't sold the back door you'd have got nothing."—*Selected.*

BRIGHT AND BREEZY

Grown old in the service of his master and mistress, James was a privileged retainer.

He was waiting at table one day, when a guest asked for a fish-fork, but the request was ignored.

Then the hostess noticed the episode, and remarked, in a most peremptory manner:

"James, Mrs. Jones hasn't any fish-fork. Get her one at once!"

"Madam," came the emphatic reply, "last time Mrs. Jones dined here we lost a fish-fork."

James has now been relegated to the garden.—*Tit-Bits.*

A FRANK DEBUTANTE

Host (at afternoon tea): "May I introduce my friend, Mr. Cameron?"

Débutante from the Wilds: "Of course. What d'yer suppose I come for?"—*Life.*

WOULD NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS

"Do I understand you to say," asked the judge, "that his remarks were acrimonious?"

"No, judge, your honor, I don't say that. I said he just swore at me. I ain't a-goin' to claim that he done what he didn't do."—*Selected.*

HIS WIFE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT

Nodd—"Are you sure your wife knows I'm going home to dinner with you?"

Todd—"Knows? Well, rather! Why, my dear fellow, I argued with her about it this morning for nearly half an hour."—*Life.*

NOT QUITE ALL WOOL

"Is this suit all wool?"

"Not precisely. It also contains horse-hair, iron filings, cocoanut fiber, block tin, pipe clay, glue, jute, rope ends, spun glass, shellac, and some cotton. However, there is the usual amount of wool in it." His honesty got him the order.—*Selected.*

CATS

CATCH ME, IF YOU CAN

A curious story of a cat and a company of swallows is told by Rev. J. N. Norton. One fine day pussy had seated herself on top of the gate-post, as if in a profound study, when about a dozen swallows, knowing her to be an enemy, began to tantalize her in a way which showed a high degree of humor.

A bird would approach from behind and fly close by her ear, when she made an unsuccessful effort to seize the rude fellow with her paw. One after another the birds repeated this practical joke, and all of them seemed to relish it exceedingly.

The whole number, following one another at a distance of a few yards, formed a regular circle in the air; and, going round like a wheel, they fairly wore out the cat's patience, and she had indignantly to descend from the gate-post.—*Baptist World.*

A BOY'S ESSAY ON CATS

A schoolboy wrote an essay on cats. The chapter on different breeds supplies the following information:

"Cats that's made for little boys and girls to maul and tease is called Maltese cats. Some cats is known by their queer purrs—these are called Pursian cats. Cats with bad tempers is called Angorrie cats. Cats with deep feelin's is called Feline cats."—*Selected.*

HOW HE GOT THE MALTESE CROSS

"How did you get the Maltese Cross?" "By stepping on her tail."—*Selected.*

CAUTIOUSNESS

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY

A weedy little schoolmaster, with a watery eye and a ragged mustache, was conducting a party of his scholars around the Zoölogical Gardens.

He had taken his students around all the houses, in each one of which he had imparted an assortment of more or less inaccurate information.

The last place to be visited was the lion-house. Drawing up the gaping boys before the cage of the largest of the animals,—which he was careful to call the "king of beasts,"—he said, with all the dignity he possessed.

"And now, supposing one of the great brutes was to escape, and was to hurl its massive weight into our very midst, what steps ought we to take so as to avoid being demolished and torn limb from limb?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Bill Bailey spoke.

"Long 'uns, sir!" said he confidently.—*Answers.*

THE HORNETS WERE ORGANIZED

A planter down in Kentucky had just employed a strange negro as a mule driver. He handed him a brand-new blacksnake whip, climbed up on a seat behind a pair of mules, and asked the darkey if he could use the whip. Without a word the mule-driver drew the black lash between his fingers, swung it over his head, and flicked a beautiful butterfly from a clover blossom alongside the road over which they were traveling.

"That isn't so bad," remarked the planter. "Can you hit that honeybee over there?"

Again the negro swung the whip, and the honeybee fell dead.

Noting a pair of bumblebees on still another blossom, the negro switched them out of existence with the cracker of his new blacksnake, and drew further admiration from his new employer.

A little farther along the planter spied a hornet's nest in a bush beside the highway. Two or three hornets were assembled at the entrance to the nest.

"Can you hit them, Sam?" he inquired, pointing to the hornets.

"Yes, sah, I kin," replied the negro, "but I ain't agoin' to; dey's organized."—*Selected.*

WOULD APPRECIATE THE DIFFERENCE

Triboulet was jester to Francis I. A great lord, offended at his sallies, threatened to flog him to death. Triboulet went to complain to his master.

"If he does it," said the King, "I'll hang him a quarter of an hour after."

"Thank ye, cousin," said the fool, "but if it's all the same, couldn't you do it a quarter of an hour before?"—*Selected.*

WHY HE FELT SAFE

Pat was employed by a subway construction company. As he was leaving the house his wife said:

"Do moind yez don't git hurt, Pat. It's so dangerous working in that subway."

"Thot's all right, Biddy," replied Pat. "I borrowed two dollars from the foreman and he don't let me do any dangerous work any more."—*Selected.*

TAKING NO CHANCES

Uncle Ezra: "So Eph Hoskins has gone to Palm Beach! I wonder if there'll be enough going on to suit him."

Uncle Eben: "Well, Eph ain't taking any chances. He's took his checkerboard along."—*Life.*

SOUGHT RELIEF

"Whew! That towel is hot!" said the man in the barber's chair. "Sorry, sir, but I held it as long as I could."—*Selected.*

CAUTION

"Doctah, how's de way t' treat a mule dat's got distempah?"

"You bettah treat him wif respect."—*Puck.*

CHARACTER

GIVE THE DEAD HIS DUE

A Washington man, a Southern paper says, while motoring through Virginia, stopped one day at a toll bridge he had often passed over and found a new keeper in charge.

"Where's the man who used to act as keeper here?" asked the motorist.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.

"Dead? Poor fellow! Joined the great majority, eh?"

"Well," said the new keeper, cautiously, "I wouldn't like to say that, sir. He was a good enough man, as far as I know!"—*Selected.*

HOW TO KNOW HIS MASTER

"When two men are walking down the road and a dog following them, you can't tell whose dog it is until the road forks. Then you can tell. The dog will follow his master. Next Wednesday night the theater will open and the prayer meeting bell will ring. Right there the road will fork and if your wife will keep her eye on you, she will find out whose dog you are."—*Sam Jones.*

CHARITY

EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION

One of our prominent authors and clergymen was attending a dinner recently when the conversation turned to charity, whereupon the distinguished guest remarked:

"Speaking of charity reminds me of the millionaire who was dying. He had lived a life of which, as he now looked back on it, he felt none too proud. To the minister at his bedside he muttered weakly:

"'If I leave a hundred thousand dollars or so to the church, will my salvation be assured?"

"The minister answered cautiously, 'I wouldn't like to be positive, but it's well worth trying.'"—*Selected.*

HOW SHE HELPED THE POOR

"Asphodelia Twobble went down into the tenement district yesterday to brighten the lives of poor slum dwellers."

"Highly commendable. What did she do for them?"

"She told them about the good times she's been having at Palm Beach."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

DID NOT FORGET MISSIONS

Bessie had a new dime to invest in ice-cream soda. "Why don't you give your dime to missions?" said the minister who was calling. "I thought about that," said Bessie, "but I think I'll buy the ice-cream and let the druggist give it to the missions."—*Selected.*

AN ANONYMOUS CHECK

Who Cashed It?—"I sent a check to that fund, but I don't believe in parading my charity." "Well?" "So I signed a fictitious name to it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

CHEATING

HOLDING HIS JOB

Senator Lodge was talking about certain investigating committees. "Some of them," he observed, "remind me of Si Hoskins. Si got a job at shooting muskrats, for muskrats overran a mill-owner's dam. There, in the lovely spring weather, Si sat on the grassy bank, his gun on his knee. Finding him one morning, I said, 'What are you doing, Si?' 'I'm paid to shoot the muskrats, sir,' he said. 'They're underminin' the dam.' 'There goes one now!' said I. 'Shoot, man! Why don't you shoot?' Si puffed a tranquil cloud from his pipe and said, 'Do you think I want to lose my job?'"—*Chicago Herald.*

AGREED WITH HER

"Johnny," said the teacher, "if coal is selling at $6 a ton and you pay your dealer $24, how many tons will he bring you?"

"A little over three tons, ma'am," said Johnny promptly.

"Why, Johnny, that isn't right," said the teacher.

"No, ma'am, I know it ain't," said Johnny, "but they all do it." —*The Eagle Magazine.*

NEVER DID IT BEFORE

"You remember that you sold me a horse last week?" said the cabman angrily to the horse dealer.

"Yes. What about him?"

"He fell dead yesterday."

"Well, I never!" said the dealer. "I told you he had some funny little ways, but upon my word I never knew him to do that before." —*Selected.*

ON HIS EMPLOYER'S TIME

A plumber and a painter were working in the same house. The painter arrived late, and the plumber said to him: "You are late this morning." "Yes," said the painter, "I had to stop and have my hair cut." "You did not do it in your employer's time, did you?" said the plumber. "Sure I did," said the painter; "it grew in his time."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

AS GUARANTEED

"Say," said the man as he entered the clothing store, "I bought this suit here less than two weeks ago, and it is rusty-looking already."

"Well," replied the clothing dealer, "I guaranteed it to wear like iron, didn't I?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

MAKING PUDDING WITHOUT MILK

"Yore aunt," said Uncle Hiram, "seen a ad in a paper what sed ez how a feller saw th' city would sand annybody a reseet for makin' puddin' without usin' milk, an' a heep site richer, an' all fer a dollar; so she up an' sent th' money."

"And did she get the desired information?" asked the city nephew.

"Yep," answered the old man. "Th' feller writ back an' told her to use cream."—*Selected.*

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY

Jim—"Yus, I've proved that honesty is the best policy, after all."

Bill—"'Ow?"

Jim—"Remember that dorg I pinched?"

Bill—"Yus."

Jim—"Well, I tried two whole days to sell 'im and no one offered

more'n five bob. So I went like an 'onest bloke and give 'im to th' ole lady wot owned 'im, and she give me 'arf a quid."—*Sketch.*

DID NOT KEEP THE WATCH

Pickpocket (visiting friend in jail).—"I hired a lawyer for you this morning, Slim, but I had to hand him my watch as a retainer."

Slim.—"And did he keep it?"

Pickpocket.—"He thinks he did."—*Buffalo Express.*

COULD SELL HIM A BOAT

"Say, that lot you sold me is three feet under water."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it is, and you know it is."

"Well, it's a good thing you told me. I can let you have a bargain in a canoe."—*Selected.*

SOLD THE SAMPLE APPLES

"Hey, what did you go and sell them apples for?"

"Ain't they fer sale?"

"No. Them was the samples we take out to our automobile customers."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

TO SAVE TROUBLE

"You have placed all the large berries on top."

"Yes, lady. That saves you the trouble of hunting through the box for 'em."—*Boston Transcript.*

CHEATING THE DOCTOR

A private soldier had had pneumonia, and had been for some time in a hospital where he had been so well treated that he was much averse to the prospect of being discharged as "cured." One day the doctor was taking his temperature, and while Tommy had the thermometer in his mouth the doctor moved on to the next bed and turned his back to the first patient.

Tommy saw his chance. He pulled the thermometer out of his mouth and popped it into a cup of hot tea, replacing it, however, the moment he saw the doctor begin to turn back to his bed. When the physician examined the thermometer, he looked first at Tommy and then back to the thermometer, and gasped:

"Well, my man, you're not dead, but you ought to be."—*Selected.*

CHILDREN

WORSE THAN AN EARTHQUAKE

An exchange tells of a fond mother, hearing that an earthquake was expected, sent her boys to a friend in the country to be out of the way of it. In a few days she got a note from the friend, "Please take your boys home and send along the earthquake!"

Wherever there are boys there's always somethin' doin'. Happy is the church which knows how to direct their life.—*Selected.*

AN ALARM DEVICE

"My," said Mrs. Comler, inspecting her friend's house, "why do you have such a high bed for your little boy?"

"So we can hear him if he falls out," replied Mrs. Housler. "You have no idea what heavy sleepers my husband and I are."—*Truth.*

NO DANGER OF CHOKING

"Mandy, what fo' you gib dat baby a big piece ob po'k to chaw on? Don' yo'-all know de po' chile'll choke on hit?"

"Dinah, don't you see de string tied to dat piece ob po'k? De oder end's tied to de chile's toe. Ef he chokes, he kick, an' ef he kicks, he'll je'k de po'k out. Ah reckon yo'-all don' learn n e nothin' 'bout bringin' up chilluns."—*Selected.*

HOW HE KNEW SHE WAS SINGLE

Sheerlock—"Yonder woman is unmarried."

Wartson—"How can you tell?"

Sheerlock—"I just heard her telling how children should be brought up."—*Judge.*

CHILDREN AND ECONOMY

Children are expensive, but they save the cost of an alarm clock. *Binghamton Press.*

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS

SCHOOL EXAMINATION ANSWERS

Some amusing examples of American school children's "howlers" are provided by recent examination papers in New York. Here are a few choice specimens:

"A vacuum is a large empty space where the pope lives."

"In India a man out of a cask may not marry a woman out of another cask."

"Elaine gave Lancelot an omelet before he departed for the tournament."

"He succeeded because he had entry price (enterprise)."

"Tennyson wrote 'In Memorandum.'"

"Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them."

"An angle is a triangle with only two sides."

"The qualifications for citizenship are that you must be neutral born or made."

"Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away."

"Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution."

"Horse power is the distance one horse can carry a pound water in an hour."

"Guerilla warfare is where men ride on guerillas."—*Selected.*

A BOY'S ESSAY ON "BREATH"

Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights our liver and our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through our nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out of doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonicide got in that there hole and nearly killed every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I had rather be a boy, so I can run, holler and row, and have a great big diagram.—*Unidentified.*

SOME SCHOOL-BOY DEFINITIONS

Among the answers to questions at a school examination appeared the following: "Gross ignorance is one hundred and forty-four times as bad as just ordinary ignorance." "Anchorite is an old-fashioned hermit sort of a fellow who has anchored himself to one place." "The liver is an infernal organ." "Vacuum is nothing with the air sucked out of it put up in a pickle bottle—it is very hard to get."—*Selected.*

COULDN'T LOCATE THE DEAD SEA

Teacher: "Where is the Dead Sea?"

Tommie: "Don't know, ma'am."

"Don't know where the Dead Sea is?"

"No, ma'am. I didn't even know any of them was sick, madam."
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON TEETH

Teeth are funny things. They ain't there when you are borned and they ain't there when you die, but they give you trubil all the time you're alive, because they hurt while they are coming and they hurt when they are going and when you eat candy between times.

Grandpaw says his teeth are the only ones in the fambly that don't cause trubil. And that's because he wears his in his pocket most uv the time. The only teeth that don't never hurt is the top ones in a cow's mouth, and they never bother her enny because she ain't got none there.—*Selected.*

THEY MADE A WRONG GUESS

ıouse/ ıly ıe kindergarten had been studying the wind all week—its er, effects, etc.—until the subject had been pretty well exhausted. o stimulate interest, the kindergartner said, in her most enthusiastic manner: "Children, as I came to school to-day in the trolley car, the door opened and something came softly in and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

And the children joyfully answered, "The conductor!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

DIDN'T KNOW HIS NAME

"What is your name, little boy?" inquired the kindergarten teacher of her new pupil. "I don't know," said the little boy, bashfully. "Well, what does your father call you?" "I don't know," still more bashfully. "How does your mother call you when the griddle-cakes are done?" "She doesn't call me," beamed the new pupil; "I'm there already."—*Selected.*

DISCOVERED

Teacher: "Now you have in front of you the north, on your right the east, and on your left the west. What have you behind you?" Small Boy: "A patch on my pants. I told mother you'd see it!"—*Selected.*

MENTIONED TWELVE ANIMALS

"Mention twelve animals of the Polar regions," said the professor, and the despairing student wrote, "Six seals and six polar bears!"—*Youth's Companion.*

SHE TEACHED HIM

School Mistress—"Well, Freddie, dear, what did you learn yesterday?"

New Boy (after deep thought)—"You ought to know—you eached me."—*London Punch.*

LEARNING GRAMMAR

Mrs. Kawler: "I suppose, dear, you are learning grammar in your school."

Bessie: "Oh, yes'm, all about nouns and pronouns, verbs and proverbs."—*Selected.*

LIKE GOING TO SCHOOL

A lady once asked a little boy: "Johnny, do you like going to school?" "Yes, ma'am," answered the truthful urchin, "and I like coming home, too; but I don't like staying there between times."—*Selected.*

MILITARY BREVITY

When Gen. Leonard Wood was a small boy he was called around in the grammar class. The teacher said:

"Leonard, give me a sentence and we'll see if we can change it to the imperative mood."

"The horse draws the cart," said Leonard.

"Very good. Now change the sentence to an imperative."

"Get up!" said young Wood.—*Selected.*

A NEW NAME FOR IT

"What are you studying, Tommy?"

"Gozinter, chiefly."

"What's that, a new language?"

"No, just gozinter; one gozinter two, two gozinter four, three gozinter six, and so on."—*Selected.*

ACCORDING TO JOHNNY

A teacher told little Johnny that the word "ferment" means "to work." Later in the day she asked the class to write a sentence containing the word "ferment" correctly used. Johnny wrote, "I would much rather play outdoors all day than ferment in school."—*The Girl's World.*

THE PLURAL OF CHILD

"What is the plural of man, Johnny?" asked a teacher of a small pupil.

"Men," answered Johnny.

"Correct," said the teacher. "And what is the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the unexpected reply.—*Selected.*

HAD ENOUGH FOR ONE WEEK

Teacher—"This makes four times I've had to punish you this week. What have you to say to that?"

Bobbie—"I'm glad it's Friday, teacher."—*Selected.*

ONE WAY TO DO IT

Teacher—"If you were getting dinner for six people and had but five potatoes, how would you divide them to give each one an equal share?" Small Sadie—"I'd mash 'em."—*Selected.*

EXPLAINED

Teacher (to class)—"In this stanza, what is meant by the line, 'The shades of night were falling fast'?"

Clever Pupil—"The people were pulling down the blinds."—*Onward.*

HOW TO SPELL MOUSE

A little girl in the first grade was asked by her father how to spell rat. When she had spelled it, he asked her if she could spell

house. "Of course I can, father. You spell it just the same way, only with little letters."—*Selected.*

IT WAS CORRECT

The teacher was having some trouble with a certain pupil in grammar.

"Now, little girl, would it be proper to say, 'You can't learn me nothing?' "

"Yes'm, it would," replied the girl.

"Oh! Perhaps you'll tell me why!"

" 'Cause you can't!"—*Answers.*

HIS CHRISTIAN NAME

The primary teacher had taken great pains to explain the distinction between surnames and Christian names, after which she called on the children to give examples of each kind from their own names and those of other members of their families.

When Jennie was asked to tell, in one statement, the surname and the Christian name of her father, she responded, after a little hesitation: "My father's surname is Johnson, and his Christian name is a Methodist."—*Youth's Companion.*

A WORD MEANING "FULL OF"

"Now," said a Boston school-teacher to his class in English, "can any one give me a word ending in 'ous,' meaning full of, as 'dangerous,' full of danger, and 'hazardous,' full of hazard?"

For a moment there was a dead silence. Then a small boy raised his hand.

"Well," queried the teacher, "what is your word?"

Then came the reply, " 'Pious,' full of pie!"—*Tit-Bits.*

AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION

A teacher has for her pupils some children of Russian parents. The other day she was explaining a sum in subtraction, which the little ones found difficult to understand.

"Now," said she, to exemplify the proposition, "suppose I had ten shillings and went into a shop to spend it. Say I bought a hat for five shillings; then I spent two shillings for gloves, and eighteen pence for some other things. How much did I have left?"

A boy's hand went up.

"Vy didn't you count your change?" said he, in a disgusted tone. —*Selected.*

A LESSON IN BOTANY

The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America. "And now, boys," she announced afterward, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

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"Well, Tommy?"

"The porcupine, ma'am."—*The United Presbyterian.*

THE PSALM OF LIFE

A teacher tells of a boy pupil who, to the delight of all, wrote one stanza of A Psalm of Life in this wise:

'Liza Grape men allry mindus
Weaken maka 'Liza Blime,
An' departing Lee B. Hindus
Footbrin Johnny Sands a time!

—*Selected.*

COULDN'T BE PUNISHED

Boy—"Can a person be punished for something he hasn't done?"

Teacher—"Of course not."

Boy—"Well, I haven't done any geometry yet."—*Selected.*

WHO CYCLOPS WAS

Some time ago the teacher in a public school was giving a talk on classic mythology. Little Willie was not very attentive; and when it came to the questioning part of the game, he was lost in the wilderness. "Willie," said the teacher, closing the book and looking impressively at the youngster, "can you tell me who Cyclops was?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt answer of Willie. "He was the fellow what wrote the cyclopedia."—*Selected.*

DID NOT FAVOR ELECTRIC SWITCHING

The city-bred boy's parents had just moved into the country and arrangements were being made for him to attend the public school. One day he saw electricians at work there. "What are those fellows doing?" he asked his father. "Putting in an electric switch," was the reply. "Well, I am going back to town at once," was the boy's astonishing comment. "I won't stand a school where they do their licking by electricity."—*Normal Instructor.*

CONFOUNDING A SCIENTIST

Old Mr. Brompton is a very clever man. He has enough degrees after his name to supply a platoon of scientists. Yet the other day his little granddaughter utterly confounded him. "Grandpa," said she, "I saw something so funny running across the kitchen floor without any legs. What do you think it was?" Grandpa thought and thought, but at last he had to give it up. "What was it?" he asked. "Water," replied the little lady triumphantly.—*Selected.*

DID NOT WASH BOTH EARS

"Bobby," inquired the mother, "did you wash your face before the music teacher came?"

"Yes'm."

"And your hands?"

"Yes'm."

"And your ears?"

"Well, ma," said Bobby judicially, "I washed the one that would be next to her."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A QUESTION OF LOCATION

A large map was spread upon the wall, and the teacher was instructing the class in geography. "Horace," she said, to a small pupil, "when you stand in Europe facing the north, you have on your right hand the great continent of Asia. What have you on your left hand?"

"A wart," replied Horace; "but I can't help it, teacher."—*The Visitor.*

TWO EXTINCT ANIMALS

Of the beasts familiar to us in our youth, two, at least, have become extinct. One was the "consecrated cross-eyed bear" we used to sing about in Sunday school; the other that creature of wonderful speed and endurance, the "equator," or "menagerie lion that ran around the earth."—*Selected.*

NOT A CONJUNCTION

Teacher—"Thomas, will you tell me what a conjunction is, and compose a sentence containing one?"

Thomas (after reflection)—"A conjunction is a word connecting anything, such as 'The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter.' Halter's a conjunction, because it connects the horse and the fence."—*Selected.*

SHE DIDN'T KNOW SHEEP

"Now, Harold," said the teacher, "if there were eleven sheep in a field and six jumped the fence, how many would there be left?"

"None," replied Harold.

"Why, there would," said she.

"No, ma'am, there wouldn't," persisted Harold. "You may know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep."—*Onward.*

COULD DESCRIBE A CATERPILLAR

"Who can describe a caterpillar?" asked the teacher.

"I can, teacher," shouted Tommy.

"Well, Tommy, what is it?"

"An upholstered worm."—*Selected.*

A. D. MIGHT MEAN AFTER DARK

"William the Conqueror," read the small boy from his history, "landed in England in 1066 A. D." "What does A. D. stand for?"

inquired the teacher. The small boy pondered. "I don't exactly know," he said. "Maybe it's after dark."—*Selected.*

WOULD HAVE COLD FEET

Teacher—"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?" Scholar—"He has cold feet, ma'am."

COULD NOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMA

The weekly lesson in Bible school dealt with the corrupting influence of luxury and worldliness, and the Golden Text was a well-known sentence that the superintendent wished all the children to remember.

It sounded like an easy text to learn, and the superintendent, mounting the platform for a final review of the lesson when the school assembled for closing exercises, was sure of a pleasing response from his pupils.

"Who," he began, "can repeat the Golden Text?"

A score of hands were raised, and the superintendent chose a little girl with blue eyes, a well-bred, well-behaved little girl from a well-to-do and particular family, to repeat the text for him.

"Well, Dorothy," he said, "you may tell it to us. Stand up, so we can all hear you."

Dorothy stood up in the prettiness of her best dress and the daintiness of her hair-ribbons.

"You can not," she said, distinctly—"you can not serve God and mamma."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

THE PROPERTY OF EVE

Bessie came running to her grandmother holding a dry, pressed leaf, obviously the relic of a day long gone by. "I found it in the big Bible, grandma," she said. "Do you s'pose it belonged to Eve?" —*Boston Transcript.*

COULDN'T FEEL SHE WASN'T HURT

A little Boston urchin named Mary, aged five years, is a Christian Scientist to the marrow.

Mary fell one day and barked her shin, and, rubbing the hurt with her hand, she began to cry. Her aunt, an unbeliever, happened along at this moment. The aunt was mindful of Mary's faith and of those contradictory tears, and, with a mocking smile, she said:

"Why, Mary, are you hurt?"

"No, I ain't hurt," sobbed the little girl, restraining her sobs as best she could.

"But, if you are not hurt, why are you crying?"

"I am crying," said Mary, "because I am mad."

"And what are you mad about?"

"I am mad—boo-hoo!" wept the little girl, "because I can't feel I ain't hurt."—*Selected.*

WHAT CAIN DID

An evangelistic singer was assisting in an evangelistic campaign just recently, and was asked to teach a class of boys in the Bible school. The lesson was "Adam and Eve in the Garden." This enthusiastic teacher, wishing to use the question method, proceeded with the following: "Who was the first man?" The answer came immediately from the entire class, "Adam." "Who was the first woman?" Again the whole group answered, "Eve." "What relation was she to Adam?" They heartily assured the teacher that she was his wife. "Now, boys," said the teacher, "who was their first boy?" The question seemed to be rather a hard one for them, so the teacher said, "Out of what do you make molasses?" This seemed to give them the cue and one fellow piped out, "Cane." "Yes, and that was the name of that first boy. What was the name of the second boy?" Without the least hesitancy they answered, "Abel." "Boys, what did Abel do for a living?" Quickly came the answer, "He watched the sheep." The next question is the one that climaxes our story. "What did Cain do?" Over in the corner sat a small lad with red hair and freckled face, who had every mark of young American life. No sooner was the question propounded than the little fellow bravely said, "Cain made molasses." —*Selected.*

WHY WASN'T HIS PAPA TALL?

William's uncle was a very tall, fine-looking man, while his father was very small. William admired his uncle, and wished to grow up like him. One day he said to his mother:

"Mamma, how did uncle grow so big and tall?"

His mother said: "Well, when uncle was a small boy he was always a very good boy, and tried to do what was right at all times; so God let him grow up big and tall."

William thought this over seriously for a few minutes, then said: "Mamma, what kind of a boy was papa?"—*Associated Sunday Magazines.*

SHE WAS A PRESBYTERIAN

An evangelist was once conducting joint revival meetings in the two churches, Methodist and Presbyterian, of a small town.

Children's meetings were held every day at the close of school, first in one church and then in the other.

One day two girls who attended the Presbyterian church were discussing the meeting which was to be held in the Methodist church that afternoon, when Mary asked:

"What would you do if they should ask you to pray?"

"I wouldn't do it," answered Martha. "I'd just tell them I'm a Presbyterian."—*Harper's.*

THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE

Bobby, the son of the house, aged four, was not the sort of boy that comes in to entertain grown-up visitors. Quite the contrary. His place was the backyard playground, and he knew it. But one day when he entered the drawing-room inadvertently he was beckoned forward for introduction to a caller.

"Bobby," said his mother," this is Mrs. Lord."

Bobby went up and shook hands gravely. Then he turned and regarded his mother with an amused twinkle.

"Aw, say, muvver," he returned, "you're kiddin' me. There ain't no Mrs. Lord."—*New York Evening Post.*

THE PARTY WAS TOO INFERNAL

Joan was to have a birthday party, having attained the enormous age of six years. She was very anxious, indeed, to comport herself correctly, and was plying her mother with questions.

"Well, dear," said her mother, in answer to one concerning the advisability of saying grace before the meal, "for such an informal little party, I hardly think you need."

Accordingly, when all the little guests were seated round the table, Joan, from the head, announced solemnly: "Mother says this is such an infernal little party, we need not say grace."—*Answers.*

THOUGHT THE DEVIL WAS DEAD

With an air of great importance the small boy of a Sunday school in Belfast imparted this happy fact to his teacher:

"The devil is dead," he said, solemnly.

"What makes you think that?" asked the startled teacher.

"Dad said so," exclaimed the boy. "I was standing in the street with him yesterday when a funeral passed, and when dad saw it he said, 'Poor devil! He's dead!'"—*Selected.*

NOT FOR HONOR'S SAKE

James, Madison and Robert—all live boys—belong to the same Sunday school. One Sunday James and Madison did not appear at Sunday school, but Robert was on hand.

Supt.: "Robert, where are James and Madison?"

Robert: "They went fishing, sir."

Supt.: "Fishing! And you came to Sunday school! Well, Robert, you saved the honor of the family. You'll make a man —came to Sunday school and they went fishing."

Robert (half glad, half regretfully): "Yes, sir—I didn't go fishin'. I couldn't find any bait."—*Selected.*

HER NAME NOT IN THE BIBLE

"Ma," said little Elsie, "Ruth says her name is in the Bible."

"So it is, dear."

"Isn't my name in it?"

"No, dear."

"Didn't God make me?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Then why didn't he say something about it?"—*New Haven Evening Register.*

A DIPLOMATIC YOUNGSTER

They were entertaining the minister at dinner, and after the dessert had been eaten little Johnny said: "Won't you have another piece of pie, Mr. Hobbs?"

The minister laughed. "Well, Johnny," he said, "since you are so polite I believe I will have another slice."

"Good!" said Johnny. "Now, Ma, remember your promise. You said if it was necessary to cut into the second pie I could have another piece."—*Selected.*

A PUZZLING QUESTION

A Sunday-school teacher, after conducting a lesson on the story of Jacob's Ladder, concluded by saying, "Now is there any little boy or girl who would like to ask a question about the lesson?" Little Susie looked puzzled for a moment, and then raised her hand. "A question, Susie?" asked the teacher. "I would like to know," said Susie, "if the angels have wings, why did they have to climb up the ladder?" The teacher thought for some moments, and then, looking about the class, asked, "Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"—*Argonaut.*

A CALM RESPONSE

The quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class had not had a question; so the teacher propounded to him this one:

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?"

"Dead," was the calm response.—*American Lutheran Survey.*

WHY SHE WAS GOOD

Ethel used to play a good deal in Sunday school, but one day she had been so good that the teacher said in praise:

"Ethel, my dear, you have been a very good girl to-day."

"Yeth'm," responded Ethel. "I couldn't help it. I dot a stiff neck."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

HIS GOOD DEED

A boy scout, as of course you know, is supposed to do one good deed each day.

"What good deed did you perform to-day?" once asked a lady of a Liverpool scout.

"Oh," said the young hero, "mother had only enough castor oil for one dose, so I let my sister take it!"—*Selected.*

VERY PUZZLING

Eddie, who had always attended a Baptist Sunday school, was taken on a visit to Sunday school at a Methodist church. "Mamma, how is this?" he said. "I thought you said this was a Methodist Sunday school."

"So it is, my dear."

"Well, but, mamma, the lesson was all about John the Baptist."—*Selected.*

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE

Little Marie was sitting on her grandfather's knee one day, and after looking at him intently for a time she said:

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Certainly not, my dear," answered the astonished old man.

"Then why weren't you drowned?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

THEY ALL DID

One of our boys wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah: "There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."—*Southern Cross* (Buenos Aires).

NOT THE RIGHT QUEEN

Sunday-school Teacher—"Who can tell me the name of the great queen who traveled so many miles to see Solomon? (No answer.) Some of you must remember. The name of this great queen begins with S."

Bright Boy—"Oh, I know, miss. It was the Queen of Spades."—*Boston Transcript.*

"THAT'S WHAT MA'S AFRAID OF"

A warning: "You are a fine little fellow," said a man to the son of a friend as he patted the boy on the head. After chatting with him awhile he asked, in parting, "Well, I suppose you are going to grow up to be a man like your father?" "That's what ma's afraid of," innocently replied the boy.—*Selected.*

SHE WAS TIRED

Helen prayed every night with her mother before going to bed, mentioning in each prayer all her many relatives and little friends. One night, being tired, she knelt and said: "Dear God, I's so tired to-night, but you bless every one you know and every one I know. Amen."—*Selected.*

DUST CAN ACHE

"The preacher says
We're made o' dust,"
Said little Tommy Blake.
"I've eaten too much dinner—
An'—
Gee whiz, but dust can ache!"
—*Scribner's Magazine.*

THOUGHT SATAN MUST BE ABOUT

Basil.—"Mother, I think Satan must be about." Mother—"Why, dear?" Basil—"Isn't it Satan that makes very good people feel bad?" Mother—"Yes, dear." Basil—"Well, I feel as if I didn't want to go and wash my face."—*Punch.*

MUST NOT TALK IN CHURCH

Marguerite, aged 3¼, went to church, it being her first entry into a church building. After we were seated, she said something to her aunt in her usual tone of voice, and auntie whispered to her that in church people only whisper. She immediately responded, "Who's taking a nap?"—*Selected.*

TIMELY WARNING

"You'd better eat it slow," said Willie to the clergyman who was dining with the family. "Mamma never gives more'n one piece of pie."—*Boston Transcript.*

MEANING OF THE LESSON

A Sunday school teacher had been recounting to her class the story of the Good Samaritan. When she asked them what the story meant, one boy said:

"It means that when I am in trouble my neighbors must help me."—*Evening Post,* New York.

WANTED TO GO WITH HIS PARENTS

"Look here, now, Harold," said father to his son, who was naughty, "if you don't say your prayers you won't go to heaven."

"I don't want to go to heaven," sobbed the boy. "I want to go with you and mother."—*Pearson's.*

SHE DIDN'T KNOW

A little girl had been reprimanded by her mother for telling a falsehood. "Where do you think little folks go to that tell such stories?" asked the mother.

"I don't know," said the little girl, unconcernedly; "the same place big folks go to, I suppose."—*Selected.*

THE TEXT

"Been to church, darling?" asked Dorothy's aunt, after the service. "What was the text?" "'Twas 'Am I my brother's housekeeper?'" replied Dorothy, proud of her good memory.—*Boston Transcript.*

CHILDREN'S CHILDREN

"Mamma, have I any children?" asked six-year-old Dorothy. "Of course not, dear. What do you mean?" "Well, the preacher spoke in church this morning about children's children, and I wondered if I had any."—*Selected.*

CHANGING A DIME

"Auntie, can you change a dime for me?"

"How do you want it changed, dear?"

"Into a quarter, please."—*Selected.*

JESSIE REMEMBERED

Mrs. Goby had been in her new house a month when she received a call from Mrs. Toby. Mrs. Toby was accompanied by her five-year-old daughter Jessie.

"What a beautiful house you have, Mrs. Goby!" said Mrs. Toby. "Isn't it nice?"

"It is, indeed," replied Mrs. Toby. "And, do you know, I intended calling on you a fortnight ago, but have been so busy."

"Oh, mamma," chimed in little Jessie, "you did come—"

"How dare you talk like that? Speak when you're spoken to," interrupted Mrs. Toby, coloring up.

Tears welled into the child's eyes, and Mrs. Goby sympathetically said,

"There, don't cry, little dear; you must have been mistaken."

"I wasn't," blurted out Jessie. "Mamma knocked ever so many times, and then said to me, 'Come on; I suppose we shall have to go to the expense of getting tea in town.'"

The silence that followed was frigid.—*Tit-Bits.*

PERSEVERANCE

"Ma," said little Ethel sleepily at two o'clock on a cold morning, "I want a drink."

"Hush, darling," said her mother, "turn over and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink."

"No, you are only restless. Turn over, dear, and go to sleep."

Silence for five minutes. Then: "Ma, I want a drink."

"No, you don't want a drink. You had one just before you went to bed."

"I want a drink."

"Lie still, Ethel, and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink."

"Don't let me speak to you again."

Two minutes of silence.

"Ma, I want a drink."

"If you say another word I'll get up and spank you."

"Ma, when you get up to spank me will you get me a drink?"

She got the drink then.—*Selected.*

WOULD HAVE TO START EARLIER

Little Mary had never seen her Aunt Anna, and was much delighted when a visit was promised by the aunt.

When the day arrived that the aunt was due a telegram was delivered at Mary's house which read: "Missed train. Will start at same time to-morrow."

Mary stood quietly by while her mother read the telegram, and then burst into tears.

"Why, darling," cried the mother, anxiously, "what in the world is the matter?"

"Oh, mother," replied the child between her sobs, "I will never see my Aunt Anna, after all."

"Never see her!" exclaimed the mother in surprise. "What do you mean, dear?"

"Why, mother," explained the child, "she says she will start the same time to-morrow, and if she does she will lose her train again, won't she?"—*People's Home Journal.*

THAT'S THE STUFF

Among some skaters was a boy so small and so evidently a beginner that his frequent mishaps awakened the pity of a tender-hearted spectator.

"Why, sonny, you are getting all bumped up," she said. "I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so; I'd just come off and watch the others."

The tears of the last downfall were still rolling over the rosy cheeks, but the child looked from his adviser to the shining steel on his feet and answered, half indignantly:

"I didn't get some new skates to give up with; I got 'em to learn how with."—*The Epworth Herald.*

SHE WAS RIGHT

Doris's uncle met her in the street one spring day and asked her whether she was going out with a picnic party from her school. "No," replied his eight-year-old niece, "I ain't going. "My dear," said the uncle, "you must not say, 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going,'" and he proceeded to give her a lesson in grammar. "You are not going, he is not going; we are not going; they are not going. Now, can you say all that?" "Yes, I can," responded Doris, heartily. "There ain't nobody going!"—*Selected.*

THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT

Helen was attending her first party. When refreshments were served she refused a second helping to ice-cream with a polite "No, thank you," although her look was wistful.

"Oh, do have some more ice-cream, dear," her hostess urged.

"Mother told me I must say, 'No, thank you,'" explained the little girl, "but I don't believe she knew the dishes were going to be so small."—*New York Evening Post.*

WAS IT JUST FOR FUN?

"Carry yer bag, sir?" said an eager urchin to a man on Forty-second Street hurrying toward the Grand Central Station.

"No, thanks!" replied the man shortly.

"I'll carry it all the way for a dime," persisted the lad.

"I tell you I don't want it carried!" retorted the man.

"Don't yer?"

"No, I don't!'"

The lad broke into a quick trot to keep up with his victim's hasty strides, as he asked in innocent curiosity:

"Then what are you carrying it for?"—*Selected.*

KEEPING TRACK OF THEM

Several members of a women's war working party had assembled at the house of another member, and were chatting with the little daughter of their hostess.

"I hear you are a great help to your mother," said one.

"Oh, yes," replied the little girl, "mamma gives me a task to do every day."

"Indeed!" remarked the lady. "And what is your task for to-day?"

"I have to count the spoons after you have all gone."—*The Epworth Herald.*

STILL HAD A CHANCE

Bobby—"Grandpa, why do you look so sad?"

Grandpa—"Ah, my lad, I was just thinking; here I am seventy years of age, and I have done nothing that is likely to make posterity remember me—nothing."

Bobby—"Oh, well, don't worry, grandpa. Maybe you'll still have a chance to live in history as somebody's grandfather."—*Selected.*

DID NOT LIKE THE SPOTTED DOG

Mr. Smith, out walking with his small son, Bobby, met Mr. Brown, a fellow-architect. They strolled along together and patronizingly picked out the good and bad qualities of the new buildings they passed. Presently, Bobby spied a spotted dog. "Look, father," he said scornfully, "look at that dog. I don't like it. There's too much work on it."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

WANTED TO BE A VENUS DE MILO

Ethel surprised her mother by her interest in a statue of the Venus de Milo.

"Oh, I wish I was that lady," she exclaimed.

"Why, dear?" her mother asked.

"'Cause then people wouldn't always be saying to me: 'Don't bite your nails, dear.'"—*New York Times.*

SHE WAS DISAPPOINTED

An English lord was visiting friends in Scotland. One evening while attending a dinner given in his honor he met the little daughter of his host, who, though too well bred to stare, eyed him covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally venturing a remark:

"And you are really and truly an English lord?"

"Yes," he answered pleasantly, "really and truly."

"I have often thought I should like to see an English lord," she went on, "and—and—"

"And now you are satisfied," he interrupted, laughing.

"N-no," the little miss replied truthfully, "I'm not satisfied; I'm a good deal disappointed."—*Selected.*

WHY HE SOLD PAPERS

He was a typical gamin, so diminutive in stature that I had to stoop to interrogate him, which I did in this way: "Where do you get your papers, my little man?" "Oh, I buy 'em in the *Times* alley." "What do you pay for them?" "Fi' cents." "What do you sell them for?" "Fi' cents." "You don't make anything at that?" "Nope." "Then what do you sell them for?" "Oh, just to get a chance to holler."—*Denver Times.*

STUCK UP FOR HIS DAD

He was a loyal little shaver and he wouldn't let anything said against his parents go unchallenged. One rainy Sunday afternoon the boy next door was visiting and said: "Listen to your father snoring in the library."

"Pa isn't snoring," was the indignant reply. "He's dreaming about a dog an' that's the dog growlin'."—*Boston Transcript.*

HE WAS LIKE A WAGON

He was a very small boy, just beyond the limits of babyhood. The other day some one asked him if he was not his father's boy.

He answered, "Yes."

"And are you mother's boy, too?"

"Yes," replied Charlie.

"Well, how can you be father's boy and mother's boy at the same time?"

"Oh," replied Charlie, indifferently, "can't a wagon have two horses?"—*The Woman's Journ*

OBEYED HIS MOTHER

There is a very stern woman who demands instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up and she sent her little son John to close the trap leading to the flat roof of the house. "But, mother—" began Jack. "John, I told you to shut the trap." "Yes, but, mother." "John, shut that trap!" "All right, mother, if you say so—but—" "John!" Whereupon John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap. The afternoon went by and the storm howled and raged. Two hours later when the family gathered for dinner, father was not to be found. The mother started an investigation, but she did not have to ask many questions. John answered the first one, "Mother, dad is on the roof."—*Selected.*

KNEW JUST AS MUCH AS ROOSTERS

It is told of a little girl in a Massachusetts town that, like many of her sex, she resents the imputation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine. One day her mother remarked on the apparent lack of intelligence in a hen. "You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have done more harm to the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, a dog or a pig something, but a hen—never!" "H'm!" exclaimed the child indignantly. "I think they know just as much as the roosters."—*Selected.*

HER NOSE GOING DEAF

When my two little girls came into the kitchen from playing in the yard the other evening I was amused at overhearing the following conversation:

"My, I smell something good, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"You don't? That's funny, for I do."

"Well, I dess my nose must be going deaf, for I don't smell a fing."—*Selected.*

NOT AS ANTICIPATED

Mother was instructing little Gertrude in regard to her manners, as she was being dressed to return her friend's call.

"If they ask you to dine, say, 'No, I thank you; I have dined.'"

But the conversation turned out differently from what she had anticipated.

"Come along, Gertrude," invited her little friend's father, "have a bite with us."

"No, I thank you," came Gertrude's dignified reply; "I have already bitten."—*Selected.*

NOT FUN TO HER

Little Willie was missed by his mother one day for some time, and when he reappeared she asked: "Where have you been, my pet?"

"Playing postman," replied her "pet." "I gave letters to all the houses in our street. Real letters, too."

"Where on earth did you get them?" questioned his mother.

"They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with ribbon," was the innocent reply.—*Selected.*

THOUGHT HE WAS BLIND

Bobby was sent by his father on an errand to an elderly relative who placed great stress upon manners. Upon his return his father questioned him as to his reception.

"'Tain't no use to write any more letters to him, pa. He can't see to read them. He is blind."

"Blind!"

"Yes. He asked me twice where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time."—*Selected.*

HE WAS THE LITTLE BOY

A small boy with a lonesome expression walked into the County Clerk's office in Denver. "Please, sir," he said timidly, "have you seen anything of a lady round here?"

"Why, yes," answered the officer, "I've seen several."

"Well, have you seen any without a little boy?" continued the lad, anxiously.

"Yes," replied the deputy.

"Well," said the little chap, as a relieved look crossed his face, "I'm the little boy. Where's the lady?"—*Selected.*

DOUBLED HIS WEIGHT

Charley was weighed the other day. "Father," he said that evening, "I weigh eighty pounds."

"What is that, Charley?" asked his mother with surprise.

"Indeed, I do, mother. The man that weighed me said it was forty, but he didn't notice that I stood on one foot when I was on the scales."—*What to Do.*

THE PIE'S MIDDLE NAME

Little Robert, says an exchange, rushed into the kitchen one day and asked his mother what kind of pie she was making. "Lemon meringue pie," she answered.

The little fellow disappeared, but presently returned. "Mother," he said, "what did you say is the pie's middle name?"—*Selected.*

THE OCEAN WAS TOO FULL

A little girl was visiting Old Point for the first time, and her father took her to bathe in the ocean. Nothing more extensive than the bathtub at home had been her experience. As she waded out, tightly holding her father's hand, she was presently up to her

neck in the water. "Oh, papa," she exclaimed, "take me out; it's too full."—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE NIGHT OF THE BATH

"Edgar." "Yes, mother." "What are you children doing?" "Playing royalty. I am a Knight of the Garter, and Edwin is Saturday." "That is an odd name for royalty." "Oh, it is just a nickname on account of his title." "What is his title?" "Night of the Bath."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

HAD ENOUGH CHILDREN

Little Mary's father had denied her a pleasure which she had expected to enjoy. That night when she said her prayers at her mother's knee she concluded with this petition:

"And please don't give my papa any more children. He don't know how to treat those he's got now."—*Selected.*

ONLY THE DOG HEARD THEM

Bobby's mother was often distressed by her small son's lapses from correct speech, all the more because his reports from school were always good.

"Bobby," she said plaintively, "why do you keep telling Major to 'set up' when you know 'sit up' is what you should say?"

"Oh, well, mother," Bobby answered, "I don't like to waste grammar on Major when he doesn't know the difference, being a dog."—*Selected.*

WHAT HE WAS GOING TO BE

Hon. Mr. Sweet was making friends with Johnny, his host's son. "And how old are you?" he asked.

"I'm five," said Johnny.

"Ah, quite a little man! And what are you going to be?" questioned Mr. Sweet, who believes that he selected his own career in the cradle.

"I'm going to be six," Johnny returned with conviction.—*Youth's Companion.*

HIS SUGGESTION

Robbie—"Mamma, may I go a-fishing?"

Mamma—"No, Robbie, you might fall in and be drowned."

Robbie—"Well, then, mamma, may I go a-swimming?"—*Selected.*

DID NOT ENVY HIS FATHER

Little Tommy: "Father, did you ever see a cyclone that blowed everything up in the air—cows and horses and houses and things, upside down?" Father: "Well, no, Tommy, although I've heard of it often." "Did you ever see a great whale swallow a ship?" "No, indeed, Tommy." "Did you ever see our house from way up in a

balloon?" "No, I never did." "Well," said Tommy, in despair, "I think it'd be rather tiresome to live so long and never see anything."—*Selected.*

A NATURAL INQUIRY

Bobbie—"What does it cost to make a letter go?"

Postman—"Two cents."

Bobbie—"Don't you take 'em for children at half price?"—*Selected.*

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE

Mamma—"Come, little daughter, you must wash your hands after playing with the cat."

Little Daughter—"Yes, mamma; but I'll jes have to rinse 'em this time. I been playin' with the kitten."—*Selected.*

WANTED TO ATTRACT ATTENTION

Little Lydia had been given a ring as a birthday present, but, much to her disappointment, no one of the guests at dinner noticed it. Finally, unable to withstand their obtuseness or indifference, she exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I'm *so* warm in my new ring!"—*Youth's Companion.*

GRATEFUL TO THE COW

A new England family had recently acquired a cow, greatly to the excitement and joy of the children.

The following Sunday as the dessert, which consisted of ice cream, was placed on the table, the three-year-old of the family announced with great pride to the assembled guests:

"Our cow made that!"—*Selected.*

SAW THE THUNDER WINK

Little William was standing at the window, watching an approaching storm. Great clouds overspread the sky, when suddenly a bright flash of lightning parted them for an instant. "Oh, mother," he said, "I saw that funder wink."—*Selected.*

HAD REASON TO BE GENEROUS

Mother to small son: "Bobby, dear, I hoped you would be unselfish enough to give little sister the largest piece of candy. Why, see, even old Biddy gives all the nice big dainties to the little chicks, and only keeps an occasional tiny one for herself."

Bobby thoughtfully watched the hen and chickens for a time, and then said: "Well, mamma, I would, too, if it was worms."—*Selected.*

HINDERED

Little Richard's mother took him for a visit to his grandparents. When bedtime approached he was instructed to kiss each of his

relatives good night. He hesitated when he came to his grandfather, who wore a long, heavy beard.

"Aren't you going to tell grandfather good night, dear?" his mother asked.

"No, mother, I can't," was the reply, "there isn't any place to tell him."—*Argonaut.*

QUICK WORK

A lady who had just received an interesting bit of news said to her little daughter:

"Marjorie, dear, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin."

"Well," said Marjorie, wonderingly, "wasn't that arranged quick?" —*Selected.*

TIME TO BEGIN

Little Willie came to his mother with the following query: "Mother, what would you do if some one broke the large vase in the parlor?"

"I would whip him," responded mother. After a few seconds elapsed, Willie, with a broad grin, said: "Well, you'd better get ready. Papa broke it."—*London Saturday Journal.*

THOUGHT THE CAT WAS BOILING

The cat settled herself luxuriously in front of the kitchen range and began to purr. Little Dolly, who was strange to the way of cats, regarded her with horror. "Oh, grandmother!" she cried. "Come here quick. The cat's begun to boil."—*The Girl's World.*

EVERYBODY ACCOMMODATED

Tommy (just off train, with considerable luggage)—"Cabby, how much is it for me to Latchford?"

Cabby—"Two shillings, sir."

Tommy—"How much for my luggage?"

Cabby—"Free, sir."

Tommy—"Take the luggage, I'll walk."—*Boston Transcript.*

SOMETHING NEW

Nannie—"We're going to have a new porch in front of our house."

Marjorie—"Well, we've got new yawning to all of our front windows."—*Selected.*

TIRED OF OUTSIDERS

Last week I was asked to stay with my little grandson. I told him stories and played with him, but at last he seemed to have lost interest in all I was doing and slipped down off my lap, got

up on the window seat, and with a sigh said: "I'm tired of everybody in the world but my own family."—*Selected.*

NO BABY POLICEMEN

Peggy—"Was that p'liceman ever a little baby, mother?"

Mother—"Yes, dear."

Peggy (thoughtfully)—"I don't believe I've ever seen a baby p'liceman!"—*The Continent.*

HE HAD TO FINISH THE BOOK

"Harold, dear, put up your book now and go to bed," said his mother. "But, mamma, I got to finish this story to-night; I simply must." "Why so, dear?" "'Cause I'll be nine to-morrow, and you see it says this book is 'For children of six to eight years.'"—*Selected.*

WHAT HE GAVE HIS BROTHER

Little six-year-old Harry was asked by his Sunday school teacher: "And, Harry, what are you going to give your darling little brother for Christmas this year?" "I dunno," said Harry; "I gave him the measles last year."—*Selected.*

HIS REFERENCES WERE GOOD

Boy: "Please, I've come in answer to your advertisement for a boy."

Manager (of few words): "Yes, character all right?"

Boy: "As right as rain, sir. If it 'adn't 'a' bin suitable I shouldn't 'a' came. I know the last three chaps as had the place, an' they all gives you a very high character indeed!"—*Selected.*

MEASURING CLOTH

Little Cordelia's grandmother had an old-fashioned way of measuring a yard by holding one end of the goods to her nose and then stretching the piece at arm's length. One day Cordelia found a bit of ribbon. Carrying it to her grandmother, she very gravely requested: "Grandmother, smell this and see how long it is."—*Selected.*

WHAT MADE HIM SORE

Mother: "Herbert, you mustn't ask your papa so many questions. They irritate him."

Herbert (shaking his head): "It ain't the questions, ma. It's the answers he can't give that make him sore!"—*Selected.*

WHY SHE WAS SO SOBER

"Why, Phillis, what makes you so sober this morning?" asked mother.

"Oh, mother," the four-year-old replied, "I shall be so glad when

the appledemic is over and you need not paralyze the milk every day."—*Selected.*

WHY SHE WANTED A BABY BROTHER

"I wish I had a baby brother to wheel in my go-cart, mamma," said small Elsie. "My dolls are always getting broke when it tips over."—*Chicago Daily News.*

SHE HAD FORGOTTEN

My little daughter, one dark, rainy day, came indoors with a wet, half-starved kitten, and on remonstrating with her to take it out at once, she became indignant and said, "You don't remember, mother, when you was a little cold cat yourself!"—*The United Presbyterian.*

SHE HAD THE LAST WORD

My five-year-old boy and my three-year-old girl were talking. Glenn said, "I'm older than you," and was feeling elated over the fact. Ila, who always has a ready reply, said, "Well, I'm *newer* than you."—*Selected.*

HAD IT HALF THE TIME

"Willie," admonished the father, "why don't you let your little brother have your sled some of the time?" "Why, I do, father," said Willie. "He has it half of the time. I take it going downhill, and he has it coming back."—*Selected.*

DID NOT WANT TO BE BOILED

"Do you know why the little chickens come out of the eggs, dear?"

"'Course I do. They knew they'd get boiled if they stayed in."—*The Girl's World.*

KLEPTOMANIA

"Pa, what's kleptomania?"

"Why—er—it means taking something you don't want."

"Was it kleptomania when I took the measles?"—*Selected.*

BOOKWORM AND FISHWORM

"Pa, what's a bookworm?" "A man who loves books, my son." "Then is a man who loves fish a fishworm?"—*Selected.*

WANTED THE COLLECTION EXPLAINED

Little Helen was taken to church for the first time one Sunday. The service was a source of wonder to her, but after the offering and she had put in her mite, her curiosity was uncontrollable, and she turned to her mother. "Mother," said she, "what do we get for our money?"—*Selected.*

LAUGHTER

Teacher—"Freddie, you mustn't laugh out loud in the schoolroom."

Freddie—"I didn't mean to do it. I was smiling, and the smile busted."—*Selected.*

EASY TO TAKE HER WAY

Little Willie became slightly indisposed, and when the family doctor was called he prescribed some medicine in powder form.

"Come, Willie," said the fond mother, preparing one of the powders as soon as the medicine arrived from the drug store, "you must take this right away so that you will be well."

"No, I don't want to take it," whined Willie, backing away from the dose. "I don't need no medicine."

"Why, Willie," pleaded mother, gently drawing the boy toward her, "you never heard me complain about a little powder, did you?"

"No, an' neither would I," was the startling rejoinder of Willie, "if I could just put it on my face like you do, but I have to swallow it."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

WHERE BAD PEOPLE GO

"Now, boys," said the teacher in the juvenile Sunday school class, "our lesson to-day teaches us that if we are good while here on earth, when we die we will go to a place of everlasting bliss. But suppose we are bad, then what will become of us?"

"We'll go to the place of everlasting blister," promptly answered the small boy at the pedal extremity of the class.—*Selected.*

CAME DOWN LIKE A LADY

The lady was entertaining callers in her East Cleveland home, when the company was startled by a noise like a load of coal being delivered simultaneously. It proved to be nothing but the small daughter of the hostess, who had hurried downstairs in this noisy fashion. The mother was amazed.

"Alice," she said severely, "you may go back upstairs and see if you can't come down like a lady."

Alice went slowly up the steps. The guests listened involuntarily, but not a sound accompanied the child's descent. She appeared among them as noiselessly as a falling rose leaf.

"That was much better," approved her mother. "You see you can come downstairs in a ladylike manner when you try."

"Yessum," said Alice. "I slid down the banisters this time."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

WAS SHE RUDE?

"Was I rude this afternoon?" a little girl asked her mother. "I hope not, my dear," said the mother. Little Girl—"Well, our teacher was examining us in poetry—'Casabianca'—and she asked why did

the boy stand on the burning deck, and I said because it was too hot for him to sit down; and she made me stand in the corner."—*Stray Stories.*

A NATURAL REPLY

The other day a young woman teacher took eight of her pupils through a museum of natural history. "Well, my boy, where did you go with your teacher this afternoon?" asked John's mother on his return.

With joyous promptness he answered, "She took us to a dead circus."—*Selected.*

CHINESE HUMOR

WANTED SQUEAKY SHOES

John Chinaman often has peculiar ideas about the wearing apparel that he buys in America. For one thing, he always wants boots that are several sizes too large, for he believes that in that way he gets more value for his money. In addition to excessive size, boots may have to possess other peculiar characteristics before they meet his full approval, as the following story indicates:

A California merchant offered a pair of fine boots that he had long kept in stock to a Chinese for three dollars. The Oriental finally took them, but two days later he brought them back.

"What's the trouble, John?" inquired the merchant. "Him good boots."

"Him no good," declared John. "Him no sing-song boot. Velly soon wear out. Me likee sing-song boot or me catchee back t'ree dolla'."

"Sing-song boot!" exclaimed the merchant. "Me no sabe."

"Me t'ink you sabe, all lite," replied John. "Wha' fo' him boot no singee, Squeak! Squeak! when Chinaman walkee, alle same good boot?"

When the merchant had given him in exchange for the fine boots a pair of coarse, cheap ones that squeaked loudly, John Chinaman departed highly satisfied.—*Selected.*

A CHINESE JOKE ABOUT TAFT

Here is a story about Taft when in the Far East that is told by Frederic S. Isham, the novelist:

Two Chinamen in Shanghai were discussing Mr. Taft's visit to that place after the departure of the Taft party.

"Mr. Taft is certainly a very big man," said one, making a gesture that implied a large circle as he spoke.

"He is that," answered the other. "We have certainly had a considerable sphere of American influence in our midst recently."

And yet they say Chinamen have no sense of humor.—*Selected.*

A CHINESE PUN

Wu Ting Fang is at the head of the Chinese Foreign Office, and you can't put much over on a man with as good a sense of humor as Dr. Wu. A newspaper man recalls his famous wheeze about the Chinaman who committed suicide by eating gold leaf. "But I don't see how that killed him—how did it?" inquired a society woman. "I suppose," said Wu, seriously, "that it was the consciousness of inward gilt!"—*Tit-Bits.*

HE WAS NOT LOST

Chinaman—"You tellee me where railroad depot?"
Citizen—"What's the matter, John, lost?"
Chinaman—"No. Me here. Depot lost."—*Selected.*

CHURCH COLLECTIONS

A UNIQUE COLLECTION BOX

Mr. Robert P. Manard, a distinguished traveling salesman and Deacon in the First Christian Church at Macon, Ga., has recently invented a unique collection box which he recommends as a cure for small church collections. When you "put in a nickel it will ring a bell, when you put in a quarter, it rings a bell three times. When a penny is dropped in the box it fires a shot, and when you fail to put in anything it takes your picture."—*Selected.*

LED IN THE COLLECTIONS

A clergyman, taking occasional duty for a friend in one of the moorland churches of a remote part of England, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract half a crown before presenting the plate at the altar-rails. After service he called the old man into the vestry and told him, with emotion, that his crime had been discovered. The clerk looked puzzled. Then a sudden light dawned on him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that ould half-crown o' mine? Why, Oi've 'led off' with he this last fifteen year!"—*Selected.*

SALVATION FREE AS WATER

The colored parson had just concluded a forceful sermon on salvation, and the great necessity of adjusting themselves to the requirements of salvation was pointed out to the congregation. He had proclaimed salvation to be free—free as water.

At the conclusion of the sermon he requested the deacons to take up a collection. An important brother in the rear of the church thought that he would call the parson to book on his statement as to salvation being free. He said: "Parson, in yo' sermon yo' jes giv', yo' say dat salvation am free, an' now yo' is orderin' de deacons to pass de hat. I doant understan' what yo' means by sayin' it's free, an' axin' fer money."

The parson gave the brother a fierce look, although smiling, as he again took the pulpit to explain, which he did as follows:

"Ise glad de brudder has axed dat question at dis time. Ise glad to make de 'splanation, an' he will understan' how it am. Yo' see, brudder, yo' go down to de river an' de water am flowin' freely, an' dere am a great plenty fer all. Yo' kin drink an' drink all yo' wants, an' fill yo' buckets an' take dem to de house, and it costs yo' nuffin'. It am free jes as I say, but when yo' has dis water piped into yo' house fer de bafftub an' to wash de dishes, de pipin' has to be paid fer. Dis collecshun am to pay fer de pipin'. . . . De brudder deacons will proceed wid passin' de hat an' takin' de collecshun, which I knows am gwine to be librel."—*Selected.*

WHY HE GAVE

A generous old German once said, "I likes to gif villingly. Ven I gifs villingly it enjoys me so much that I gifs again."—*Selected.*

COMPANY

HAD THE HOGS' COMPANY

A Greenwich man tells of a Connecticut farmer who, after having driven a lot of hogs to Greenwich, sold them for precisely what had been offered him before he left home. "You haven't made much by bringing your hogs here," remarked the man. "Well, no," replied the agriculturist, dejectedly, "I ain't made no money, but then, you know," he added, his face brightening, "I had the company of the hogs on the way down."—*Harper's Weekly.*

COMPLIMENTS

AN EXPERT

The company was about to commence practice in trench-digging.

"Shall I show you how to handle the spade?" inquired a young officer of one private who was curiously watching the efforts of his companions.

"Ay, if tha likes," responded the soldier.

"There you are," commented the officer shortly afterwards, as he handed over the spade.

"Tha shapes pratty weel," said the private, an erstwhile collier, "for a novice."—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE FIRST ENCOURAGEMENT HE HAD

A young clerk was called before the manager to explain why he was doing his work carelessly. "Mr. Jones," said the manager, "of late your work has been very perfunctory." Just as he was going to ask for an explanation, the young clerk broke in: "Mr. Smith, I've been working here for three months now, and, though

I have tried my best, that's the first bit of praise I have received since I've been here. Thank you."—*New York Sun.*

DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT

She—"And will you still love me when I am older and homelier?"

He—"My darling, you cannot avoid growing older; but you will never grow homelier."—*Selected.*

TENDER-HEARTED

"He is the most tender-hearted man I ever saw."

"Kind to animals?"

"I should say so. Why, when he found the family cat insisted on sleeping in the coal-bin, he immediately ordered a ton of soft coal."—*Tit-Bits.*

CONFESSION

THE PART HE TOOK

"So you confess that the unfortunate young man was carried to the pump, and there drenched with water? Now, Mr. French, what part did you take in this disagreeable affair?"

Undergraduate (meekly): "The left leg, sir."—*Selected.*

CONSCIENCE

OFTEN FINDS THE LINE BUSY

"Conscience," said Uncle Eben, "is only a still small voice, an' half de time when it tries to speak up it finds dat de line is busy." —*Selected.*

COOKING

HAD TRIED THE SOUP

"Judge," said Mrs. Stevens to the magistrate, who had recently come to board with her, "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."

"I have tried it," replied the magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi."—*London Puck.*

A HARD PUDDING

Recently the sergeants of a certain battery in France sat down to an exceptionally fine dinner, the crowning glory of which was a large plum-pudding. "Seems mighty hard," remarked the sergeant-major, as he vainly tried to stick his fork into it. "Have you boiled us a cannonball?" "Or the regimental football?" asked another. "Where did you get the flour from?" questioned the sergeant-major, again struggling vainly. "Where from?" the

cook retorted. "From Store No. 5, of course." "You did?" roared the quartermaster-sergeant. "Then hang you, you've made the pudding with Portland cement!"—*Selected.*

ONLY TWO CIGARS A MONTH

Mrs. Athomeday—"Mr. Athomeday has no bad habits whatsoever. He never drinks, and he spends all his evenings at home. Why, he doesn't even belong to the American Club."

Mrs. Clymer—"Does he smoke?"

Mrs. Athomeday—"Only in moderation. He likes a cigar after he has had a good dinner, but I don't suppose he smokes two cigars a month."—*The Times of Cuba.*

HE MISUNDERSTOOD HER

Wife (who prides herself on her cooking-school experience) to Husband—"Don't you think it looks like rain, John?"

Husband (surveying the tureen)—"It certainly does; but why not make it look more like soup while you were at it?"—*Judge.*

TRY THIS

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the butler, "but your son has just eloped with the cook."

"Yes, I put him up to it," replied Mrs. Uppson. "She's the best cook we ever had, and I didn't want to lose her."—*Indianapolis Star.*

DESERVED TO BE TRIED

The judge was at dinner in the new household when the young wife asked: "Did you ever try any of my biscuits, Judge?"

"No," said the judge, "I never did; but I dare say they deserve it."—*Selected.*

HEAVY PUDDING

Conversation overheard in a munition canteen after a serving of heavy, half-cooked pudding:

"This 'ere pudding ain't 'alf 'eavy stuff."

"That's nothing. My missus made some one day that we couldn't eat, so she gave it to our ducks. A few minutes later a little boy knocked at the door and said, 'Missus Jones, yer ducks have sank!'"
—*Watchman-Examiner.*

NO HIDDEN INSINUATION

Mrs. Noel—"My husband has had dyspepsia dreadfully lately."

Mrs. Nock—"I am so sorry, but I had no idea you were without a cook."—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

HER DIPLOMA FOR COOKING

Young Wife: "I got a beautiful parchment diploma from the cooking college to-day, and I've cooked this for you. Now guess

what it is." Husband (trying the omelet): "The diploma."—*Tit-Bits.*

WHERE POEMS USUALLY GO

Young Wife: "Hubby, I've made a cake which is really a poem!"
Young Husband: "I suppose I'm the waste basket."—*Selected.*

BISCUITS LIKE HIS MOTHER MADE

Mr. Bellows—"Oh, wife, these look like the biscuits my mother baked twenty years ago."

Mrs. Bellows (greatly delighted)—"I'm so glad."

Mr. Bellows (biting one)—"And, by George, I believe they are the same biscuits."—*Chattanooga Times.*

COURTESY

ENTERTAINING A PRINCE

An elderly lady who died last week at her home in Breese, Ill., at the age of 89 was fond of telling about a visit of Albert Edward, at that time Prince of Wales, and later King Edward VII of England, to her home on a hunting trip in 1880. During that year the prince was touring the United States with a numerous suite under the name of Lord Renfrew.

While on his way to St. Louis the future King of England left his special car at Dwight's Station and spent two days shooting in Clinton County. On the second day, the prince got lost and wandered for hours in the Santa Fe bottoms separated from the rest of his party. During this time he came to a farmer's hut and demanded that the farmer should take him to his headquarters. The farmer calmly refused. The hunter then asked him if he knew he was addressing the Prince of Wales. The farmer answered he "didn't give a continental if the hunter was the Queen of England." The prince then tried hiring him, but he said he wasn't for hire. It was quite obvious that he mistrusted the royalty of the man who had approached him. Finally Albert Edward succeeded in discovering a young Irishman who steered him back to the station.

There have been a good many illustrations of people entertaining angels unawares, but perhaps there are not many cases on record where a farmer refused to entertain a prince because he doubted his identity. It all goes to show that it is quite easy to be mistaken in such matters and that the safe rule is to be courteous and benevolent at all times.—*Selected.*

READY TO JOIN HER CLUB

"Madam," said the man in the street car, "I know I ought to get up and give you my seat, but unfortunately I've recently joined the Sit Still Club."

"That's all right, sir," replied the woman. "And you must excuse me for staring at you so hard; I am a member of the Stand and Stare Club."

She proved herself so active and conscientious a member that the man began to feel uncomfortable under her gaze. Finally he rose and said: "Take my seat, madam; I guess I'll resign from my club and join yours."—*Boston Transcript.*

WAS VERY CHIVALROUS

Working his way through the street car, past the line of women hanging on straps, the conductor noticed a man who he supposed was feigning sleep to avoid paying fare. "Wake up!" he said, as he jolted the slumberer. "I wasn't asleep," replied the passenger, producing a coin. "Then why do you sit with closed eyes?" "Because of the crowded condition of the car. I hate to see women standing." —*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

ENGLISH FIRST

Tommy came home at supper time highly elated. "Pa," he said, "I have just learned from one of the soldiers how to say 'thank you' and 'if you please' in French." "Good!" said his father. "That's more than you ever learned to say in English."—*Selected.*

AN EXAMPLE OF FRENCH COURTESY

Secretary Lansing was contrasting German brusqueness with French courtesy, and, illustrating the latter, recounted the case of the French Government official whose duty it was to issue passports for those who wished to go from one town to another:

In accordance with regulations it fell to him to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, unfortunately, had but one eye.

Not wishing to hurt her feelings, the gallant Frenchman in filling out the description inserted the following:

"Eyes, brilliant, brown and expressive, only one is missing."—*Selected.*

BOTH HAD DETERIORATED

The old man's wife was getting into a carriage and he neglected to assist her.

"You are not so gallant, John, as when you were a boy," she exclaimed in gentle rebuke.

"No," was the ready response, "and you are not so buoyant as when you were a gal."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

WHY SHE DISLIKED HIM

Patience—"Why do you look so disparagingly at that man? He stood up for you at the meeting the other night when you were being abused."

Patrice—"Yes, I know he did. But I came up on the same trolley car with him to-night and he wouldn't stand up for me there."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HE WAS VERY POLITE

Her (sighing)—"Oh, I met such a lovely, polite man to-day." Him—"Where was that?" Her—"On the street. I must have been carrying my umbrella carelessly, for he bumped his eye into it. And I said, 'Pardon me,' and he said, 'Don't mention it—I have another eye left.' "—*Cleveland Leader.*

CONSCIENTIOUS

"Here," said Mrs. Exe impatiently, "is another invitation from Mrs. Boreleigh, asking us to one of her bothersome dinners. I hate them."

"Oh, tell her we have a previous engagement," said her husband.

"No," said Mrs. Exe virtuously. "That would be a lie. Edith, dear, write Mrs. Boreleigh that we accept with much pleasure."—*Onward.*

WHY HE DID NOT SEE HER

Milly: "I rode all the way up to Harlem in the same subway car with you the other day."

Billy: "That's strange. I didn't see you."

Milly: "Oh, I don't know. You had a seat and I was standing." —*Judge.*

WHY HE GAVE HER HIS SEAT

I rose with a great alacrity
  To offer her my seat;
'Twas a question whether she or I
  Should stand upon my feet.
—*Cornell Widow.*

COURTSHIP

COOKING NOT THE FIRST CONSIDERATION

"But you can cook?" asked the prosaic young man.

"Let us take these questions in their proper order," returned the wise girl. "The matter of cooking is not the first thing to be considered."

"Then, what is first?" he demanded.

"Can you provide things to be cooked?"—*Christian Intelligencer.*

WAS KIND TO THE PAWNBROKER

"John," she said sternly, "father saw you this morning going into a pawnbroker's with a large bundle."

Her suitor flushed. Then he replied in a low voice:

"Yes, that is true. I was taking the pawnbroker some of my old clothes. You see, he and his wife are awfully hard up."

"Oh, John, forgive me!" exclaimed the young girl. "How truly noble you are!"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

ONLY A CHILD

"Mr. Methuselah," says young Ishbomush, the Gileadite, "I came to ask permission to marry your granddaughter, Kezoorah."

"What! Little Kezoorah!" exclaims Methuselah. "Why, what nonsense, boy! She's only 120 years old, and you're barely 180. Wait about 100 years, lad, and then you will learn whether this is merely calf love or the enduring affection that should warrant matrimony."—*Selected.*

A CHANCE TO BE ACCEPTED

Sapleigh: "I like a girl who can take a joke."

Miss Keen: "Then you stand a splendid chance of being accepted."—*Boston Transcript.*

WHY THE LAMP WENT OUT

In the parlor there were three,
She, the parlor-lamp, and he;
Two is company, no doubt,
So the little lamp went out!
—*Yale Record.*

LEFT HER PIPE

"Oh, say, who was here to see you last night?"

"Only Myrtle, father."

"Well, tell Myrtle that she left her pipe on the piano."—*The Blacksmith's Journal.*

A DILEMMA

Nell—"Oh, dear, I'm in such a quandary."

Bell—"What is it?"

Nell—"Jack promises to stop drinking if I marry him and Tom threatens to begin if I don't."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE GIRL FOR HIM

"I'll tell you, old man, Angy is a bright girl. She's brains enough for two."

"Then she's the very girl for you, my boy."—*Selected.*

FURIOUSLY ANGRY

"Your father was furiously angry when I asked him if I could marry you. He told me to go to thunder."

"Oh, darling, what did you do?"

"I went at lightning speed."—*Baltimore American.*

PHOTOGRAPHY LIKE LOVE

Jack.—"So you think love is like a photographic plate. Why?"
Daisy.—"Because it needs a dark room to develop it."—*Tit-Bits.*

NOT HIS SISTER'S CUP

"I wouldn't drink out of that cup," said little Johnnie to the well-dressed young stranger; "that's Bessie's cup, and she's very particular who drinks out of it."

"Ah," said the young man as he drank the cup dry, "I feel honored to drink out of Bessie's cup. Bessie is your youngest sister, isn't she?"

"Not much! Bessie is my dog."—*Selected.*

WHY HE DROPPED HER

"How did you come to break off your engagement with Miss Snowball?" asked Uncle Moses of a darky.

"In the fust place, Uncle Moses, she wasn't berry young, and she didn't hab no money, and jawed like de debbel; and, secondly, she would not hab me, and went and married another niggah. So I tuk de advice of my frens and jess drapped her."—*Selected.*

HE NEEDED A CRANK

"Your father is an old crank," said the youth who had been told by her father that it was time to go. Her father overheard the remark. "A crank is necessary in case of the lack of a self-starter," he retorted.—*The Christian Herald.*

HER FATHER HAD THE SAME IDEA

"But I am so unworthy of you, dear," he murmured as he held her close to him.

"Oh, Fred," she sighed, "if you and father only agreed on every other point the way you do on that, how happy we should be."—*Selected.*

AN ALTERNATIVE

Merely a Suggestion—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," quoted the sentimental youth. "Oh, I don't know," returned the matter-of-fact girl. "Did you ever try presents?"—*Boston Transcript.*

CRITICISM

THE CRITIC

The man who has a good opinion of his own abilities, so much so that he thinks he can do a thing better than any one else, was taught a good lesson recently. He was standing in front of a taxidermist's, in the window of which there was an owl that had attracted quite a lot of sightseers.

Anxious to display his knowledge he said, with a pompous air, "Well, if I couldn't stuff an owl better than that, I would quit the business. The head isn't right, the poise of the body isn't right, the feathers are not on right, the feet are not placed right." Before he could finish, the owl turned his head and winked at him. The crowd laughed and the critic moved on.—*The Home.*

HIS HEARING DEFECTIVE

The habit of contradicting sometimes overleaps itself unwittingly. "I've heard it said," remarked a lounger at the crossroads store, "that John Henderson over by Woodville was one of eighteen sons." "That's whar ye heard wrong," contributed the chronic kicker. "'Twa'n't John Henderson at all. 'Twas a brother o' his'n." —*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A FAKE STORY

"It says here that a butcher found a collar button in a cow's stomach," remarked the Old Fogy.

"That must be a fake," responded the Grouch. "How could a cow get under a bedroom dresser?"—*Selected.*

KEEP THEM IN PICKLE

If you have gracious words to say
Oh, give them to our hearts to-day,
But if your words will cause us sorrow
Pray keep them to the last to-morrow.

—*Burton.*

IN HIS NEIGHBOR'S EYES

"I have been reflecting," said an old-timer, "upon the case of the average man, as his neighbors see him.

"If he is poor, he is a bad manager. If he is prosperous, every one wants to do him a favor.

"If he is in politics, it's for pork. If he is not in politics, one can't place him, and he's no good for his country.

"If he gives not to charity, then he's a stingy dog. If he does give, it's for show.

"If he is active in religion, he is a hypocrite. If he evinces no interest in matters spiritual, he's a hardened sinner.

"If he shows affection, he's a soft sentimentalist. If he seems to care for no one, he's cold-blooded.

"If he dies young, there was a great future ahead of him. If he attains old age, he has missed his calling."—*The Lamb.*

PEANUTS FOR PESSIMISTS

The pessimists would
Have us believe
This beautiful world

Of ours is headed for
The jumping off place
And that they can
Stand on one foot
And feel it slipping.
But, as you yourself
Probably have noticed,
There are bright spots
Here and there. Frinstance,
While you get fewer
Goobers for a nickel
Than you used to
They smell just as
Fetching as ever
When they are hot.
—*Macon Telegraph.*

CURIOSITY

BOTH WERE SATISFIED

A Missouri livery stable keeper put his hand in a mule's mouth to see how many teeth the mule had. The mule closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. Thus was the curiosity of both man and mule satisfied.—*Pittsburg Leader.*

HEARING A PIN DROP

A pin may drop in such a way
That nothing could be louder,
Just drop one that's red hot some day
Into a keg of powder.
—*Selected.*

NOT SATISFIED

Mother.—"Don't ask so many questions, child. Curiosity killed the cat."

Willie.—"What did the cat want to know, mother?"—*Sunday School Advocate.*

DEBTORS AND CREDITORS

A LEGAL RECEIPT

Down in a southeast Kansas town lives a simple-minded youth by the name of Bill Beasley, whose facility in contracting small debts at the local stores is only equaled by his success in evading their payment. One day recently, however, Bill made the mistake of showing some money before one of his creditors, and after the

hard-fought argument which followed, the money was handed over to the storekeeper.

"Now," said Bill sadly, "we're square, and I want a receipt. Make it legal, so you won't be after me again."

And here is the receipt, which Bill proudly exhibited to his friends:

"To Whom It May Concern, Greeting.—All men know by these presents, habeas corpus and nux vomica, that Bill Beasley don't owe this firm nothing, and ain't going to.—John Hobby."—*Tit-Bits.*

WRONG IDEA ABOUT A FREE PRESS

"I think there is some misapprehension about the freedom of the press," declared the editor of the Plunkville Palladium.

"In what way?"

"A lot of people seem to think they are not expected to pay for the paper."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SOMETHING GREATER THAN MONEY

"I tell you, my friend," said the Idealist, "there's something bigger in this world than money."

"Yes, sirree," said the Pragmatist. "And I know what it is too."

"What is it?" asked the Idealist.

"Bills," said the Pragmatist.—*Selected.*

WHY IT WAS EPISCOPALIAN

Mr. Tucker had unexpectedly come face to face with Mr. Cutting, from whom he had frequently borrowed money. "Er—aw—what was the denomination of the bill you loaned me?" he asked nervously. "Episcopalian, I guess," said Mr. Cutting. "At any rate, it keeps Lent very well."—*New York American.*

LIKED THEIR COLLECTING LETTERS

"My dear sir," responded the delinquent to the representative who called, "those collection letters from your firm are the best ever. I am sending copies out to the trade, and it's wonderful how many old accounts I have collected. I haven't paid my bill, because I felt sure there was another letter in the series. I have had some hard customers to deal with, and I needed the last letter."—*Harper's Magazine.*

EXTRAORDINARY

"They are quite ordinary people, aren't they?"

"Yes—keep their engagements, eat plain food, pay their bills, and all that sort of thing."—*Life.*

READY TO GIVE TO HIS CREDITORS

"Mary," said the sick man to his wife, when the doctor had pronounced it a case of smallpox, "if any of my creditors call, tell

them that I am at last in a position to give them something."—*Selected.*

WHY HE CALLED THE HOSPITALS

"Why are you calling up the various hospitals?"

"My friend Snigglebat assured me he'd pay me $5 to-day or break a leg, and I want to find out which leg he broke."—*Kansas City Journal.*

WAS EVEN WITH THE WORLD

"How are you?"

"Oh, I'm about even with the world."

"How's that?"

"I figure that I owe about as many people as I don't owe."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

THE NAME FOR DESCENDANTS

Mrs. Owens (pausing in her writing)—"Henry, what is the name for the people who come after us?"

Owens—"Collectors, my dear."—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

MIGHT BE DISHONEST

First Credit Man.—"How about Jones, of Corn Mush Center?"

Second Credit Man.—"He always pays cash, so we don't know how honest he is."—*Boston Globe.*

TOOK PRECAUTIONS

She: "I saw the doctor to-day about my loss of memory."

He: "What did he do?"

She: "Made me pay in advance."—*London Mail.*

AN UNFORTUNATE LOAN

Professor (in geology)—"The geologist thinks nothing of a thousand years."

Soph.—"Great guns! And I loaned a geologist $10 yesterday."—*Selected.*

WIPING OUT DEBTS

"Do you suppose Beatem will ever wipe out those debts of his?"

"No; he isn't that kind of a sponge."—*Selected.*

HAD WAITED LONGEST

A prominent physician, upon opening the door of his consulting-room, asked:

"Who has been waiting longest?"

"I have," spoke up a man in a stentorian voice. "I'm your tailor. I delivered your clothes four weeks ago."—*New York Times.*

HOW HE COULD PAY

Grateful Patient: "Doctor, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?"

Doctor: "Doesn't matter, old man. Check, money order or cash."—*Boston Transcript.*

TAKING PRECAUTIONS

Member of the Touring Company—"My good lady, the last place I stayed the landlady wept when I left."

Landlady—"Oh, did she? Well, I ain't going to. I want my money in advance."—*Selected.*

ETERNITY

Lecturer—"The idea of eternity, my friends, is something too vast for the human mind to conceive."

Voice from Audience—"Did you ever pay for a $700 piano on the installment plan?"—*Life.*

DOING SETTLEMENT WORK

Mr. Thursday—"Our friend, Dodge, tells me that he is doing settlement work lately."

Mr. Friday—"Yes, his creditors finally cornered him."—*People's Home Journal.*

HITS AND HAPPENINGS

Short.—"I say, old man, can you lend me $10?"

Longly.—"Impossible. I've tried to lend you money several times, but you always seem to look upon it as a gift."—*Boston Transcript.*

SETTLED HIS AMENS

A preacher was praying: "Oh, Lord, send us an old-fashioned revival." "Amen," responded a brother. "Send us," continued the preacher, "a revival that will help us to love one another." "Amen," shouted the same brother. "Oh, Lord," continued the preacher, "send us a debt-paying revival." That settled his "amens."—*Selected.*

FOR THE LAST TIME

"Mr. Beats," the grocer said wearily, "I ask you for the last time, will you pay that three dollars you owe me?"

"For the last time?" Beats replied cheerfully. "I'm glad to hear you say that, old man. You know, I was getting awfully tired of hearing you ask that foolish question!"—*Selected.*

HIS ADDRESS

"I wish to see Mr. Jones about a bill."

"He's away on his vacation, sir."

"Did he leave any address?"

"Yes, sir. For bill-collectors it's 'Somewhere in America.'"—*Selected.*

DEFINITIONS

ALLITERATIVE DEFINITIONS

Oratory—Platitudes plus personality.
Love—Felicitous foibles and fortunate folly.
Politics—The wordy war of winsome wire-pullers.
Art—Daring daubs defying decency.
Philosophy—Pompous parade of prolix perplexity.
Novels—Indefinite ideas in infinite ink.
Stock Exchange—A hall of howl and haul.
Baseball—Plethoric purses procuring prodigious players.
Weather Prophets—Good guessers garnished with gibberish.
Newspapers—Patriotic prejudice permeating profitable prudence.
Marriage—A lawful lottery.
Time—An admirable ally, an absolute autocrat, an artful abstracter.—*Amos R. Wells, in the C. E. World.*

WEBSTER NEVER THOUGHT OF THESE

Banquet—A 50-cent dinner that you pay $5 for.

Candor—What a woman thinks about another woman's gown. Tact is what she says about it.

Curiosity—Paying a thousand dollars to see your appendix.

Furious—A word expressing the pleasure a girl experiences when she is kissed.

Firmness—It has two meanings: Referring to one's self it means decision; to one's neighbor, obstinacy.

Golf—A game that begins with a golfball and ends with a highball.—*Selected.*

GOOD ADVICE FROM MANY SOURCES

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.
"Push," said the Button.
"Take pains," said the Window.
"Always keep cool," said the Ice.
"Be up to date," said the Calendar.
"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.
"Make light of everything," said the Fire.
"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.
"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.—*Current Opinion.*

FREE TRANSLATION

A certain Siamese teacher is remembered by a former missionary chiefly because of his unique definitions of English words. Some of these are the following:

Kick—A verb of the foot.
Hop—A verb of the frog.
Liar—A bad adjective for boy.
Flattery—A good kind of curse word.
Wig—Hypocrite hair.
Bullet—Son of a gun.
Whisky—Sin water.

—*Epworth Herald.*

A CURIOUS WORD

There is a word in the English language the first two letters of which signify a male, the first three a female, the first four a great man and the whole a great woman. The word is "heroine."—*Selected.*

HE WAS NOT A PILGRIM

The Sunday School teacher asked his class to give him the definition of a "pilgrim." One little fellow said: "Please, sir, I think a pilgrim is a man who travels a great deal." This did not exactly suit the teacher, so he said: "Well, I travel about quite a little, but I'm not a pilgrim." "Oh, sir, but I mean a good man," eagerly replied the little one.—*Selected.*

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "SET" AND "SIT"

A gentleman who was asked to illustrate the difference between "sit" and "set" recently remarked: "The United States is a country on which the sun never sets, and the rest of the world never sits." —*Christian Register.*

MEANING OF "NOT TRANSFERABLE"

Mr. Johnsing.—"Say, Mr Dorman, what am de meaning of dis here line on de ticket whar it says 'not transferable'?"

Mr. Dorman.—"Dat means, Br'er Johnsing, dat no gen'leman am admitted unlessen he comes hisself."—*Selected.*

RESULTS AND CONSEQUENCES

The class in spelling was asked to state the difference between "results" and "consequences."

One bright-eyed little miss replied: "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."—*Selected.*

WHAT IS A NECESSARY EVIL?

"Pa, what's a necessary evil?"

"One we like so much we don't care about abolishing it, my son." —*Boston Transcript.*

HIS IDEA OF AN OPTIMIST

Bix.—"What's your idea of an optimist?"

Dix.—"A dead-broke individual ordering oysters with the hope that he can pay for his dinner with the pearl."—*Boston Transcript.*

EXECUTIVE ABILITY

"Pa, what is executive ability?" "Executive ability, my boy, is the art of getting the credit for all the hard work that somebody else does."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CONCRETE NOUN

One morning in school the teacher asked for a definition of a concrete noun. A little boy in the back raised his hand frantically and said: "A concrete noun is a noun that is made out of cement." —*Kind Words.*

HIGHEST FORM OF ANIMAL LIFE

Teacher—"What is the highest form of animal life?"

Schoolboy—"The giraffe."—*Selected.*

DEFINITION OF AN EGG

Teacher.—"Now then, Mary, I want you to tell me what an egg is."

Mary.—"An egg is a chicken not yet."—*The Watchword.*

A HYPOCRITE

Teacher—"Johnny, what is a hypocrite?"

Johnny—"A boy wot comes t' school wid a smile on his face."—*Selected.*

A SWIMMING HOLE

"What is a swimming hole?"

"A body of water entirely surrounded by boys."—*Suburban Life.*

FAME A BUBBLE

Fame is a bubble, and it often comes from blowing your own horn.—*Bishop Berry.*

WHO IS A FRIEND

"A friend," said Uncle Eben, "is a man dat laughs at yoh funny stories, even if dey ain't so good, an' sympathizes wif yoh misfortunes, even if dey ain't so bad."—*Washington Star.*

GOT MIXED ON THE VOWELS

Many children are so crammed with everything that they really know nothing. In proof of this read these veritable specimens of definitions written by public school children:

"Stability is taking care of a stable."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."

"Monastery is the place for monsters."

"Tocsin is something to do with getting drunk."

"Expostulation is to have the smallpox."

"Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible."

"Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts, the head, the chist and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o and u, and sometimes w and y."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

SOME SCHOOL-BOY DEFINITIONS

Some "howlers" from school examinations are printed in a daily paper.

"A blizzard is the middle of a hen."

"Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels."

"When Cicero delivered his oration he was a prefix."

"A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle."

"Posting means setting on a post."

These are probably intentional examples of school-room wit:

"A mountain range is a large sized cook stove."

"To stop nosebleed, stand on your head till you heart stops beating."

"The chamois is valuable for its feathers, the whale for its kerosene."—*The Outlook.*

A DEFINITION OF MEN

A little girl wrote the following composition on men:

"Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, also more zoological. Both men and women sprang from monkeys, but the women sprang farther than the men."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A MOSQUITO

The skeeter is a bird of prey,
  Which flies around at night.
About three-eighths of it is beak,
  And five-eighths appetite.
And fifteen-eighths or so is buzz,
  And nineteen-eighths is bite.

—*Judge.*

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

Small Boy—"Pop, what is the board of education?"

Father—"My son, when I was going to school it was generally a pine shingle."—*Selected.*

CAPITAL AND LABOR

Willie—"Paw, what is the difference between capital and labor?"

Paw—"Well, the money you lend represents capital, and getting it back represents labor, my son."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

DRAMA AND MELODRAMA

"What's the difference between a drama and a melodrama?"

"Well, in a drama the heroine merely throws the villain over. In a melodrama she throws him over a cliff."—*Judge.*

MEANING OF HORSE SENSE

Willie: "Father, when has a man horse sense?"

Father: "When he can say 'Nay,' my son."—*Selected.*

A SYNONYM

"John," asked the teacher, "what is a synonym?"

"A synonym," said John, "is the word you use when you can't spell the other one."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A BUTTRESS

Teacher—"What is a buttress?"

Johnny—"Is it a nanny goat, mam?"—*Selected.*

CIVILIZATION

Civilization is a state of affairs where nothing can be done without first being financed.—*Life.*

DENSENESS

NO BRIGAND

Congressman Hull, of Iowa, sent free seeds to a constituent in a franked envelope, on the corner of which were the usual words, "Penalty for private use, $300." A few days later he received a letter which read:

"I don't know what to do about those garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is $300 fine for private use. I don't want to plant them in my private garden. I can't afford to pay $300 for the privilege. Won't you see if you can't fix it so I can use them privately? I am a law-abiding citizen, and do not want to commit any crime."—*Christian Register.*

MADE SURE HE WAS DEAD

The enterprising company in the Sudan had decided to lay a railway into the wilds, and, of course, many blacks were employed in its construction.

One day the telegraph clerk at the nearest civilized spot received a telegram from the negro foreman of the railway constructors:

"White boss dead. Shall I bury him?"

"Yes," wired back the clerk. "But first make sure that he is quite dead. Will send another white boss to-morrow."

A few hours later another telegram came from the foreman:

"Buried boss. Made sure he was quite dead. Hit him on the head with a large shovel."—*Irish World.*

THE MATTER WITH THE MAIL

In Arkansas they tell of a certain farmer who, being in hard luck, got the job of postmaster to help out. After a while complaints were made that no mail was sent out from his office. So Washington sent an inspector to investigate the matter.

He asked the postmaster why no mail had been sent out; whereupon that functionary pointed to a big and nearly empty mail bag hanging on a hook in the corner and replied:

"I ain't sent it out because the bag ain't nowheres near full yet."—*Country Gentleman.*

DID NOT NEED ANOTHER BRUSH

A white man walking along a road where an old colored man was whitewashing a fence, noticed that the brush he was using contained very few bristles.

"Look here, Rastus," exclaimed the man, pausing and looking at the operation, "why don't you get a brush with more bristles in it?"

"What fo', Mistah Smith, what fo'?" returned Rastus, glancing from the fence to his questioner.

"What for?" expressively replied Mr. Smith. "Why, if you had a brush with more bristles in it you could do twice as much work."

"Dat's all right, Mistah Smith," said Rastus, negatively shaking his head, "but I hain't got twice as much work to do."—*Selected.*

DID NOT MAKE HIS HAIR GROW

He found his hair was leaving the top of his head, and took his barber to task about it. "You sold me two bottles of stuff to make this hair grow."

"It is very strange it won't grow again," said the barber. "I can't understand it."

"Well, look here," said the man, "I don't mind drinking another bottle, but this must be the last."—*Selected.*

STRICT REGULATIONS

"You'll plaze lave your umbrellar or cane at the dure, sor," said the new Irish attendant at the picture gallery.

"Very proper regulation," said the visitor. "But it happens I have neither."

"Then go and get one. No one is allowed to enter unless he

laves 'is umbrellar or cane at the dure. You may read the card yourself, sor."—*Selected.*

SNOW OR ——?

As a steamer was leaving the harbor of Athens, a well-dressed young passenger approaching the captain and, pointing to the distant hills, inquired, "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow," replied the captain.

"Well," remarked the lady, "I thought so myself, but a gentleman has just told me it was Greece."—(No one will own to authorship.) —*Selected.*

GETTING USED TO THEM

"Where is your new flat?"

"On Whitney Street."

"But won't the trolley-cars bother you?"

"The landlord says they won't bother us after the first few nights, and you know we can spend the first few nights at mother's." —*Everybody's Magazine.*

THE BOOK NO GOOD TO HIM

Hiram Diggs writes thus to the "Traction Bulletin": "I received the book you sent me, which is named 'What Makes the Gasoline Engine Go.' I ain't read it yet, because what's the use reading it when I don't care what makes the gasoline engine go as long as it goes which mine don't only occasionally. What I want to know is, 'What Makes the Gasoline Engine Stop?' If you got a book called that send me one. I want to know what makes my gasoline engine stop when everything is O. K. and nothing is the matter."—*Selected.*

WOULD FIND IT STRANGE AT FIRST

Old Neighbor: "Going to New Zealand with your husband, are you, my dear? That's one of those countries where they have day when we have night and night when we have day."

Mrs. Youngbride: "Yes, I suppose I shall find it awfully strange at first."—*Boston Transcript.*

NOT SO SERIOUS

Widow (weeping).—"Yes, poor Tom met with a horrible death. He fell from the fifth-story window and was instantly killed."

Friend (sympathetically).—"Dear, dear! Is it possible it was as bad as that? Why, I understood that he only fell from a third-story window."—*Grit.*

THAT WAS VERY EASY

Speaking with a young lady, a gentleman mentioned that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific advance of the age. "For instance," he said, "I don't know at all how the incandescent electric

light is produced." "Oh, it is very simple," said the lady. "You just press a button, and the light appears at once."—*Selected.*

SHE WAS IN A PREDICAMENT

"Did I hear you say, conductor, that the locomotive was at the rear of the train?"

"Yes, ma'am. We've got a locomotive at each end. It takes an extra one to push us up the mountain."

"Dear, dear, what shall I do? I'm always so sick if I ride with my back to the locomotive!"—*Selected.*

NO WARNING BOARD

"This seems to be a very dangerous precipice," remarked the tourist. "I wonder that they have not put up a warning board!" "Yes," answered the guide, "it is dangerous. They kept a warning-board up for two years, but no one fell over, so it was taken down."—*Harper's Magazine.*

HIS STRENGTH WAS FAILING

"Yes," said the old man, "I find my strength is failing somewhat. I used to walk around the block every morning, but lately I feel so tired when I get halfway around I have to turn and come back."—*Selected.*

FOR FIRE ONLY

"Phwàt are thim buckets for on the shilf in the hall?"

"Can't yez read, ye fool? It says on them, 'For Fire Only.'"

"Thin why hov they put wather in thim?"—*Boston Transcript.*

WANTED THE FIRST EDITION

"Would you mind changing this book for me? It's the second edition, and I haven't read the first."—*Boston Transcript.*

DID NOT TAKE THE HINT

She (passing confectioner's window).—"Doesn't that candy look good?"

He.—"Uh-huh! Let's stand here and look at it a while."—*Selected.*

DENTISTS

NOT OVERCHARGING

It was at the dentist's, and Potz was the object in the chair—a miserable, forlorn object to boot. The operation was ended, and the dentist was ostentatiously cleaning his forceps.

"I must charge you five dollars," he said to the patient.

The unlucky victim turned upon his persecutor: "What! Five dollars? Why, you promised to charge me only one!"

"Yes," agreed the tooth-tugger, cheerfully, "that was my contract price."

"Well?" queried the tormented one.

"But you yelled so loud that you've scared away four other dollar patients!"—*Selected.*

HAD A HOLE IN HIS TOOTH

Uncle Matthew—"But as I was a-sayin', dose yeah dentis'es doan' know dey business—he say dat I had a termendous cavity in de molar. Now dat show he doan' know nothin'—now what the matter wid me, I got a hole in my toof, das all!"—*Selected.*

THE MAN WORTH WHILE

It is easy enough to be happy
When life is a bright, rosy wreath,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When the dentist is filling his teeth.
—*New York Times.*

A SPECIALIST ON TEETH

The student meditated thoughtfully ere he spoke.

"I am not sure, father, whether I shall be a specialist for the ears or the teeth."

"Choose the teeth, my boy; every one has thirty-two of them, but only two ears."—*Selected.*

MIGHT HURT JUST A LITTLE

One hears a great deal about the absent-minded professor, but it would be hard to find one more absent-minded than the dentist who said soothingly, as he applied a tool to his automobile, under which he lay: "Now, this is going to hurt just a little."—*Atlanta Journal.*

THE COLLEGE YELL

"What's that noise? Sounds like some one in pain." "Oh, that's nothing; somebody giving a college yell, that's all." "What college, for mercy's sake?" "The college of dentistry next door."—*Selected.*

IN HIS OWN TONGUE

Dentist—"Which tooth is it that troubles you, Sam?"

Pullman Porter—"Lower Five, sah."—*Boston Transcript.*

DISAPPOINTMENTS

HE WAS DISAPPOINTED

It was the day after Christmas, and the hard-working postman found his way through snow and a cold wind, a sack of unusual size on his back.

He ascended the steps of a large, handsome residence, and in answer to his ring a man servant in rich livery appeared. "Wait a moment, please," said the servant, as he took the letters; "the mistress wishes to speak to you."

The postman's eye brightened. It was the holiday season. Now, no doubt, in recognition of his regular and faithful—"I shall be glad," he said politely, "to await your mistress' pleasure."

In a few minutes the lady appeared.

"Are you," she asked, "our regular postman?"

"Yes, madam," he answered, bowing.

"Do you come in the morning?"

"Yes, madam."

"And in the afternoon also?"

Again he assented, smiling eagerly.

Then the lady said: "Well, was it you who broke our bell?"—*Selected.*

WHAT HE REALLY NEEDED

First Office Boy—"I told the Governor to look at the dark circles under my eyes and see if I didn't need a half-day off."

Second Office Boy—"What did he say?"

First Office Boy—"He said I needed a bar of soap."—*Selected.*

TOO WELL REMEMBERED

"Did your late uncle remember you when he made his will?"

"I guess so—for he left me out."—*Longhorn.*

SHE WANTED A PRESENT

A premium apprentice Japanese engineer in the north of England, accustomed to go to a certain dining room each day, was astonished by a waitress kissing him under the mistletoe last Christmas time. It was explained to him that the salute was not gratuitous, but that a present in return was expected. He suggested gloves, but she, with an eye on his reputed wealth, said: "Oh, no; give me something for my neck." The next day the parcel arrived and visions of a pearl necklace rose before her view. With trembling fingers she untied the string, and disclosed a Jap's idea of something for her neck—a bar of soap!—*Selected.*

DOCTORS

SPECIAL FEES

In a confidential little talk to a group of medical students, an eminent physician took up the extremely important matter of correct diagnosis of the maximum fee.

"The best rewards," he said, "come, of course, to the established specialist. For instance, I charge $25 for a call at the residence, $10 for an office consultation and $5 for a telephone consultation."

There was an appreciative and envious silence, and then a voice from the back of the amphitheater, slightly thickened, spoke: "Doc," it asked, "how much do you charge a fellow for passing you on the street?"—*Selected.*

THE EDITORIAL OMNISCIENCE

A leading citizen was taken down with appendicitis. They rushed him off to the hospital and the local editor, hearing the grave news, crowded into his last edition a note that said: "Our esteemed fellow townsman, J. Smith Carberry, will be operated upon to-morrow at St. Timothy by Surgeon Cutter for appendicitis. He will leave a wife and five children."—*Selected.*

A CLOSE CALL

Two young physicians in a Western city who were struggling to get a foothold in their profession met one day and exchanged views touching things of interest. Presently the talk turned to the last case one of them had handled.

"Yes," remarked the young medico, "the operation was just in the nick of time. In another 24 hours the patient would have recovered without it."—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE OSTEOPATH'S FAVORITE HYMN

Minister's Son: "Father, what do you think Dr. Crack-yer-Rib the osteopath's favorite hymn is?"

Minister: "I do not know, my son, what is it?"

Minister's Son: "I (k)need thee every hour."—*Selected.*

WHY HE HEARD NO COMPLAINT

A quack doctor was holding forth his medicines to a rural audience.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for twenty-five years, and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"

Voice in Crowd—"That dead men tell no tales."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

WOULD ENJOY GOOD HEALTH

Consultant—"Don't you enjoy good health, madam?" Consulter—"I certainly do, doctor. I only wish I had some of it!"—*Judge.*

COULD HAVE DONE BETTER AT HOME

Doctor—"I have just returned from a week's hunting in Maine."

Druggist—"Kill anything?"

Doctor—"Not a blamed thing."

Druggist—"Huh! You could have done better than that by staying at home and attending to your regular business."—*Boston Transcript.*

FAIR PLAY FOR THE DOCTOR

"Are you of the opinion, James," asked a slim-looking man of his companion, "that Dr. Smith's medicine does any good?"

"Not unless you follow the directions."

"What are the directions?"

"Keep the bottle tightly corked."—*Tit-Bits.*

WHY HE WANTED A COFFIN

A friend went to the undertaker to order a coffin for Pat Connell.

"Dear me," said the undertaker, "is poor Pat dead?"

"No, he's not dead yet," the friend answered; "but he'll die to-night, for the doctor says he can't live till morning, and he knows what he gave him."—*Selected.*

NEVER AGAIN

While walking along the street an epileptic dropped in a fit and was quickly rushed to the hospital. Upon removing his coat one of the nurses found a piece of paper pinned to the lining, on which was written: "This is to inform the house surgeon that this is just a case of plain fit—not appendicitis. My appendix has already been removed twice."—*Selected.*

LAWYERS AND DOCTORS

Lawyer—"I say, doctor, why are you always running us lawyers down?"

Doctor (dryly)—"Well, your profession doesn't make angels of men, does it?"

Lawyer—"Why, no; you certainly have the advantage of us there, doctor."—*Philadelphia Record.*

DIED WITHOUT MEDICAL ASSISTANCE

"She died," says a Brooklyn paper, telling of the death of a woman of that city, "without medical assistance."—*Macon Telegraph.*

DOCTOR AND DEBTOR

Said a man who was sick, Mr. Proctor,
"If I don't very shortly get better
The calls of this fancy-priced Dr.
Will make me forever his Dr."

—*Selected.*

THE MEANING OF FALSE DOCTRINE

School Examiner—"What is the meaning of false doctrine?"

Schoolboy—"Please, sir, it's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to the people who are sick."—*Selected.*

A RULE THAT WORKED BOTH WAYS

When he had carefully examined the shoes the physician had brought in for repairs the German cobbler handed them back, saying: "Dem shoes ain't worth mending, doctor."

"Very well, Hans," said the doctor; "then of course I won't have anything done to them."

"Vell, but I sharge you feefty cents already yet."

"Why, what for?"

"Vy, vhen I came to see you de udder day you sharged me t'ree dollars for telling me dot dere ain't noddings der matter mit me." —*Selected.*

A QUACK'S REPLY

An Irish quack doctor was being examined at an inquest upon the treatment of a patient who had been in his care.

"I gave him ipecacuanha," he said.

"You might just as well have given him the aurora borealis," replied the coroner.

"Indade, yer honor, an' that's jist what Oi'd have given him next, if he hadn't unfortunately died."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE SECRET OF GOOD HEALTH

"To what do you attribute your remarkable health?"

"Well," replied the old gentleman, "I reckon I got a good start on most people by bein' born before germs were discovered and thereby havin' less to worry about."—*Selected.*

PATRIOTIC

"Why don't you get an alienist to examine your son?"

"No, sir! An American doctor is good enough for me."—*Baltimore American.*

ON THE LEVEL OF THE DOCTOR

Doctor: "You see, when we put a patient under an anesthetic he doesn't know what he is doing. Now do you understand it?"

New Assistant: "Sure. Yez put him on the same level as the doctor."—*Puck.*

HE WAS SOLE BENEFICIARY

Mudge—"Your wife certainly has a will of her own." Meek—"Yes, and I am the sole beneficiary."—*Boston Transcript.*

IT WORKED BOTH WAYS

"Did the doctor pay a visit?"

"Yes, and the visit paid the doctor."—*The Mule.*

DOGS

DID THE DOG KNOW THE PROVERB?

The Frenchman did not like the looks of the barking dog barring his way.

"It's all right," said his host; "don't you know the proverb: 'Barking dogs don't bite?'"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman, "I know ze proverbe, you know ze proverbe; but ze dog—does he know ze proverbe?"—*Selected.*

HIS BARK MUST BE AWFUL

"Didn't you say your dog's bark is worse than his bite?"

"Yes."

"Then for goodness' sake don't let him bark! He's just bitten me."—*Selected.*

AFRAID OF A BARKING DOG

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

"Sure, boss, Ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man, "but Ah don't know how soon he's going to stop barkin'."—*Success.*

COULD NOT BE VERY BAD

"Some one has said," remarked the philosopher, "that a man is not wholly bad if his dog has confidence in him."

"If that's the case I'm shore all right," returned Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "I've got niheteen dogs, and they all 'pear to think well of me."—*Kansas City Star.*

DOMESTIC LIFE

HIS DESTINATION

Mrs. Horace Perry had a fault common to many of her sex: when she saw her husband's back, she always asked him where he was going!

Interest, doubtless, had originally prompted her questioning; but long after she had ceased to care in the least where he went she continued to call after him, "Whar ye goin', Harry?"

Mr. Perry invariably answered promptly and, what is more, truthfully. Occasionally he turned out a neat reply, such as, "If I tol' ye, Maria, ye'd know more'n I do"; but this was the extent of his rebellion.

One day, however, just as he was disappearing round the corner of the barn, the familiar words, "Whar ye goin', Harry?" stirred up a tempest of wrath within him.

He halted and faced about, resolution in his bearing, defiance in his eyes. "Maria," he said slowly and distinctly, "I'm goin' whar I'm goin'; that's whar I'm goin'."—*Youth's Companion.*

HER LOVE POTION

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her:

"Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two, and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it."

The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.—*Tit-Bits.*

NEW USE FOR A HOPE BOX

Miss Helen, the daughter of the family in which jet-black Maria Jackson occasionally worked by the day, had been given a beautiful cup and saucer of rare china. She showed it to Maria and said:

"I mean to put it away in my hope box. You know what that is, Aunt Maria? It's the box a girl puts things into in the hope that she will some day need them as a bride."

"Lawzey, chile, I knows all about dem hope boxes. I got one of my own, chile."

"Why, I thought you were already married."

"I is, chile, an' my hope box is one I is puttin' money into fas' as I kin until I has enough to pay fo' a divorcement from Pete Jackson. More'n one kind of hope box mixed up with matrimony, Miss Helen."—*New York Times.*

NO OTHER MAN LIKE HIM

He: "Before we were married you used to say there wasn't another man like me in the world."

She: "Yes, and now I'd hate to think that there was."—*Selected.*

WHY HE WANTED A DIVORCE

Down in Georgy a colored man appeared before the local magistrate. "Well, Henry," questioned the judge, "what momentous affair of state is responsible for your appearing within the precinct of justice this morning?"

"Jedge," responded Henry, "yuh see it's dis way. I jest can't get erlong wid dat woman I done mah'd, an' I'm wantin' for yuh to 'vorce us."

"Divorce you?"

"Yes, suh—'vorce us. Fust wife was a good washer and gin me no bodder, but I ain't been mah'd fo' weeks to dis one, an' I ain't got no peace er min' whatever, Jedge. Keep a-pesterin' me all the time fer money, dat's what she does."

"Oh, I see," commented the judge. "Now tell me, Henry, is she extravagant? What does she do with the money?"

"Dunno 'bout dat, Jedge. Ain't never give her no money yit."—*Continent.*

WORSE THAN HE THOUGHT

At the end of three weeks of married life a Southern darkey returned to the minister who had performed the ceremony and asked for a divorce. After explaining that he could not grant divorces, the minister tried to dissuade his visitor from carrying out his intention of getting one, saying:

"You must remember, Sam, that you promised to take Liza for better or for worse."

"Yassir, I knows dat, boss," rejoined the darkey, "but—but she's wuss dan I took her for."—*Peoria Star.*

WHY HE WAS IN THE HOSPITAL

A gentleman in Cincinnati employs two negroes to work on his rather extensive gardens, which he personally oversees. One morning Sam did not appear.

"Where is Sam, George?" he asked.

"In de hospital, sah."

"In the hospital? Why, how in the world did that happen?"

"Well, Sam he been a-tellin' me ev'ry mornin' foh ten years he gwine to lick his wife 'cause o' her naggin'."

"Well?"

"Well, yestiddy she done ovahheah him. Da's all."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

HE COULD NOT AFFORD IT

Two married women were having a chat, and, as usual, the conversation veered around to the expense of living.

"It's really awful how the rise in prices has affected us!" said one sadly. "Why, do you know that my bills for clothes this year are exactly double what they were last year?"

"Goodness!" gasped the other. "I don't see how your husband can afford it."

"He can't," replied the first calmly. "But, then, he couldn't afford it last year, so what's the difference?"—*Argonaut.*

SHE CONGRATULATED HIM

"I forgot myself and spoke angrily to my wife," remarked Mr. Meekton.

"Did she resent it?"

"For a moment. But Henrietta is a fair-minded woman. After she thought it over she shook hands with me and congratulated me on my bravery."—*Kansas City Star.*

MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE

Hubby had been celebrating, and arrived home in the small hours, feeling rather dubious of his reception.

Absolute stillness reigned, however, and, with a load off his mind, he hurried shoeless to the cradle and commenced rocking it

energetically with the air of a man who had been at his post for hours.

"What are you doing there, James?" queried his strong-minded spouse, awakened.

"I've been sitting here nearly two hours trying to get baby to sleep!" he growled in return.

"That's strange," remarked his wife. "Baby is here in bed with me."—*Answers.*

IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE

Mr. Barton lived in a suburban town. His wife asked him to purchase a shirtwaist for her while in New York. After telling the salesgirl what he was after, she displayed a number.

"Here are some very pretty ones. What color do you prefer?" she said.

"It doesn't make any difference," replied Mr. Barton.

"Doesn't make any difference!" exclaimed the salesgirl. "Why, don't you think your wife would like a certain color?"

"No, it makes no difference what color I get or what size. I shall have to come back to-morrow to have it changed."—*New York Times.*

ONLY KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS

Well—"Your wife gave a beautiful address."

"Yes?" replied Mr. Meekton.

"She said it was woman's especial duty to be kind to dumb animals."

"I heard about it."

"But you don't seem impressed."

"It doesn't seem to be anything that interests me—not unless you are going to put husbands in the dumb-animal class."—*Washington Star.*

TOO MUCH FOR PLEASURE?

In Concord, N. H., they tell of an old chap who made his wife keep a cash account. Each week he would go over it, growling and grumbling. On one such occasion he delivered himself of the following:

"Look here, Sarah; mustard plasters, 50 cents; three teeth extracted, $2.00. There's $2.50 in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I am made of money?"—*Selected.*

HAD STRUCK ANOTHER LIGHT

The great shortage of matches reminds us of this story. A widower had engraved on his wife's tombstone the words, "The light of my life has gone out."

A little later he married again, and one Sunday was standing with No. 2 before his first wife's grave.

Reading the above sentiment, the lady inquired in a rather huffed tone, "Is that so?"

"Yes," replied he, "but I've struck another match!"—*Selected.*

WANTED TO DO LIGHT HOUSE-KEEPING

"These apartments are entirely too dark."

"They are no darker than the average."

"Yes; but we want to do light house-keeping."—*Baltimore American.*

THE LABORER WORTHY OF HER HIRE

The members of the missionary society had assembled to turn in their money, and to relate the difficult and amusing experiences in earning, each, her dollar.

"Sister Lamm, how did you earn your dollar?" asked the chairman.

"I got it from my husband," replied the good sister, tendering her money.

"Oh, but that is not earning it," remonstrated another sister.

"No?" asked Mrs. Lamm. "Then you don't know my husband." —*Harper's Monthly.*

MAILED HER LETTER?

"My wife put one over on me last night," said one of Portland's leading lawyers, who is long on legal lore and short on memory.

"'Did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?' she asked when I got home."

"'Certainly, my dear,' I replied. 'I carried it in my hand so I wouldn't forget it and dropped it in the first letter box I came to on Congress Street.'

"'Oh, you did, did you?' she answered with a laugh. 'Well, I didn't happen to give you any.'"—*Portland Express.*

HIS FATHER WAS POOR AT EXCUSES

Johnny B——, who has seen eight summers go by, not very long ago developed a fondness for playing "hookey" from school. After two or three offenses of the kind he was taken to task by his teacher.

"Johnny," she said, "the next time you are absent I want you to bring me an excuse from your father telling me why you were not here." "I don't want to bring an excuse from father," protested the boy. "Why not?" asked the teacher, her suspicion plain. "'Cause father isn't good at making excuses. Mother finds him out every time."—*Selected.*

WANTED HIM TO WRITE OFTEN

A Boston man tells that at a railway station when a number of wives were starting for the seashore and bidding their respective

husbands adieu, he heard one really charming young matron say, as she kissed her hubby good-by: "Au revoir, dearie. Don't forget to write." "Oh, I'll write often," protested her husband. "Do, dearie," continued the wife, "do—if it's only a check."—*Selected.*

IT MIGHT CHANGE HIS WIFE

Mr. Corderlam—"Is this the office of Cento's Certain Cure?"

Patent Medicine Man—"Yes."

"Gimme six bottles for my wife."

"Tried all other medicines without success, eh?"

"No, she ain't ill at all, but I saw in your advertisement where a woman wrote after taking six bottles, 'I am a different woman!'" —*Selected.*

A BACHELOR A HAPPY MAN

A schoolmistress asked her class to explain the word "bachelor," and was very much amused when a little girl answered: "A bachelor is a very happy man."

"Where did you learn that?" asked the mistress.

"Father told me," the little girl replied.—*Selected.*

CHARGED TOO MUCH

Mrs. Gordon was spending some time at Palm Beach, and during her stay she wrote her husband, saying:

"Dear Will: I enclose the hotel bill."

Will wrote back:

"Dear Edith: I enclose check, but please don't buy any more hotels at this price. They are robbing you."—*Kansas City Star.*

NOT OPENING IT WITH PRAYER

"My dear," called a wife to her husband, who was in the next room, "what are you opening that can with?"

"Why," he said, "with the can opener—what did you think I was doing it with?"

"Well," replied his wife, "I thought from your remarks that you were opening it with a prayer."—*Selected.*

A HIGHBROW DISPUTE

First Maid—"So you don't like to work for highbrows?" Second Maid—"You bet I don't. I worked for one pair of them—and never again! Him and her was fighting continually, and it kept me running back and forth between the keyhole and the dictionary all the time."—*Puck.*

NOT VERBALLY

"Does your wife object to your smoking in the house?"

"Not verbally," said Mr. Gadspur.

"No?"

"But I have so little difficulty in reading her thoughts that I'm convinced there must be a great deal of truth in mental telepathy." —*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

WANTED HIS SECRET

Mr. Rounder (at police station): "Can I see the burglar who was arrested for breaking into my house last night?"

Chief (hesitatingly): "Well, I don't know. What do you want to see him about?"

Rounder: "Oh, there's nothing secret about it. I just want to find out how he managed to get into the house without waking my wife."—*Selected.*

A SUBORDINATE POSITION

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from their honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or the vice-president of the society?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What position is that, my dear?"

"Treasurer."—*Tit-Bits.*

COULDN'T GIVE SO MUCH MONEY

The young girl was visiting her girl friend for the first time after her marriage.

"And does your husband give you all the money you want?" she asked.

"Why, no, dear. There isn't that much money."—*Selected.*

MADE ALTERATIONS

"Agnes married a self-made man, didn't she?"

"Yes, but she has compelled him to make extensive alterations." —*Boston Transcript.*

ENTITLED TO A PENSION

A Boston woman applied for a pension the other day.

"And pray, madam," asked the pension examiner, "why do you think yourself entitled to a pension?"

"My husband and I fought all through the war," was the reply.—*Argonaut.*

WANTED TO KNOW HIS SECRET

"Your wife says you have her terrorized."

"Honest, Judge—"

"I do not ask you this in my official capacity but as man to man. Do you understand?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"What's your secret?"—*Kansas City Journal.*

"WHICH WAS TO BE PROVED"

"Man is a tyrant," declared Mrs. Flubdub. "Isn't he, John?"

"Realiy, my dear, I hardly—"

"Is he or is he not?"

"He is."—*Tit-Bits.*

LEARNING HIS LESSON

"Did your wife scold when you came home so late last night?"

"You don't know what it is to have a wife who was once a school-teacher. She simply made me write a hundred lines on a slate, 'I must be home by ten o'clock.'"—*New York Globe.*

A CHANGE OF SENTIMENT

Last Christmas before their marriage she gave him a book entitled "A Perfect Gentleman." This Christmas she intends giving him "Wild Animals I Have Known."—*Selected.*

NOT NECESSARILY A BIGAMIST

"One wife too many!" exclaimed Mrs. Wederly, as she glanced at the headlines of her husband's paper. "I suppose that is an account of the doings of some bigamist?"

"Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband without daring to look up.—*Buffalo Courier.*

BORROWING TROUBLE

"Well, Dinah, I hear you are married."

"Yassum," said the former cook, "I'se done got me a man now."

"Is he a good provider?"

"Yassam. He's a mighty good pervider, but I'se powerful skeered he's gwine ter git kotched at it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

WHY HE WAS INDEPENDENT

In a certain Western town the following item appeared in the paper:

"Doctor Betterby is once more among us for a brief season. He says and does exactly as he thinks right, without regard to the opinion or belief of others.

"His wife is not with him."—*Selected.*

BETTER SATISFIED WITH HIS WIFE

"It looks as if Jones is better satisfied with his wife."

"Yes, he is. You see, he went back home on a visit and saw the girl he has been dreaming of for the past twenty years."—*Life.*

SURE ENOUGH

Sillicus—"What do you consider the first requisite of a good husband?" Cynicus—"A good wife."—*Philadelphia Record.*

FLARES UP

"I hear Bill married an old flame."

"Yes, and she makes it pretty hot for him."—*Boston Transcript.*

NO DISGRACE TO WORK

"You know, Sam, it's no disgrace to work for a living." "Yes, I know it, sah. Dat's what I allus tell mah wife."—*Boston Transcript.*

A VACATION AT HOME

"Going away for vacation?"

"No, I am going to board the parrot out, send the dog to the country and lend the automobile to a friend. I can get a rest without going away."—*Pittsburg Post.*

A DIPLOMAT

"Father," said Chester, "what is a diplomat?"

"A diplomat, my son," answered the father, "is a man who remembers a woman's birthday and forgets her age."—*Selected.*

"OF ALL SAD WORDS"

Daughter: "Papa went off in a great good humor this morning."

Mother: "Mercy! That reminds me I forgot to ask him for any money."—*Selected.*

HIS INCOME

"What is your husband's income?" asked one woman of another.

"Oh, I hardly know," was the response. "Usually about 3 a. m." —*Selected.*

NOT PATRIOTIC

"Some men treats deir country and deir families de same way," said Uncle Eben. "Dey loves 'em, but dey doesn't care much 'bout workin' for 'em."—*Washington Star.*

WHY HE FELL

"How did Jones happen to fall downstairs?"

"Why, his wife said, 'Now, Henry, be careful,' and as he is not the man to be dictated to by any woman, down he went."—*Selected.*

WANTED TO KNOW THE MINIMUM

Mrs. Meyser—"Could you give me a little Christmas money, my dear?"

Mr. Meyser—"Certainly, my dear. About how little?"—*Life.*

A GOOD WOMAN

An Irishman, mourning his wife, remarked: "She was a good woman. She always hit me wid the soft end of the broom."—*Selected.*

LIKE A MAN

"Did Fussleigh take his misfortune like a man?"
"Precisely. He blamed it all on his wife."—*Tit-Bits.*

ABSENT-MINDED

Captain (sharply).—"Button up that coat."
Married Recruit (absently).—"Yes, dear."—*Tit-Bits.*

WHY SHE WAS HAPPY

"Why is your wife looking so happy?" "She's got something to worry about again."—*Puck.*

THE RESULT OF EXERCISE

It is one of my saddest observations that a scolding woman never grows hoarse.—*Bishop Berry.*

HAD THE SYMPTOMS

"Oh, John!" cried the farmer's wife, so *Punch* avers. "I'm afraid I've taken that dreadful new disease!"

"What makes you think so, dear?" he asked, alarmed, gathering the frail little woman into his arms and stroking the thinning hair, as she sobbed out the story of her fears upon his broad shoulder.

"Well," she explained, "after I have got up, dressed myself and the children, cooked breakfast, washed the dishes, prepared the children for school, strained the new milk and set it away to cool, churned and worked the butter, swept and dusted, done the ironing, given the baby his bath, cooked dinner and washed the dishes, sewed all afternoon, cooked supper and washed the dishes, undressed the children and put them to bed, and sat down for the evening, I am too tired to do any darning! I never used to feel so. It must be the hookworm!"—*The Continent.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

"What is this?" inquired the young husband, referring to the memorandum she had given him. "One dozen eggs, a pound of raisins, a bottle of lemon extract, a tin of ground cinnamon and half a pound of sugar. What do you want with all these things, Marabelle?"

"I've got a stale loaf," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save by working it up into a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Harry."—*Selected.*

JUST SETTLING THE QUESTION

On one occasion a Scotch minister knocked at the door of a house where a husband and wife were quarreling. When admitted, he inquired: "Wha's the head of this house?"

The man quietly replied: "Sit yersel' doon, mon; sit yersel' doon. We're just trying to settle that noo."—*Christian-Evangelist.*

FOOLED HIS WIFE

"Mulliger," whispered Mrs. Tawny, "I hear something moving in the next room. It must be a burglar."

"Heh?" said Mulliger Tawny, sleepily. "Nonsense! There's nothing in this house to attract a burglar."

"I know that as well as you do, you shiftless wretch, but the burglar don't know it!" hissed Mrs. Tawny. "Oh, there's a man with a dark lantern!"

"Let me at him!" cried Mulliger Tawny. And in one round he had the masked intruder by the throat.

"I surrender!" gurgled the house-breaker.

"Take him out to a policeman," cried Mrs. Tawny from under the bedclothes. And after holding the burglar by the power of his eye as he hastily dressed, Mulliger led him from the room.

Once outside, the burglar tore off his mask and laughed great, round laughs: "Oh! oh! oh!" Then he and Mulliger repaired arm in arm to the club and draw poker. It was the first night's vacation that poor Mulliger Tawny had had in two months.—*Selected.*

NO ROOM FOR COMPETITION

"Does your dog ever growl?"

"No. He knows that my husband has him hopelessly outclassed."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THEY COMPROMISED

Meeks: "My wife prefers tea for breakfast, while I prefer coffee."

Bleeks: "Then I suppose it is necessary to have both, eh?"

Meeks: "Oh, no; we compromise."

Bleeks: "In what way?"

Meeks: "We have tea."—*Indianapolis Star.*

HAPPILY MARRIED

"Am yo' daughter happily married, Mrs. Perkins?" "She sho' is, Mrs. Lumley. She's done got a husban' dat's skeered to death of her."—*Selected.*

WOMAN NOT A PART OF SPEECH

Young Arthur was wrestling with a lesson in grammar. "Father," said he, thoughtfully, "what part of speech is woman?"

"Woman, my boy, is not part of speech; she is all of it," returned father.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

SHE WAS NOT CERTAIN

"Sometimes," confided Mrs. Longwed to her intimate friend, "I think my husband is the patientest, gentlest, best-natured soul that ever lived; and sometimes I think it's just laziness."—*Christian Register.*

NOT FIT FOR A DOG

Elsie: "Shall I put on my mackintosh and run out and post these letters, mother?" Mother: "No, dear, it's not fit for a dog to be out a night like this. Let your father post them."—*Selected.*

EVEN-TEMPERED

"Is your husband an even-tempered man?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Corntossel. "He's jes' about as cross one day as another."—*Washington Star.*

DRESS

THE PRICE PROVED IT

Sam, the choreman, returned from the city with a scarf pin that contained a "diamond" of no usual size. It was the pride of his heart and the envy of his village companions. He treated all inquiries from them as to its value and its authenticity with high scorn.

His employer, after a week of basking in its radiance, asked Sam about its history.

"Sam," he said, "is it a real diamond?"

"Wall," said Sam, "if it ain't I've been skun out of a half-dollar."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

MIGHT TRY ANOTHER BREASTPIN

A Quaker, riding with a fashionable woman, thinly dressed, but with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering, she exclaimed: "What shall I do to get warm?" "I really don't know," replied the Quaker, "unless thee puts on another breastpin."—*Selected.*

A MARTYR TO HER BELIEF

"She is a woman who has suffered a great deal for her belief," announced Mabel.

"Indeed? What is her belief?" questioned an admirer.

"She believes she can wear a No. 4 shoe on a No. 6 foot."—*Selected.*

HAD THE HAT TWO YEARS

"You say you've worn this hat for two years?"

"Yes, sir, and it looks all right still. Twice I've had it cleaned, and once I exchanged it in a restaurant for one that was entirely new."—*Selected.*

DID NOT LIKE THE SERMON

Mabel—"I don't think much of the close of that sermon, father."

Father—"No? You were probably thinking more of the clothes of the congregation, my dear."—*Selected.*

THE SIN WAS ON HER HEAD

He: "Seventy-five dollars for a spring hat! It's a sin!" She: "Never mind, dearest; the sin will be on my head."—*Selected.*

SHE WAS WEAK TOO

Wife—"You don't realize how miserably weak you are. Why, you can't pass a saloon without going in."

Hub—"And you can't pass a millinery shop."—*Selected.*

JEALOUSY

Wife.—"George, I want to see that letter."

Husband.—"What letter, dear?"

Wife.—"That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. Hand it here, sir."

Husband—"Here it is, dear. It is from your dressmaker."—*Judge.*

PRACTISING ECONOMY

Hub: "Look here, Mary. It was only last month I paid a dressmaker's bill of $74, and here is another one for $60!"

Wife: "Well, dear, doesn't that show that I am beginning to spend less?"—*Boston Transcript.*

HER PINS WERE EXPENSIVE

"She says her husband can't even keep her in pin money!"

"I know, but she buys diamond pins!"—*Judge.*

JUST SO

With some ladies the clothes of a perfect day would comprise quite a wardrobe.—*Kansas City Journal.*

EATING

KEEPING TAB ON HIM

At a fine old Virginia homestead, where a certain bishop was a frequent guest, the waffles were always remarkably good.

One morning, as breakfast drew near an end, the tidy little linen-coated black boy who served at table approached the bishop and asked in a low voice:

"Bishop, won't y' have'n'er waffle?"

"Yes," said the genial bishop, "I believe I will."

"Dey ain' no mo'," said the boy.

"Well," exclaimed the surprised gentleman, "if there aren't any more waffles, what made you ask me if I wanted another one?"

"Bishop," exclaimed the boy, "you's done et ten already, and I t'ought yeh wouldn't want no mo'!"—*The Youth's Companion.*

WAS GOING TO VISIT THE BROWNS

"James, my lad," said the grocer to his new assistant, "who bought that mouldy cheese to-day?"

"Mrs. Brown, sir," was the youth's reply.

"And the stale loaf we could not sell last night?"

"Mrs. Brown, sir."

"Where's that lump of rancid butter that the baker refused?"

"Mrs. Brown bought it cheap, sir," was the answer.

"And the six eggs we could not sell a week since?"

"Mrs. Brown. Are you ill, sir?" asked James, as the grocer turned green and groaned.

"No, no; only I'm going to be at Brown's to-night," replied the unhappy man, as he wiped the perspiration from his face and sank into a chair.—*London Opinion.*

HIS BIGGEST STORY

The banquet had proved very unsatisfactory. The committee in charge, however, were hopeful as the guest of honor was introduced by the toastmaster.

"Gentlemen," said he in a stentorian voice, "we have with us to-night Professor Haxworth, who will tell us some of his biggest and best after-dinner stories."

Amid rousing applause Professor Haxworth arose.

"Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen," said he, "to begin with my biggest story, let me tell you how thoroughly I have enjoyed your banquet."—*Selected.*

SHE WAS LACKING IN TACT

"Tact," said the lecturer, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had not tact. Opposite me sat a modest, quiet man.

"Suddenly he turned as red as a lobster and fell into a fit of confusion on hearing the hostess say to her husband:

"'How inattentive you are, Charlie. You must look after Mr. Blank better. He's helping himself to everything.'"—*Sacred Heart Review.*

WAS SOME KIND OF "TARIAN"

During the MacDowell Music Festival one summer in Peterboro, N. H., a waitress of The Inn, where the orchestra was entertained, rushed in distress to the wife of the proprietor excitedly, exclaiming that "one of the orchestra men can't eat meat!" "Why not? Is he ill?" "Oh, no, but he is a Unitarian!" "A Unitarian? Why, Unitarians eat meat." "Well, maybe it's a Cemeterian!" "Oh, you mean a vegetarian!" "That's it," exclaimed the girl. "I knew it was something religious with 'tarian' on the end."—*Selected.*

COULD NOT MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND

Two tourists in Spain could not speak the language, and consequently had some difficulty in making known their wants. At a wayside inn they tried to obtain roast beef. Nobody could understand them.

"What are we to do?" asked one of them, despairingly.

"I know," said the other, a ray of hope appearing. "I'll draw a picture of a cow. Then they'll understand."

He made a rough sketch of a cow, put a "2" beneath it, and handed it to the waiter, who instantly smiled to show that he understood, and went off to execute the order. A few minutes later he returned with two tickets for a bullfight.—*Selected.*

STARTLED THE WAITER

The proprietor of a restaurant in Broadway, near the plaza, leased the reverse side of his bill of fare to a carriage manufacturer, who prints advertisements thereon. The other day a customer in a great hurry ran into the restaurant, sat at a table and was handed a bill wrong side up by the flurried waiter.

The customer put on his glasses, curled his mustache and shouted in a voice of thunder:

"Bring me a filleted fly, a landau on toast, two victorias deviled and a fried dogcart! Got any wheelbarrow stew?"

The poor waiter fled.—*Selected.*

A LEARNED WAITER

A college professor, compelled to make a hasty luncheon, dropped into a quick-lunch establishment and briefly ordered fried eggs.

"Over?" demanded the laconic waiter.

"Ova?" repeated the guileless professor, a little astonished at the man's apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly. That is what I ordered, *ova gallinae.*"—*Harper's.*

APPLE SAUCE OUT OF BREAD

"Teeny," said Mrs. Biggums to her cook, "I think we'll have some chicken croquettes to-day out of that left-over pork and calf's liver."

"Yes'm," said Teeny. "An' we got a little bread dressin' what

went wid the pork, mum. Shall I make some apple sauce out'n it, mum?"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

LEGEND OF THE MINCE PIE

"This inn must be very old," remarked a tourist to the landlord, who was serving him with dinner. "Very old, sir," assented the landlord. "Would you like to hear some of the legends connected with the place?" "I would, indeed," replied the tourist. "Tell me the legend of this curious old mince-pie. I notice it every time I come."—*London Opinion.*

WAS NOT COMPULSORY SOUP

Waiter—"Soup, sir? Soup, sir?"

Haughty gentleman ignores waiter and slowly removes his gloves.

Waiter (impatiently)—"Soup, sir?"

Haughty Gentleman (angrily)—"Is it compulsory?"

Waiter—"No, sir; oxtail."—*Life.*

HE WAS NOT A MAGICIAN

In Boston.—"Waiter!" called the guest, who had changed his mind. "Waiter!"

"Yessir?" replied the waiter, rushing back to the table.

"Make that chop a steak, will you?"

"Excuse me, sir," answered the waiter, "I am a waiter, not a magician."—*Selected.*

ON A DIET

"Now, getting down to brass tacks," continued the sideshow manager, "why—"

"I daren't," interrupted the Human Ostrich, who had been ill. "The doctor says I mustn't touch solid food for at least a week yet."—*Buffalo Express.*

HAD THE WRONG NAME

Guest (to head-waiter): "Is your name 'Tide'?" Waiter: "No, sir." Guest: "Or 'Time'?" Waiter: "Not at all." Guest: "Well, it ought to be one of them. You wait on no man."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE AGE OF A TURKEY

"Casey," said Pat, "how do yez tell th' age of a tu-u-rkey?"

"Oi can always tell by the teeth," said Casey.

"By the teeth!" exclaimed Pat. "But a tu-u-rkey has no teeth."

"No," admitted Casey, "but Oi have."—*Selected.*

WANTED TO GIVE HIM MORE PIE

Rich Old Uncle—"And remember, dear, when I die all that I have goes to you."

Niece—"Thank you, uncle. Do let me give you some more of the mince pie!"—*Selected.*

EFFECT OF EATING ON DREAMS

"Do you think that the things one eats influence one's dreams?"

"Undoubtedly. I ate a porterhouse steak the other evening and dreamed about bankruptcy all night."—*Selected.*

WAS DOING HIS BEST

Angry Diner: "Waiter, you are not fit to serve a pig."

Waiter: "I'm doing my best, sir."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

HAD NOT FORGOTTEN THEM

"You haven't forgotten us, have you, waiter?"

"Oh, no, sir. You are the two fried smelts."—*Judge.*

A NEW VOCABULARY

Guest: "Noodle soup, veal with tomato sauce, and a cream puff."

Waiter (who has been at the front): "Bowl of submarines, camouflage the calf, hurl me a custard grenade."—*Panther.*

A DISTINCT DIFFERENCE

'Twixt a glutton and a starving man
There's a difference rather neat.
The first is one who eats too long,
While the other longs to eat.

—*Selected.*

TOO SMALL AN ORDER

"Waiter, bring me forty dollars' worth of ham and eggs."

"We don't serve half-portions."—*Life.*

A PRIZE SANDWICH

"Been to the food show?"

"Nope. What's the news from there?"

"Our lunchroom man took a prize for the thinnest ham sandwich."—*Selected.*

A CONNECTION

Professor: "Is there any connection between the animal and vegetable kingdom?"

Freshman: "Yes, sir, hash."—*Selected.*

DID NOT UNDERSTAND GERMAN

A German entered an American restaurant, and, wishing to appear friendly, he said to the waiter, *"Wie gehts,"* which means, "How goes it?" and is the usual German greeting. Not understanding German, the waiter shouted in the order, "Wheat cakes!"

"Nein! nein! nein!" exclaimed the German.

Not knowing that this meant, "No! no! no!" the waiter shouted to the cook, "Make it nine!" and the German got nine wheat cakes when he did not wish any.

HAD GONE THE LIMIT

Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, the well-known evangelist, tells about an ignorant Irishman who went into a high-toned restaurant in a big city to get something to eat. The entire menu was in French and he could not understand a word of it. Finally, in desperation, he pointed to one of the first items on the card, and said to the waiter, "Bring me some of that." It happened to be consommé, or soup. After eating it, he pointed to another item a little lower down on the card, and said, "Bring me some of that." This time it happened to be a bunch of celery. After eating the celery, he pointed once more to the card, and asked the waiter to bring him some of that. The item he pointed to was lobster, and the waiter brought him a big red lobster on a platter. He had never seen a lobster before, and it was too much for him. Leaning back from the table and eying the lobster, he exclaimed: "I drank your dish-water, and I ate your bouquet; but, begorra, I'm not going to eat your bug!"

LIVED A YEAR ON MILK

The guests at the boarding table were discussing diets.

"I lived on eggs and milk for two months," remarked one lady, "and I actually gained ten pounds."

"And I," said a gentleman, "lived for more than a year on nothing but milk, and gained in weight every day."

"Mercy!" came the chorus. "How did you manage to do it?"

The gentleman smiled. "I cannot say that I remember," he replied, "but I presume my method was similar to that of other babies."—*Selected.*

ECONOMY

ENTITLED TO THE DISCOUNT

A charming young woman went into the principal stationer's shop in a country town and asked to see some notepaper. After selecting what she desired, she hesitated for a moment.

"Do you make any reduction to clergymen?" she asked softly.

"Certainly, madam," said the stationer, with great promptness. "Are you a clergyman's wife?"

"N-no," replied the young lady.

"Ah! a clergyman's daughter?" suggested the shopman.

"N-no," was the lady's hesitating reply. Then she leaned across the counter and spoke in a confidential whisper: "But if nothing happens I shall soon be engaged to a theological student."

And the accompanying smile was so sweet that the shopman was constrained to allow her a reduction at the usual rates.—*Selected.*

COULD HELP BY AND BY

Recently an employee in a business house who had held a clerkship for several years went to the boss with a plea for an increase in salary.

"I asked you for a little more salary a year ago," said the clerk, "but you told me that you were not able to give it to me at that time. Now a little baby has come to our home, which will add to the expense, and I would be very glad if you could favorably consider my request."

"I see, I see," thoughtfully replied the boss. "Let me think it over a minute. Boy, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," happily answered the clerk, greatly encouraged by his employer's attitude.

"I think I can fix it," responded the employer. "I won't be able to give you any more money, but just as soon as the boy gets big enough we will find a position for him in the office here." —*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

THOUGHT ICE WAS NOT NECESSARY

Young Mrs. Green (to neighbor): "I'm having such trouble keeping our food. I bought a real nice-looking refrigerator, but it doesn't seem to work well at all."

Neighbor: "Do you keep ice enough in it?"

Mrs. Green: "Ice? I hope you don't think, after spending all that money on a refrigerator, we'd go to the additional expense of buying ice."—*Boston Transcript.*

WASTING ENERGY

"What's the matter with the efficiency expert?"

"He wanted a four-cent stamp, but the men only had two twos. Of course he had to waste energy licking twice the space, and he's all cut up about it."—*Selected.*

ECONOMY

There is a woman in Bedford who is determined not to be cheated. She purchased a spool of cotton at a draper's shop the other day and insisted on having the shopman unwind and measure it, to make sure it did not fall below 200 yards.—*Selected.*

GOT HIS COAL FREE

"Does your father have to pay much for coal?"

"Not a cent. He lives near the railroad tracks, and makes faces at the engineers."—*Selected.*

ONE WAY TO SAVE MONEY

"So you think Hobbs is miserly."

"Miserly! Why, he makes a point of going out to lunch early before his appetite comes on, so that he can save money."—*Selected.*

SAVING TIME

Irate Parent.—"You can get rid of money faster than any man I know."

Son.—"True, dad, but listen: By getting rid of it quickly I save lots of time, and time, you know, is money."—*Boston Transcript.*

SPILLED MILK

"I never cry over spilled milk."

"What! At 16 cents a quart?"—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

WAS WILLING TO WAIT

"Father," said she, languidly, "I want an ice cream sundae."

"All right, dear, remind me of it again; this is only Thursday."—*Selected.*

EDITORS

EDITORIAL COURTESY

It is said that the return of a manuscript to its author may imperil the life of the Chinese editor, and that only by the invariable use of the most gracious, courteous and apologetic language can he expect to avert the awful wrath of the contributor whose manuscript is declined, and save his own editorial head from swift decapitation. The following letter from a Celestial editor, accompanying the return of a manuscript, surely denotes tactfulness and a realization of the direful consequences if the recipient took offense thereat:

"Most honored brother of the sun and the moon: Your slave is prostrate at your feet! I kiss the ground before you, and implore you to authorize me to speak and live. Your manuscript has permitted itself to be looked upon by us, and we have read it with enchantment. I swear on the tomb of my ancestors that I have never read anything more exalted. It is with fear and terror that I send it back. If I allowed myself to print this treasure, the president would immediately order me to use it forever as an example, and forbid me to dare to print anything inferior. My literary experience enables me to declare that such literary pearls are only created once in ten thousand years, and this is why I take the liberty of returning it to you."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

WAS SORRY HE WAS OUT

Office Boy—"A man called while you were out, sir. He said he wanted to thrash you."

Editor—"And what did you say to him?"

Office Boy—"I said I was sorry you were out, sir."—*Selected.*

SUDDEN MILITANCY

"There's a man to see you, sir," said the office boy.

"What does he look like?" asked the editor of the Toadvine

Clarion, as he prepared to make a hasty exit through a rear door.

"He's a little man, sir, and looks scared."

"Ah! Show him in, show him in!" replied the editor in a loud voice. "If there's anybody around here who objects to the *Clarion's* uncompromising stand for truth, justice and liberty, I want to know it!"—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

EDUCATION

NOT A REGULAR BARBER

"It is a strange thing," said the professor. "I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above being a barber. I know of my own knowledge that he studied at Heidelberg, and spent several years in other foreign educational centers. I know, also, of my own knowledge, that he has contributed scientific articles to our best magazines, and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social and scientific standing in Europe. And yet," soliloquized the professor, "he can't shave a man decently." "By Jove!" exclaimed young Rounder, in astonishment. "What is he a barber for, with all those accomplishments?" "Oh, he isn't a barber," said the professor, yawning. "You see, I shaved myself this morning."—*Selected.*

HAD LEARNED TO READ

An English curate taught an old man in his parish to read. After his lessons were finished he was unable to call upon him for some time, and when at last he called he found only the man's wife at home.

"How is John?" said he. "And how does he progress with his reading?"

"Oh, nicely, sir."

"I suppose he can read his Bible quite comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir!" exclaimed the woman. "Lor' bless your soul! Why, John was out o' the Bible and into the sporting papers long ago!" —*Selected.*

THE TABLES TURNED

At one of the New England universities there was a rather conceited undergraduate, who was silly enough, on one occasion, to attempt to chaff a member of the faculty, who, in the youth's opinion, evinced too marked a devotion to the works of Herbert Spencer.

"Do you know," the youth said to his preceptor, "I hold rather a contempt for Spencer."

"I greatly fear, young man," was the response, "that your contempt has not been bred by familiarity."—*Lippincott's.*

WANTED HIM TO LEARN "TRIGGERNOMETRY"

A keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country schoolhouse. "This here boy's arter l'arnin'," he announced. "What's yer bill o' fare?"

"Our curriculum, sir," corrected the schoolmaster, "embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry—"

"That'll do," interrupted the father. "That'll do. Load him up well with triggernometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."—*People's Home Journal.*

NOT A BOOK ABOUT MOTHS

A young naturalist in Peoria, Ill., was very much interested in moths. His father encouraged the lad's studies and advised him to go to the public library and there consult authorities. Several days later the father asked how he was progressing.

"Fine," answered the son. "The authorities have helped me very much, but there's one book that I cannot make head or tail of."

"What book is that?"

"The title is 'Advice to Young Mothers.'"—*Selected.*

HOW HE GOT HIS DEGREE

Speaking about college degrees, a chimney sweep who was complainant in a case in Edinburgh gave his name as Jamie Gregory, LL. D.

"Where on earth did you get that distinction?" asked the attorney.

"It was a fellow frae an American university," answered Jamie. "I sweepit his chimney three times. 'I canna pay ye cash, Jamie Gregory,' he says, 'but I'll mak' ye LL. D. an' we'll ca' it quits.' An' he did, sir."—*Selected.*

WANTED HIM TO GET "NOLEGE"

It was a Pike County woman who indited a note to the teacher concerning the punishment of her young hopeful. The note ran thus:

"Dear Miss ——: You rite me about whippin' Sammy. I hereby give you permission to beat him up any time it is necessary to learn his lesson. He is just like his father—you have to learn him with a club. Pound nolege into him. I want him to get it and don't pay no attention what his father says—I'll handle him."—*Reading Eagle.*

NOT THAT KIND OF FENCING

"When are you going to fix that front fence, Hiram?" said the farmer's wife.

"Oh, next week, when Silas comes home from college."

"But what will the boy know about fixing a fence, Hiram?"

"He ought to know a heap. He wrote me that he'd been taking fencing lessons for a month."—*Selected.*

A NEW DEGREE

"Yaas," said Uncle Silas, "my son hez got back from a special course he's been a-takin' at college, with a piece o' paper signed by the 'thorities sayin' as how he's an A. M. I dunno what an A. M. is, but I'm afeard they's some mistake about it, for judgin' from the time he gets down to breakfast he behaves more like a P. M. ter me."—*Selected.*

A PRECOCIOUS YOUNGSTER

Robert, the four-year-old son of a scientific man, had lived in the country most of his short life. One day a caller, wishing to make friends with the little fellow, took him on his knee and asked: "Are there any fairies in your woods here, Robert?"

"No," responded Robert promptly, "but there are plenty of edible fungi."—*Youth's Companion.*

HE ALSO FAILED TO GET ONE

Bing—"The way these colleges scatter their degrees is absolutely nauseating. Every Tom, Dick and Harry with a little cheap notoriety can figure on getting one. The whole system is absolutely indefensible. Don't you think so?"

Bang—"Yes; I didn't get one, either."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A SORT OF DIPLOMA

"Is that your college diploma you have framed there?"

"Well, it's a sort of diploma. It's a worthless stock certificate showing that I've been through the school of experience."—*Zion's Advocate.*

A BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATION

Two men were once talking over their respective sons' careers at college, and one remarked: "Well, I sometimes feel like saying, as did Aaron in the wilderness, 'Behold, I poured in the gold, and there came out this calf.'"—*Selected.*

WAS EXPOSED TO IT ONLY

"I am delighted to meet you," said the father of the college student, shaking hands warmly with the professor. "My son took algebra from you last year, you know." "Pardon me," said the professor; "he was exposed to it, but he did not take it."—*Normal Instructor.*

MAKING PROGRESS

"How you gettin' on wid youah 'rithmetic, Lou?"

"Well, I done learned to add up de oughts, but de figgers bodder me."—*Boston Transcript.*

A COLLEGE WITHOUT A YELL

"I wonder why that chap is always so quiet?"

"Well, you see, he graduated from the school of experience, and that institution has no college yell."—*Cleveland Spear.*

THEY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND

"Does your son who is abroad with the troops understand French?"

"Oh, yes; but he says the people he meets there don't seem to."—*Baltimore American.*

HIS P. A. SUPPORTED HIM

"I understand that your son got his B. A. and his M. A." "Yes, but it is still his P. A. that supports him."—*Judge.*

COULD WRITE SHORTHAND

Employer—"Can you write shorthand?"

Applicant—"Oh, yes, only it takes me longer."—*London Notes.*

ENGLISH

"Mother, I cinched the prize in English compo and had the rest of the bunch skinned a mile."—*Life.*

EFFICIENCY

HE KNEW HOW TO POLISH

A strange man had been sent to polish the floors. His manner was anything but energetic, and the lady feared he would not polish them properly.

"Are you quite sure that you understand the work?" she asked.

His indignation was tremendous.

"You know Colonel B.'s folks, next door but one?" he said. "Well, I refer you to them. On the polished floor of their dining-room, five persons broke their legs last winter, and a lady slipped clear down the grand staircase. I polished all their floors."—*Selected.*

EGOTISM

SELF-APPRECIATION

De hoot owl said to de whippoorwill:
"You don't sing nuffin an' you won't keep still.
You ought to take notice dat it would be
Polite to let folks listen to me."

Says de whippoorwill to de old hoot owl:
"You sleeps all day an' at night you prowl,
An' you shows yoh igno'unce all complete
Interruptin' de music dat I make so sweet."

An' dat's de way wif man an' bird,
Each thinks his voice should sure be heard.
An' mos' of us ain' got much mo' skill
Dan de old hoot owl an' de whippoorwill.
—*Washington Star.*

NOT LIKE OTHER PEOPLE

One day a number of men were discussing peculiarities.

"Yes," said one of them, "I believe I am as free from peculiarities as anybody on earth. Now some people do a thing one way and some another; as for me, I can do things any way."

"Is that so?" said an interested member of the party. "With which hand do you stir your coffee?"

"Why," answered the gentleman, "I stir it with my right hand at times, and then again I stir it with my left hand; it makes little difference which."

"Oh," answered the other, calmly, "how peculiar! Most people stir theirs with a spoon."—*Selected.*

THE MODEST LIEUTENANT

Modest Young Lieutenant (reporting to C. O. after a thrilling raid into No Man's Land): "Captain, I wish to report Private Hicks's conduct in the highest terms of praise. He is the bravest man in the world. He followed me everywhere I went."—*Judge.*

THE KIND OF FELLOW HE WAS

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"I'll tell you in a few words: He's one of those 'if-I-were-running-this-war kind.'"—*Selected.*

SOMEBODY LIKED HIM

"Nobody likes Dobson."

"Oh, yes, somebody does."

"Who?"

"Dobson."—*Boston Transcript.*

SELF-CONCEITED

"Well, if that Watson isn't the most conceited, self-satisfied self—"

"Yes, I've heard you say something of that kind before. What started you off this time?"

"He just sent a telegram of congratulations to his mother."

"Well?"

"To-day's his birthday."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

LIFE LIKE A STAGE

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "Shakespeare was right. All the world's a stage, but it's a mighty funny stage at that."

"How so?"

"Practically every one who steps on the boards thinks he is cast for the star part, and, as a general thing, he's more than half through his lines before he discovers his mistake."—*Chicago Post.*

EMBARRASSING

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM

There was a dear li'l pink baby on the train and the elderly man evinced much interest and stopped to peek-a-boo at it. "A fine youngster," said he to the young mother. "I hope you will bring him up to be an upright and conscientious man."

"Yes," smiled the fond mother, "but I'm afraid it is going to be a bit difficult, as—"

"Oh, nonsense," continued the adviser; "as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined."

"I know it," agreed the mother; "but this twig is bent on being a girl, and we are inclined to let it go at that."—*Selected.*

MISUNDERSTOOD HIS MEANING

A gentleman who had married his cook was giving a dinner party, and between the courses the good lady sat with her hands spread on the tablecloth.

Suddenly the burr of conversation ceased, and in the silence that followed a young man on the right of his hostess said, pleasantly:

"Awful pause!"

"Yes, they may be," said the old-time cook, with heightened color; "and yours would be like them if you had done half my work."—*Evangelical Tidings.*

WAS GLAD TO MEET HER

Visitor (at private hospital).—"Can I see Lieutenant Barker, please?"

Matron.—"We do not allow ordinary visiting. May I ask if you're a relative?"

Visitor (boldly).—"Oh, yes! I'm his sister."

Matron.—"Dear me! I'm very glad to meet you. I'm his mother."—*Punch.*

ENGLISH HUMOR

HOW AMERICA HAPPENED TO BE DISCOVERED

The average foreigner can rarely comprehend the geographical area of the United States, as was quite fully illustrated by the Englishman and his valet, who had been traveling due west from Boston for five days. At the end of the fifth day master and servant were seated in the smoking car, and it was observed that

the man was gazing steadily and thoughtfully out of the window. Finally his companion became curious. "William," said he, "of what are you thinking?"

"I was just thinking, sir, about the discovery of Hamerica," replied the valet. "Columbus didn't do such a wonderful thing, after all, when he found this country, did he, now, sir? Hafter all's said an' done, 'ow could 'e 'elp it?"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

DID AS HE WAS TOLD

A certain English foreman in one of the Kensington textile factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go downstairs and 'eat up my lunch for me," ordered the foreman.

The boy, a typical young American with no knowledge of cockney English, obeyed with alacrity. He was hungry.

Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry.

"Where's my lunch?" he demanded.

The boy gazed at him in amazement.

"You told me to eat it up, and I eat it."

"I didn't tell you to heat it up," roared the irate foreman. "I told you to 'eat it up."

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster, stoutly; "I eat it cold."—*Selected.*

ALL DROPPED THE H

"Once in Banbury" says a writer in the Baltimore *Sun*, "I dined with an English farmer. We had ham for dinner—a most delicious ham, baked. The farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again. 'More 'am, father,' he said. The farmer frowned. 'Don't say 'am, son; say 'am.' 'I did say 'am,' the lad protested, in an injured tone. 'You said 'am,' cried the father, fiercely. ''Am's what it should be. 'Am, not 'am.' In the midst of the controversy the farmer's wife turned to me with a little deprecatory smile. 'They both think they're saying 'am!' she said."—*Selected.*

HER FIRST REPORT

A girl who was running a London 'bus was making out her first report. Under the heading "Accidents," she stated: "Bumped into an old gent." Under the heading, "Remarks," she said: "Simply awful."—*Selected.*

OVERDOING VENTILATION

American people have a very high appreciation of the humor of Englishmen, and have been specially tickled by a story Colonel Cody used to tell. He said that some years ago an Englishman who had never been in the West before was his guest. They were riding through a Rocky Mountain cañon one day, when suddenly

a tremendous gust of wind came swooping down upon them and actually carried the Englishman clean off the wagon seat. After he had been picked up, he combed the sand and gravel out of his whiskers and said:

"I say! I think you overdo ventilation in this country!"—*Tit-Bits.*

GOT EVERYTHING REVERSED

Lord D'Aliverus.—"These blawsted Americans turn everything the wrong way."

Miss Tootsie Myliens.—"How so, my lord?"

Lord D'Aliverus.—"Why, they talk about the Russian bally, when any awss can see they mean the bally Russians!"—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

A BAD ENGLISHMAN

Alphonse—"Ah! Ze vile Ingleeshman!"

Paul—"Vat he done?"

Alphonse—"Ze bad sixpence I give him in hese change he vas give me for a tip."—*Selected.*

TOO MANY HAITCHES

Signaler at Telephone—"Hairships approaching from the Heast!"

Voice on Phone—"What?"

"Hairships approaching from the Heast!"

Well-meaning Friend (whispering)—"Try dropping yer haitches, Harthur!"—*London Opinion.*

ENTERPRISE

WANTED TO RAISE HIS DEPOSIT

At the application department of the gas office a few days ago a man was somewhat taken aback when the clerk said to him:

"Of course, you know, you will have to leave a deposit of $5."

"No," the man replied, "I didn't know that. What's that for?"

"Security against loss to the company."

"I don't think that's fair."

"But of course, you know, we pay interest at 6 per cent."

"You pay interest at 6 per cent?"

"Oh, yes."

"That's different."

The next day the man approached another clerk at the application window and said: "This is the place you leave deposits for meters, isn't it?"

"Yes," the clerk replied.

"At 6 per cent?"

"Exactly."

Then, to the astonishment of the clerk, the man presented a big roll of bills and remarked:

"I made a deposit of $5 here yesterday, and I want to raise it to a thousand."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

A SAMPLE OF INTENSIVE FARMING

"How's farming?"

"Fine. You know that abandoned farm I picked up?"

"That prompted my question."

"I sold quarry rights to one crowd and rented the surface as golf links. Now if I can lease the air to some wireless company, I'll have about everything under cultivation. Who says intensive farming doesn't pay?"—*Selected.*

TRUE

A man who had nothing to do
For the fun of it went to Peru;
After one week in Lima
He took a home steamer
And lectured on "Life in Peru."
—*Selected.*

A GOOD COLLECTOR

Merchant (to detective)—"Some fellow has been representing himself as a collector of ours. He's been taking in more money than any two of the men we have and I want him collared as quickly as possible."

Detective—"All right. I'll have him in jail in less than a week."

Merchant—"Great Scott, man! I don't want to put him in jail; I want to engage him."—*Boston Transcript.*

WHO KILLED CONCENTRATION?

Concentration was dead, and all the birds of the air and all the forces of the earth came to do him honor.

"I," said the Lady, "I did it with my social functions and my yearly trips to Europe. I killed Concentration."

"I did it," said the Highbrow, "with my lectures and reading and my uplift, not to mention my philosophical systems and vague superiorities—I was the one who killed Concentration."

"Sorry to interrupt," said the Parents, "but we really did it. We insisted upon having so many distracting things in the house, not to mention putting on more style day by day, that we were the chief, if humble, instruments in the hands of an all-wise Providence who did away with Concentration—we are the proud authors of his dissolution."

"I did it," said the Tango, "with my restless midnight spirit; of course I did it. I killed Concentration."

"Which reminds me that I am the one," remarked the Movies.

"Yes, I did it with my cheap realism; how could Concentration live after I came on the stage? The mere suggestion is absurd. I accomplished the demise."

"Pooh!" sang the Phonograph. "Wasn't I before you? I started his death, all right. I guess I know. I killed Concentration myself!"

And then they all bowed low, and took a back seat as the real author came.

"I did it, didn't I?" said the School System, and Concentration, rising out of his coffin, remarked posthumously:

"Believe me, it was you, all right."—*Selected.*

ERRORS

A COUNTRY PAPER'S MIX

One of the small papers published an item lately which was a weird mixup of an account of a wedding and an auction notice. The most interesting part of the item follows:

"William Smith, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith, and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of at public auction at my farm, one mile east, in the presence of seventy-five guests, including two mules and twelve head of cattle.

"The Rev. Mr. Jackson tied the nuptial knot for the parties, averaging 1,250 pounds on hoof. The beautiful home of the bride was decorated with one sulky rake, one feed-grinder and two sets of work harness, nearly new, and just before the ceremony was pronounced, Mendel & Sons' wedding march was rendered by one milch cow, five years old, one Jersey cow and one sheep, who, carrying a bunch of bride's roses in her hand, was very beautiful. She wore one light spring-wagon, two crates of apples, three racks of hay, one grindstone of *mousseline de soie* and trimmed with about one hundred bushels of spuds. The bridal couple left yesterday on an extended trip."—*Selected.*

SOME QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS

An exchange publishes a few instances of publicity errors which are decidedly amusing. For instance:

Sign in bakery window: "Homemade pize."

Card in restaurant: "Small steak, 20 cents. Extra small steak, 25 cents."

Advertisement in poultry journal: "Plymouth Rock hens ready to lay $1.25 each."

From a prepared-roofing ad: "Its bright-red color is permanent and will remain permanent."

A Milwaukee paper informs us that "John Huckbody, of Wausau, lost thirty chickens by freezing to death."

On a coupon: "The holder of this coupon when properly punched is entitled to one of our beautiful photographs."—*Selected.*

HIS PYGMY COUNTERPART

"Bill," the poet gasped, as he entered his friend's room.

"Why, what's wrong?" the friend inquired.

"Wrong! I wrote a poem about my little boy. I began the first verse with these lines: 'My son! My pigmy counterpart.'"

"Yes? Yes?"

The poet drew a newspaper from his pocket.

"Read!" he blazed. "See what that compositor did to my opening line."

The friend read aloud:

"My son! My pig, my counterpart!"—*The National Monthly.*

A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR

"Typographical errors," said William Dean Howells, "are always amusing. When I was a boy in my father's printing office in Martin's Ferry, I once made a good typographical error. My father had written, 'The showers last week, though copious, were not sufficient for the millmen.' I set it up 'milkmen.'"—*Christian Register.*

HAD TO FIGHT SOME ONE

"I've come to kill a printer," said the little man.

"Any printer in particular?" asked the foreman.

"Oh, any one will do. I would prefer a small one, but I've got to make some sort of a show at a fight, or leave home, since the paper called my wife's tea-party a 'swill affair.'"—*Selected.*

A WEDDING "BILL"

The bride and groom received congratulations standing in the shadow of a large wedding "bill." Of course the society reporter wrote "bell," but the compositor unwittingly stated the cold truth. —*Selected.*

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE

There is a story, in connection with a certain paper, which tells how it referred to two learned gentlemen as "bibulous old flies," instead of "bibliophiles." Next morning the editor received a very wrathful protest. In his correction and apology, however, he said something about "the learned gentlemen are too fastidious." To the editor's horror, the printer again distinguished himself, and the statement appeared, "The learned gentlemen are two fast idiots."—*Selected.*

EVASION

HER HUSBAND SAW THE SHERIFF

A Quaker had gotten himself into trouble with the authorities and the sheriff called to escort him to the lockup.

"Is your husband in?" he inquired of the good wife who came to the door.

"My husband will see thee," she replied. "Come in."

The sheriff entered, was bidden to make himself at home, and was hospitably entertained for half an hour, but no husband appeared. At last the sheriff grew impatient.

"Look here," said he, "I thought you said your husband would see me."

"He has seen thee," was the calm reply, "but he did not like thy looks and has gone out the back door."—*Selected.*

EMBARRASSING TARIFF LAWS

"And you will take me to America with you après la guerre?" asked the demoiselle of the buck private.

"But, mademoiselle," remonstrated the diplomatic buck, "the customs-house officials would never pass such a priceless pearl as you!"—*The Spiker.*

OBEYING ORDERS

"Why do you use such a long cigar-holder?" asked Smith.

"The doctor fold me to keep away from tobacco," replied Jones. —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE MEANING WAS THE SAME

A student who could not sound the letter "R" was given the following sentence to read: "Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare." He studied it in silence a minute, then glibly rendered it as follows: "Bobby gave Dicky a thump in the side for cooking the bunny so little."—*American Boy.*

EVOLUTION

POOR GRANDMOTHER!

Village Pedagog: "Darwin says we're descended from monkeys."

His Auditor: "Well, what about it? My grandfather may 'ave bin a gorilla, but it doesn't worry me."

Voice from the Fireside: "P'raps not, but it must have worried yer grandmother."—*London Opinion.*

EXAGGERATION

DID NOT KNOW GOOSEBERRIES

The old Irishwoman sat in the market-place selling green apples of extra large size.

Along came an American visitor who was always trying to belittle Ireland by comparing it with America. He halted at the little stall, and eyed the old woman's wares scornfully.

"Say, mother," he said, with a knowing grin, "what small gooseberries these are! Why, in the States I reckon we grow 'em twice this size."

The old woman looked him up and down, and her Irish blue eyes glittered.

"Sure, now," she said, "ye must be a stranger to these parts ov the Ould Counthry not to know gooseberries from green peas ready shelled!"—*Answers.*

VERY FAST TRAVELLING

An American was boasting to an Irishman about the fastness of American trains.

"Why, Pat," said the American, "we run our trains so fast in America that the telegraph poles look like a continuous fence."

"Do they, now?" said Pat. "Well, sir, I was wan day on a train in Ireland, and as we passed first a field of turnips, then wan of carrots, then wan of cabbage, and then a large pond of water, we were goin' that fast I thought it was broth!"—*Christian Register.*

SOMEWHAT OVERDRAWN

Pat had gone back home to Ireland, and was telling about New York.

"Have they such tall buildings in America as they say, Pat?" asked the parish priest.

"Tall buildings, ye ask, sur?" replied Pat. "Faith, sur, the last one I worked on we had to lay on our stomachs to let the moon pass."—*Selected.*

A GROSS EXAGGERATION

Two old farmers were seated in the parlor telling of their experiences in life.

"Talkin' o' long feet, I seen some t'other day that both together made a yard," said the younger of the two.

"Humph!" replied the other. "I once saw a man whose feet were so long that he had to back up to the door to knock at it." —*Selected.*

FARMERS

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT

"When Josh got home from his education," said Farmer Corntossel, "he started right in instructin' me about agriculture. So I didn't lose no time to try him out."

"What did you do?"

"Sent him out to round up a swarm of bees."

"Was the experiment successful?"

"Some. It didn't hurt the bees none, an' kep' Josh from gettin' in the way fur most two weeks."—*New York Post.*

MOUNTAINS NOT SCENERY

He was making his arrangements to spend the summer at a farmhouse.

"What have you in the way of scenery?" he asked.

"There's nothin' in the way but a couple o' mountains," replied the farmer. "If it wasn't fer them you could see scenery clear to the county seat."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A PIOUS FARMER

An Irish farmer, waking up in the night, saw an apparition at the foot of the bed. He reached out for a gun and perforated the ghost with a bullet. In the morning he discovered that he had made a target of his own shirt.

"What did you do then?" inquired the friend to whom he told the story.

"I knelt down and thanked God that I hadn't been inside it," said the farmer piously.—*Onward.*

CITY AND COUNTRY

Uncle Ezra—"So ye just got back from New York! What's the difference between the city and the country?"

Uncle Eben—"Wal, in the country you go to bed feeling all in and get up feeling fine, and in the city you go to bed feeling fine and get up feeling all in."—*Life.*

TOO MUCH RAIN

A Scotch minister was asked to pray for rain and his prayer was followed by such a downpour that the crops were injured. During the storm one old farmer said to another: "This comes o' trusting sic a request to a meenister who isna acquaintit wi' agriculture."—*Selected.*

THE MEANING OF "GENTLEMAN FARMER"

"Father, what do they mean by gentlemen farmers?"

"Gentlemen farmers, my son, are farmers who seldom raise anything except their hats."—*Selected.*

SMALL ACRES

People are becoming crazy about planting. A farm publication urges its readers to "plant every acre, no matter how small."—*Chicago Tribune.*

EXPERT ADVICE ON CHICKENS

"Is I got chickens, lady?" he echoed, bending benignantly down to Laurie, who stood in the road beside his moth-eaten mule. "Chickens? Yes, lady I is."

"Will you sell me about a dozen?"

"Sho'ly, sho'ly," he answered, warming to the conversation. "Live er daid?"

"Alive, of course."

"Sho'ly. Does yo' want de chickens to lay aigs?—or does yo' want de vari'ty what costs money and yo' keep mos'ly fo' displayment of 'em to yo' fr'en's?"

"Eggs," announced Laurie with impact.

"Den I 'vise yo' to pu'chase de frizzly vari'ty o' chickens."

"The *what* variety?"

"Frizzly vari'ty. Din' yo' know, lady, dat every chicken is some vari'ty? One vari'ty's laigone; one's coach in Chiney; one wine dots. What I jes' enumerate is de high-price vari'ty; and you have to tend 'em like chillen. But frizzly chickens is homely *nigger* chickens wid scaley laigs and mighty few proud notions. Dey ambition is to lay aigs and dey lays 'em."

"Then please bring me frizzly ones," Laurie decided, turning away.—*From "McAllister's Grove," by Marion Hill.*

THREE KINDS OF FARMING

Professor at Agricultural School.—"What kinds of farming are there?"

New Student.—"Extensive, intensive, and pretensive."—*Indianapolis Star.*

THOUGHT HE WAS A FARMER

Brown—"Back to town again? I thought you were a farmer."

Green—"You made the same mistake I did."—*Judge.*

FASHIONS

HE WAS SKINNED TOO

A humane society had secured a down-town show-window and filled it with attractive pictures of wild animals in their native haunts. A placard in the middle of the exhibit read:

"We were skinned to provide women with fashionable furs."

A man paused before the window, and his harassed expression for a moment gave place to one of sympathy. "I know just how you feel, old tops," he muttered. "So was I."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THE ANIMAL THAT SUFFERED

"Little boy," asked the well-meaning reformer, "is that your mamma over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answered the bright lad.

"Well, do you know what poor animal it was that had to suffer in order that your mamma might have those furs?"

"Yes, sir—my papa."—*Selected.*

THE BULL NOTICED IT

The New York girl, spending her vacation in the country, was complaining to the farmer about the savage way the bull regarded her.

"Well," said the farmer, "it must be on account of that red blouse you're wearing."

"Dear me!" said the girl. "Of course I know it's awfully out of fashion, but I had no idea a country bull would notice it!"—*New York World.*

EQUALLY BAD

She (walking home from church): "Did you notice that lovely Parisian hat Mrs. Styler was wearing? I could think of nothing else the whole time."

He: "No, my dear—can't say I did. To tell you the truth, I was half asleep most of the time."

She: "Then you ought to be ashamed to own it. A nice lot of good the sermon must have done you, I don't think."—*Selected.*

WHAT AMUSED HIM

"Isn't that clerk of yours an Indian?" asked the girl.

"He is," replied the druggist.

"I am reluctant about having him wait on me."

"Oh, he's not savage."

"I know. But it seems to me he wears a lurking grin when I order paint."—*Selected.*

RELUCTANT EARS

"My niece graduates to-morrow."

"Standing with reluctant feet, eh, and all that?"

"Working with reluctant ears. Seems they won't stay under her hair in the prevalent style."—*Selected.*

THE NEW WOMAN

"There, little girl, don't cry;
They have broken your doll, I know"—
Then she turned around, and behold, I saw
A woman of sixty or so.

—*The Lamb.*

LOUIS XV HEELS

"I'm afraid these Louis XV. heels are much too high for me. Perhaps you have lower ones; say, about Louis X. style."—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

DEIFYING FASHION

"Some women defy fashion."

"And some deify it."—*Boston Transcript.*

FATNESS

HOW HE STOPPED THE EXPRESS

Former President Taft, in his younger days, when he was a law reporter, had been studying a case in Somerville, O., and found he couldn't get back to the office that night unless he managed to stop a through express. So he wired to headquarters, "Will you stop the through express at Somerville to take on large party?" The answer came back, "Yes." The express was duly stopped at Somerville. The young law reporter got aboard with his copy, and the conductor said, "Where's that large party I was to take on?" "I'm it," was the chuckling answer. "That's all."—*Selected.*

A FAT PASSENGER

"'Urry on, please!" urged the guard.

The stout old lady struggled to enter a narrow carriage doorway, but struggled in vain.

"'Urry on, there!" yelled the guard, approaching her with fire in his eyes. "'Urry on! Git in edgeways, mum! Git in edgeways!"

The would-be traveler showed a red, perspiring face over a plump shoulder and regarded the official with an angry glare. "An' wot," she snapped bitterly, "wot if I hain't got no edge?"—*Selected.*

ONLY ONE THING WOULD FIT HIM

A three-hundred-pound man stood gazing longingly at the nice things displayed in a haberdasher's window for a marked-down sale. A friend stopped to inquire if he was thinking of buying shirts or pajamas. "Gosh, no!" replied the fat man wistfully. "The only thing that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."—*Liverpool Post.*

COULD SEE HER THREE BLOCKS

"Officer," said a lady much above the usual avoirdupois, "could you see me across the street?"

"Madam, I could see you three blocks!"—*Judge.*

FEAR

HAD A GOOD NIGHT'S REST

"Good morning, Judge," said the prisoner, cheerfully.

"You seem in a good humor for a man who has spent the night in jail."

"So I am, your honor. I had a good night's rest and that always refreshes me. You see, my wife is a timorous woman, and when I sleep at home I'm compelled to investigate many strange noises. No doubt there were burglars all around me last night, but I didn't

have to get out of bed and look for them."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

NOT A BURGLAR

"Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's leg."

"Mercy! The burglar's?"

"No; my husband's. He had heard the noise too."—*Selected.*

WHY SOME MEN ARE FEARLESS

He that's called the Fearless One
Oft is he that Fears to Run.

—*Selected.*

EASILY SATISFIED

Nervous Passenger (during the thunder-storm)—"Ain't it dangerous to be on a street-car when it's lightening so?"

Calm Passenger—"Not at all. You see, the motorman is a non-conductor."

The nervous one felt easier.—*Toledo Blade.*

FIGHTING

WOULD RATHER BE CALLED A COWARD

Collier's Weekly once told of two Irishmen who were on bad terms with each other. The friends of Flaherty claimed that he had been insulted, and urged him to vindicate his honor. Flaherty said, prudently: "But look at the size of him. The man's a giant."

"Very well," responded a disgusted friend, "then all the people will say you are a coward."

"Well, I dunno," responded Flaherty, placidly. "At any rate, I'd rayther have thim sayin' that than the day afther to-morrow exclaimin', 'How natural Flaherty looks!'"—*Selected.*

SENSITIVE IF HE WAS A LIAR

"Why did you strike this man?" asked the judge, sternly.

"He called me a liar, Your Honor," replied the accused.

"Is that true?" asked the judge, turning to the man with the mussed-up face.

"Sure, it's true," said the accuser. "I called him a liar because he is one, and I can prove it."

"What have you got to say to that?" asked the judge of the defendant.

"It's got nothing to do with the case, Your Honor," was the unexpected reply. "Even if I am a liar, I guess I've got a right to be sensitive about it, ain't I?"—*Topeka State Journal.*

WHY HE WANTED GAS

"I want to have a tooth drawn," announced the small boy with the steel-gray eyes, "and I want gas."

"You're too young to have gas, my little man," said the dentist. "Besides, I'm sure you aren't afraid of being hurt. Sit still and be a man."

"It isn't that at all," said the boy, "but I'm afraid I shall not be able to help giving a bit of a squeal when it comes out."

"Well, that won't matter at all," said the dentist. "I'm sure I shall not mind."

"No, but I shall. Look out of that window."

The dentist looked and saw a lot of grinning lads standing under the window.

"They're all the kids I've fought and licked," said the patient, "and they've come to hear me holler."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

HOW TO CHEER HIM

A professional boxer was badly beaten in a sparring match, and carried to his bed in an exhausted and melancholy condition.

"I wish you'd say something to cheer him up, doctor," pleaded the defeated warrior's wife. "He's gettin' low in his mind, and when he's like that you've no idea how hard it is to wait on him. He's worse than a bear with toothache."

"What can I say that will please him most?" asked the doctor.

"You might just tell him, in an offhand way, that the man as licked him is mighty bad in the horspital, and that they may have to hold a post-mortem on him any minute now," was the solemn suggestion.—*Missouri Mule.*

WASTED SYMPATHY

A Jersey man of a benevolent turn of mind encountered a small boy in his neighborhood, who gave evidence of having emerged but lately from a severe battle. "I am sorry," said the man, "to see that you have a black eye, Sammy." Whereupon Sammy retorted: "You go home and be sorry for your own little boy—he's got two!" —*Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.*

HOW HE ESCAPED

An Irishman was telling his friend of a narrow escape in the war. The Irishman said, "The bullet went in me chist and came out me back."

"But," said the friend, "it would go through your heart and kill you."

"Me heart was in me mouth at the time," said the Irishman.—*Watchman-Examiner.*

WOULD FIGHT THE SMALL MAN

The judge looked over the prisoner and said: "You are privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being impaneled."

Hogan brightened. "Well, thin," he said, "yer Honor, Oi'll foight the small mon wid wan eye in the corner, there forninst ye."—*Selected.*

NOT LICKED WHILE HE COULD SPEAK

Casey—"When ye're licked in a foight ye ought to say ye've had enough."

Dolan—"Shure, if Oi can shpake at all Oi'm not licked yet."—*Boston Transcript.*

HOW HE GOT THE MEDAL

Woman—"How did you get that Carnegie medal?"

Tramp—"Heroism, lady. I took it away from a guy that was twice my size."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

REALIZING THE INSULT

Manuel, a negro with a record previously clean, was arraigned before the bucolic justice of the peace for assault and battery.

"Why did you beat that negro up, Manuel?" questioned the judge.

"He called me sumpin', jedge."

"What did he call you?"

"He called me a rhinoceros, sah, a rhinoceros!"

"A rhinoceros! When did this occur?"

"'Bout three years ago, jedge."

"Three years ago! Then how did it happen that you waited so long to resent it, Manuel?"

"Lawd, jedge, I ain't never seen no rhinoceros till dis mawnin'."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

FISHING

SAD FISH STORY

"A canny young fisher named Fisher
Once fished from the edge of a fissure.
A fish with a grin
Pulled the fisherman in—
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher."

—*Selected.*

HIS FRIENDS WERE MEAN

"It is remarkable," said Mr. Gruntler, "how mean some people are! I had with me on a fishing trip two friends who were familiar with my reputation as an angler. Before starting one of them made the following suggestion: 'We will agree that the first one who

catches a fish must treat the crowd.' I assented to this and we started. Now, don't you know, those two fellows both had a bite and were too mean to pull them up!"

"I suppose you lost then?" remarked the friend.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Gruntler, "I didn't have any bait on my hook."—*Toronto Mail.*

NEITHER ONE VALUED TIME

Binks, with a yawn, said to a fisherman: "Time ain't very valuable to you, brother, that's plain. Here I been a-watchin' you three hours, and you ain't had a bite."

"Well," drawled the fisherman, "my time's too valuable anyhow to waste three hours of it watchin' a feller fish that ain't gittin' a bite."—*Peoria Journal.*

MEANT THE SAME THING

"I intend to enjoy some piscatorial diversion to-morrow."

"Oh, professor, why do you want to bother with such highbrow things? Come with us on our fishing party."—*Baltimore American.*

NOT A CRIME

Cautious Piscatorial Enthusiast—"My man, is this public water?" Native—"Yes." "Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?" Native—"No; it'll be a miracle!"—*Ideas.*

IN SPRINGTIME

I sometimes drop the fish a line
  But can't deny
These little overtures of mine
  Get no reply.

—*Selected.*

ONLY FEEDING THE FISH

"Here, what are you doing? Don't you know you're not allowed to take fish out of this water?"

"I'm not taking them out," replied the angler, who had angled three hours without a catch. "I'm feeding them."—*Selected.*

FLIMSINESS

A FLIMSY HOUSE

The foreman rushed into the contractor's office and shouted: "Boss, one of them new houses of ours fell down in the night!"

"What's that?" exclaimed the boss. "What was the matter? How did it happen?"

"It was the fault of the workmen, boss," answered the foreman. "They took down the scaffolding before they put on the wall paper." —*Selected.*

FOOTBALL

AN HONORABLE SCAR

First Girl—"What a horrid scar Charlie has on his forehead!"

Second Girl—"Horrid? The idea! Why, he got that in a football game."—*Selected.*

FORTUNE TELLING

ONE OBSTACLE IN THE WAY

The beautiful young woman interviewed a fortune teller on the usual subjects. "Lady," said the clairvoyant, "you will visit foreign lands and the courts of kings and queens. You will conquer all rivals and marry the man of your choice. He will be tall and dark and aristocratic looking." "And young?" interrupted the lady. "Yes, and very rich." The beautiful lady grasped the fortune teller's hands and pressed them hard. "Thank you," she said. "Now tell me one thing more. How shall I get rid of my present husband?"—*Selected.*

WANTED FINANCIAL REVERSES

"You look very smiling this morning, Toner," said Bailey.

"I guess I ought to be. I went to a fortune teller last night and she prophesied immediate financial reverses," chortled Toner.

"I fail to see anything very joyous in that," said Bailey.

"You would if you knew anything about my finances," said Toner. "I tell you right now that if they don't reverse pretty quick I'll be busted."—*Selected.*

FRENCH HUMOR

A LONG CHASE

Necessity is the mother of invention, and the hungry Frenchman told about in a biography recently published in England illustrates the old adage anew.

He was in an English restaurant and wanted eggs for breakfast, but had forgotten the English word. So he got around the difficulty in the following way:

"Vaiterre, vat is dat valking in the yard?"

"A rooster, sir."

"Ah! and vat you call de rooster's vife?"

"The hen, sir."

"And vat you call de childrens of de rooster and his vife?"

"Chickens, sir."

"But vat you call de chickens before dey are chickens?"

"Eggs, sir."

"Bring me two."—*Selected.*

WAS DISCOURAGED WITH ENGLISH

An intelligent Frenchman was studying the English language. "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast," said he, "and that if I was tied I was fast, if I spent too freely I was fast, and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one guinea prize,' I was tempted to give up trying to learn English."—*Christian Register.*

HIS FRENCH WAS TOO PARISIAN

Yank—"Vooley vo donny mwaw—"

Proprietor—"Pardon! Monsieur can speak English to me."

Yank—"Why so? Can't you understand my French?"

Proprietor—"Monsieur, I am from the South and find it difficult to comprehend the true Parisian accent."—*Selected.*

GARDENING

WOULD NOT EVOLVE FURTHER

"It's no use," sighs the nature wizard. "I may as well give up." "What's bothering you?" we ask sympathetically. "I got started a few years ago on a whim of mine. I took a head of cabbage and crossed it with a white potato and grew eyes on it; then I crossed that with a cornstalk and grew ears on it; then I crossed that with a squash and grew a neck on it; then I crossed that with a cocoanut and grew hair on it, but hanged if I can figure out what to do for a nose and mouth!"—*St. Louis Republic.*

PRACTICAL GARDENING

"We had an expert on intensive gardening before our club last evening."

"Sounds interesting."

"Yes; he read a most instructive paper on how to raise a tulip in a tomato can."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WHAT ONE GROWS IN A GARDEN

Ted.—"What does a person usually grow in his garden?"

Bill.—"Tired."—*Youth's World.*

GOLF

HANDICAPPED

"I wouldna say M'Tavish canna learn the game," remarked Sandy, as they trudged home from the links; "but it will be deefficult for him." "Aye," agreed Donald. "At times he will be like to bust, what wi' being so releegious and tongue-tied."—*Selected.*

NOT ADAPTED TO EACH OTHER

"Alas, our interests lie
In different spheres," said Nan.
For she was a golfing girl
And he was a baseball fan.
—*Selected.*

EXPENSIVE GOLF

"My time," said the magnate, "is worth $100 a minute." "Well," answered his friend, casually, "let's go out this afternoon and play $10,000 or $15,000 worth of golf."—*Selected.*

GOSSIPING

IT WASN'T HER FAULT

Gossiping Woman (intent on slander)—"One-half of the world don't know how the other half lives."

Neighbor (shortly)—"Well, that isn't your fault."—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

GREED

NOT FOR THE PUBLIC BENEFIT

Irate Patron—"I thought this railroad was for the benefit of the public."

Railroad Official—"You're away off. The public is for the benefit of the railroad."—*Cleveland Leader.*

THE MODERN PRODIGAL

The prodigal son had just sneaked in the back way, between two days.

"Owing to the greediness of the beef trust," explained the old man, "we are entirely out of fatted calf, but here's a can-opener. Get busy."—*Indianapolis Star.*

HOBBIES

COULDN'T GET OFF A HOBBY

An old Irish street preacher told a story of visiting an insane asylum. As he passed along the corridors he saw a big, husky fellow astride of a common wooden chair, holding a pair of reins made of twine strings, bumping back and forth and shouting vociferously, "Git-app!"

"So you are riding your horse this morning, are you?" asked the itinerant preacher.

"Nope," responded the inmate shortly.

"Oh, isn't that a horse you are riding?" asked the visitor.

"Nope, I am riding my hobby," answered the queer one.

"Well, what is the difference?" urged the minister.

"You can get off a horse," explained the bug, "but you can't get off a hobby!"—*Selected.*

HUNTING

HOW JOHN GOT SHOT

First Scout—"Did you hear about John getting shot?"

Second Scout—"No. How's that?"

First Scout—"Ya; he bought two pounds of it this morning."—*Selected.*

ILLITERACY

TALKING FRENCH

Two Gilmerton carters, in Gilmerton style, were following their slowly moving cars up the hill road, or "brae," to use Scotch. They were encountered by a tourist. "A steep declivity," said the tourist, as he wiped his brow.

"Oh, ay," muttered one as he looked wise.

"What did the lad say?" said the other, when the tourist had passed on.

"Hoo was I tae ken?" exclaimed the other. "I never learned French."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

WHAT ARE KEATS?

The little agricultural village had been billed with Lecture on Keats for over a fortnight. The evening arrived at length, bringing the lecturer ready to discourse on the poet. The advertised chairman, taken ill at the last moment, was replaced by a local farmer. This worthy introduced the lecturer and terminated his remarks by saying:

"And now, my friends, we shall soon all know what I personally have often wondered—what are Keats?"—*Selected.*

WINDFALL CUCUMBERS?

"These apples are dirty," complained the young housekeeper. "Yes," admitted the farmer, "they are windfalls, and that is why I sell them cheap." "You mean they've fallen from the trees but are otherwise all right?" the customer inquired; then she bought them. Several days later she called the farmer's wife on the telephone. "I ordered the *best* cucumbers for pickling," she said sharply, "and you've sent me windfalls!" "Sent *what!*" gasped the farmer's wife. "*Windfall* cucumbers! I can tell; there's dirt on them!"—*Youth's Companion.*

SHE COULDN'T WRITE

A woman entered a Chicago savings bank and placed $50 in front of the teller. He pushed out the book for her signature and said: "Sign on this line, please."

"Me whole name?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Before Oi was married?"

"No, just as it is now."

"An' me husband's name too? May the saints rist him in glory!"

"You should sign your name Mrs., followed by your husband's name; or Mrs., your Christian name and then your husband's name; or Mrs., and your husband's full name; or, you might simply sign your Christian name and your husband's surname. Write it as you are in the habit of signing it."

"Oi can't wroite."—*Selected.*

HAD NEVER SEEN CAVIAR

Miss Gush—"I just adore caviar, don't you?"

Miss Green—"I never heard him except on the phonograph."—*Selected.*

NOT INTERESTED IN SCANDAL

A young woman entered a bookstore in Chicago and asked the aid of the clerk in selecting suitable reading. She especially desired some native American fiction, she said.

"Why not try Allen's 'Kentucky Cardinal'?" said the salesman, taking a copy of the book off the shelf. "That's a very popular book."

"No; I don't think I care for those theological stories," said the lady.

"But this cardinal was a bird."

"I am not interested in the scandals of his private life," replied the young woman; and out she walked.—*Selected.*

HE HAD AN ALIBI

An old negro went to the office of the commissioner of registration in a Missouri town and applied for registration papers.

"What is your name?" asked the official.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Well, George, are you the man who cut down that cherry tree?"

"No, sah, I ain't de man. I ain't done no work for nigh onto a year."—*E Pluribus Unum.*

DID NOT WRITE HIS NAME

Booth Tarkington tells of an old colored man who appeared as a witness before one of our committees. In the course of his examination these questions were put to the man: "What is your name?" "Calhoun Clay, sah." "Can you sign your name?" "Sah?"

"I ask if you can write your name." "Well, no, sah. Ah nebber writes ma name. Ah dictates it, sah."—*Atlanta Chronicle.*

ANOTHER VERSION

Despite his illiteracy, Mose Belt, a leading citizen of an Alabama town, has gathered quite a competency from his whitewashing and kalsomining trade. Recently, during the course of some business with a notary, the latter produced a document, saying: "Sign your name here, Mose." "Look heah," said Mose, with offended dignity. "I doesn't sign mah name, suh. I'se business man, suh, an' has no time for dem trifling details. I always dictates mah name, suh." —*Selected.*

NOT A WRITING EXPERT

In Tennessee they tell of a judge, well versed in law but self-educated, who had to contend with the difficulties of orthography all his life. He lived in Knoxville, and used to spell it "Noxville." He was educated to the point of prefixing a K; so thoroughly, in fact, was the lesson learned that a few years later, when he moved to Nashville, nothing could prevent him from spelling it "Knashville."—*Selected.*

HAD A DIFFICULT OPERATION

"Why, Hannah, your boy seems to be the star patient here." "Yes, sir. They have cut out his asteroids, sir."—*Baltimore Review.*

WHAT HE WAS DOING

"Who composed 'The Magic Flute'?" asked an old lady of one of the authors of "Pinafore."

"Mozart," replied Mr. Gilbert.

"Indeed! I never heard of him. Is he still composing?"

"No, madam," replied the wit, "he is decomposing;" whereat the lady was somewhat discomposed.—*Selected.*

SHE WAS VERY RESOURCEFUL

Old Mrs. Donahoe managed to get along in the world in spite of her educational deficiencies. One day she was called upon by a lawyer to sign a rather important paper. "You sign it yourself, young man, an' I'll make me mark," said the old woman. "Since me eyes gave out I'm not able to write a wurrd." "How do you spell it?" he asked, his pen poised above the proper place. "Spell it whativer way ye plaze," said Mrs. Donahoe promptly. "Since I lost me teeth there's not a wurrd in the wurrld I can spell."

IT WAS A MYTH

The antique dealer was trying to sell an old violin.

"This is the very fiddle," he said, "on which Nero played while Rome was burning."

"But that is a myth," objected the customer.

"Well, didn't I say so?" said the dealer. "The name of Myth used to be on the case, but it's so old it's got worn off."—*Selected.*

HOPED SHE WOULD MARRY AN AMERICAN

"Papa," wrote the sweet girl, "I have become infatuated with calisthenics." "Well, daughter," replied the old man, "if your heart's sot on him, I haven't a word to say; but I always did hope you'd marry an American."—*Selected.*

THE WORST YET

Johnny handed the teacher the following note from his mother:

"Dere Teecher.—You keep tellin' my boy to brethe with his diafram. Maybe rich children has got diaframs, but how about when there father only makes one dollar and fifty cents a day and has got five children to keep? First it's one thing, then it's another, and now it's diaframs. That's the worst yet."—*The Watchword.*

THOUGHT IT THE TEMPLE OF DINAH

Willie (looking at pictures): "Gran'ma, what old building is this? There isn't any name under it."

Grandma Blunderby: "I don't know, dear, though it looks something like the Temple of Dinah at Emphasis."—*Boston Transcript.*

NO SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATIONS

"Algernon is very interesting," said the stockbroker's daughter. "What does he talk about?" inquired her father. "Why, he's ever so well posted in Shakespearian quotations." "Young woman," said the financier, sternly, "don't you let him make sport of your ignorance. There ain't no such stock on the market."—*Tit-Bits.*

SAW HIM AT McMICK'S

In Denver, says an exchange, a building erected in 1909 has that date in Roman notation, MCMIX., engraved on its portal. The other day a citizen asked another man if he had seen anything of their common friend Danny that day. "I sure did," was the reply. "A few minutes ago I seen him standing in front of McMick's building over there on the corner."

A STRANGE ANIMAL

Circus Man (after a runaway elephant)—"Have you seen a strange animal around here?"

Farmer—"I have that. There was an Injun-rubber bull eating my carrots with his tail."

DID NOT QUITE UNDERSTAND

First Gent—"Come and dine with me to-morrow evening, old top."

Second Gent—"Afraid I can't; I'm going to see Hamlet."

First Gent—"Never mind, bring him with you."—*To-day.*

WHY HE DID NOT EAT APPLES

Groceryman—"Pat, do you like apples?"

Pat—"Shure, sor, Oi wouldn't ate an apple for the world."

Groceryman—"Why, how is that?"

Pat—"Ough! didn't me old mother die of appleplexy?"

NOT A BOTANIST

Visitor (in public gardens, interested in botany).—"Do you happen to know to what family that plant belongs?"

Old Gardener.—"I happens to know it don't belong to no family, it belongs to the park."

NERO AND ZERO

"Who was this 'ere Nero, Bill?" asked a coster of his friend as they gazed into the picture-shop. "Wasn't 'e a chap that was always cold?"

"No, that was Zero," was the answer. "Another bloke altogether."—*Exchange.*

A VETERINARY SURGEON

"Father, what is a veterinary surgeon?"

"One of those fellows at the Pension Office, my son, who examines the veterans for pensions."—*Philadelphia Record.*

SHE HAD THE EXPERIENCE

A Pike County (Fla.) teacher who asked a girl to purchase a grammar, received the following note from the little girl's mother:

"I do not desire that my Matty ingage in grammar and I prefer her to ingage in more useful studies and can learn her to write and speak proper myself. I went through two grammars and can't say as they did me no good. I prefer Matty to ingage in German and drawing and vokal music on the piano."—*Selected.*

HE AND SHE

"Are you fond of literature?" he asked.

"Passionately," she replied.

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery?"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "and 'Peveril of the Peak?'"

"I just dote upon them," she replied.

"And Scott's Emulsion?" he continued hastily, a faint suspicion dawning upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."—*Selected.*

IMPERTINENCE

ALL FOR JOHNNY'S PLEASURE

One afternoon the ticket agent on an Iowa railroad was called to the brass-barred window of his little office. Before the window stood a motherly looking woman. At her side was a bright-faced boy.

"Please, sir," said the woman, addressing the agent, "what time does the next train leave for Des Moines?"

"It leaves at 2:48, madam," answered the agent, with just a trace of annoyance. "I have already told you that no less than six times during the last half hour."

"I know you have, sir," gently replied the motherly looking woman, "but Johnny likes to see you come to the window. He says it reminds him of the Zoo."—*Dayton News.*

WHY SHE STOPPED THE CAR

A young lady, talking to a pet dog on an electric car, asked the conductor to stop at a certain point. When he did so she went to the platform and there stood gesticulating, with the dog on her arm. "Hurry up, miss, hurry up! You want to get out here, don't you?" "No, thank you; I only wished to show Fido where his mother lives."—*Girl's World.*

GREAT EFFRONTERY

"Well, did he pay you?" asked the wife of a dentist who had been to collect a bill for a full set of false teeth that he had made for a man almost a year before.

"Pay me," growled the dentist. "Not only did he refuse to pay me, but he actually had the effrontery to gnash at me—with my teeth!"—*Selected.*

INNUENDO

WHAT KEPT HIM HUMBLE

"When lecturing in the North of England," says Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous explorer, "before it was time for the proceedings to begin on one occasion, I took a peep through the curtain to see what kind of an audience I was likely to have. Things looked promising, and I said so.

"'Yes,' said the chairman, 'I think you are going to have as big an audience as the handbell ringers had last week.'

"'That is the sort of thing,' added Sir Ernest, 'that keeps me modest.'"—*Selected.*

WAS ALL RIGHT FOR A GOOSE

Surely you know why honest Ed Punnington looked sad after expounding to friend Hohlte (the magazine publisher) his new scheme for sufficiency-promotion? Hohlte's comment was, "It's all right for a goose, but no good for a propaganda," and Ed could not tell which term referred to him.—*U. Ort Terno.*

A RELIEF TO MEET HIM

He—"That's a remarkably bright girl I was just talking to."

She—"But isn't it rather hard to keep up with her?"

He—"That's just it. I can't tell you what a relief it was to meet you."—*Selected.*

WOUNDED BY ACCIDENT

Stonewall Jackson was not a man to speak ill of another man without reason. At a council of generals early in the war, one of them remarked that Major Smith was wounded, and would be unable to perform a certain duty. "Wounded!" said Jackon. "If that is so, it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"—*The Southern Bivouac.*

ANGERED HER

May (indignantly)—"I don't care; I think Harry Easterleigh is downright mean."

Marie—"Why, May?"

May—"Well, he wrote to me from Egypt saying he had shot a crocodile seven feet long, and when he shoots another he will have a pair of slippers made for me. I'll never speak to him again."—*London Tit-Bits.*

MORE THAN HE DESERVED

"There must be some mistake in my examination marking. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero," complained the student.

"Neither do I," agreed the instructor, "but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."—*The Epworth Herald.*

NOT USED TO FINGER-BOWLS

Mrs. Ayres—"How did it happen, Ellen, that you never saw finger-bowls before? Didn't they use them in the last place you worked?"

Ellen—"No, ma'am; they mostly washed theirselves before they came to the table."—*Boston Transcript.*

MUST PAY THE DAMAGES

"Better keep your head inside the window!" warned the brakeman.

"I kin look out the winder if I want to!" the youth responded.

"I know you can. But if you damage any of the iron work of the bridges you'll have to pay for it."—*Selected.*

WAS IT A SLIGHT?

Lea—"I wonder if Professor Kidder meant anything by it."

Perkins—"By what?"

Lea—"He advertised a lecture on 'Fools,' and when I bought a ticket it was marked 'Admit One.'"—*Selected.*

WHAT HE MEANT

"See here, Stubbs," said the editor, "you say: 'Among those present were Algy Fitznoodle, Cholly Chumley, etc.'"

"Anything wrong with it?" asked the reporter.

"You should say 'et al,' meaning 'and other'—'etc.' means 'and other things.'"

"Well, that's what I mean," said Stubbs.—*Selected.*

ONLY A MINUTE REQUIRED

"Have you a minute to spare?"

"Sure."

"Tell me all you know."—*Syracuse Orange Peel.*

FRIGHTFUL FOR BOTH

"There we stood, the tiger and myself, in the thick of the jungle, face to face!"

"Oh, Major, how perfectly frightful it must have been for both of you!"—*Passing Show.*

HAD TO GIVE SOME REASON

He: "People are saying you married me for my money."

She: "Well, I had to give them some reason."—*Selected.*

IN A NUTSHELL

"Now, if you have that in your head," said a professor, who had just explained a theory to his students, "you have it all in a nutshell!"—*American Boy.*

NONE IN THE HOUSE

Mistress—"Bridget, I told you twice to have muffins for breakfast. Have you no intellect?" Bridget—"No, mum; there's none in the house."—*Christian Register.*

INSURANCE

AN INSURANCE ANECDOTE

An insurance man tells this one:

"Not long ago there rushed into one of our offices in the South a very excited woman; so excited in fact, that she was out of breath and could speak with difficulty.

"'What's the trouble?' asked one of the clerks.

"'I want a policy at once—at once!' exclaimed the woman, when she had recovered sufficiently to articulate. 'Our house is on fire!'" —*Selected.*

THE CAUSE OF HER EXCITEMENT

The teacher was trying to convey an idea of devotion to the members of her class. "Now suppose," she said, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene—the man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife knows his peril and, hearing his screams, rushes immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?" Whereupon a boy in the rear exclaimed: "Why, to draw his insurance money."—*Selected.*

THE FACILITIES UNCERTAIN

A farmer wished to insure his barn and a few stacks. "What facilities have you for extinguishing a fire in your village?" inquired the superintendent of the office. The man pondered a little while. Finally he answered, "Well, sometimes it rains."—*Selected.*

PROTECTED AGAINST FIRE

Nervous Old Lady (on seventh floor): "Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?"

Porter: "Yes, mum; he has the place insured for twice wot it's worth."—*Home Herald.*

THE RESULT OF A "PULL"

Casey: "Finnegan got his loife insured last June, an' he's dead so quick." Cassidy: "Shure, he must hov had a pull wid de insurance company."—*Boston Transcript.*

IRISH HUMOR

NOT TOO SICK TO RIDE

An Irishman employed at the San Pedro shipyards, according to Charles M. Schwab, had taken a day off without permission and seemed likely to lose his place in consequence. When asked by the foreman why he hadn't shown up the day before, the man replied:

"I was so ill, sir, that I couldn't have come to work to save my life."

"How was it then, Pat, that I saw you pass the factory on your bicycle yesterday morning?" growled the foreman.

For a moment Pat was slightly taken aback, but regaining his presence of mind, replied:

"Sure, sorr, but that must have been when I was goin' for the doctor."—*Selected.*

THOUGHT THE LINE HAD BEEN CUT

A young Irish sailor, after pulling in forty or fifty fathoms of line, muttered to himself: "Sure, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five men. More of it yit? The say's mighty deep, to be sure." Then he suddenly stopped short; and, looking up to the officer on watch, he exclaimed, "Bad luck to me, sorr, if I don't belave somebody's cut off the other end of this line!"—*Selected.*

WOULD NOT KNOW THE DIFFERENCE

"The boss sint me down after a pane of glass, ten by fourteen," said the workman to the hardware man.

"Well, Patrick, I don't think I can give you a ten by fourteen, but I can give you a fourteen by ten if you think you can make that do."

"Jist give me wan av thim, and Oi'll jist turn the sideways av it lengthways, and Oi don't believe the boss himself ud ever know the difference."—*Selected.*

NOT COMPETING WITH DICKENS

Pasted on the window of the book-publisher's store was the sign, "Porter wanted," and in the window itself, on a pile of books, the placard: "Dickens' Works All This Week for $4." The able-looking Irishman read first the sign and then the placard. He blurted out: "Dickens may take the job! Dickens can wur-rk all the week fer foor dollars if he wants to, but I'll not touch it. Ye'd better kape Dickens."—*Selected.*

WANTED AN AMERICAN NAME

A somewhat unpatriotic little son of Italy, twelve years old, came to his teacher in a city public school and asked if he could not have his name changed.

"Why do you want to change your name?" the teacher asked.

"I want to be an American. I live in America now."

"What American name would you like?"

"I have it here," he said, handing the teacher a dirty scrap of paper, on which was written, "Patrick Dennis McCarty."—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

DID NOT LOOK LIKE VICTORY

Pat was in the museum looking at a copy of the "Winged Victory."

"And phat may yez call thot?" he asked an attendant.

"That is a statue of 'Victory,' sir," was the answer.

Pat surveyed the headless and armless statue with renewed interest.

"Victhry, is it?" he said. "Thin, begorry, Oi'd like to see the other fellow."—*Selected.*

NOT USED TO ELEVATORS

An Irishman out of employment applied at some works for a job. To get to the office, he was taken up by the lift, which left him at the floor on which the office was situated, and then it ascended further.

On Pat's coming out of the offices, he went to where he got off the lift, stepped out, and fell to the bottom. When he got up again, he went to the man that was working in the yard.

"Faith I have only a half-crown left, but I will give it to the first man that will tell me who took that staircase away."—*Selected.*

THOUGHT HE KNEW HOW

The following was overheard at a railway station where Pat was among the crowd gathered around the ticket office. It being his first experience in traveling, he was not quite sure how to obtain his ticket, so he listened intently to the first young woman who purchased hers. Poor Pat thought he was all right when he heard her say: "Maryhill, single!" He then walked forward, with a knowing air and said: "Patrick Murphy, married!"—*Selected.*

IRELAND AHEAD

An Irishman and a Scot were arguing as to the merits of their respective countries.

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, "they toor doon an auld castle in Scotland and found manny wires unde- it, which shows that the telegraph was knoon there hoondreds o' years ago."

"Well," said Pat, "they toor down an ould castle in Oireland, and, begorra, there was no wires found undher it, which shows that they knew all about wireless telegraphy in Oireland hundreds av years ago."—*Selected.*

WAS A DISTANT RELATIVE

Two chance acquaintances from Ireland were talking together.

"An' so yer name is Riley," said one. "Are yez any relation to Tim?"

"Very dishtantly," said the other. "Oi wus me mother's first child, an' Tim wus the seventeenth."—*Social Circle.*

HIS SISTER MARRIED ONE

They were looking at the kangaroo at the Zoo, when an Irishman said: "Beg pardon, sor, phwat kind of a creature is that?"

"Oh," said the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."

"Good hivens!" exclaimed Pat. "An' me sister married wan o' thim."—*Boston Transcript.*

STRANGE SECURITY

Milligan: "If I be afther laving security equil ter what I take away will yez trust me till nixt wake?"

Sands (the grocer): "Certainly."

Milligan: "Well, then, sell me two av thim hams an' kape wan av thim till I come again."—*Selected.*

THE NAME WAS ENOUGH

Mr. McGuire (to hospital attendant): "Phwat did ye say the doctor's name was?" Attendant: "Doctor Kilpatrick." Mr. McGuire: "That settles it. No doctor wid thot cognomen will get a chance to operate on me—not if I know it." Attendant: "Why not?" Mr. McGuire: "Well, ye see, my name is Patrick."—*Judge.*

"TOO PREVIOUS"

Mrs. Houlihan: "Phwat a fool Oi was! Oi niver saw yez till the day before me unforchnit marriage."

Houlihan: "Faith, Oi wish ye hadn't seen me till the day after."—*Boston Transcript.*

TOO WEAK

"I say, Pat, that's the worst looking horse I've ever seen in harness. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fatten him up, is it? Shure, the poor baste can hardly carry the little mate that's on him now."—*Selected.*

WHY HE STARTED THE FIGHT

Judge—"This man was a stranger to you! Then, why did you pick a fight with him?"

Kelly—"All me friends is away on their vacations!"—*Life.*

NO PLACE FOR PAPER SKULLS

An Irishman was on trial charged with assaulting a neighbor and fracturing his skull. During the trial several physicians testified that the man's skull was very thin—in medical terms, a "paper skull."

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced?" asked the judge.

"No, your lordship, but I should like to ask just one question."

"What is it?"

"What was a man with a skull like that doing at a Tipperary fair?"—*Selected.*

PROUD OF HIS NATIONALITY

An English clergyman turned to a Scotchman and asked him: "What would you be were you not a Scot?"

The Scotchman said: "Why, an Englishman, of course!"

Then the clergyman turned to a gentleman from Ireland and asked him: "And what would you be were you not an Irishman?"

The man thought a moment and said: "I'd be ashamed of meself!"—*Selected.*

NO SCOUNDRELS IN THAT CEMETERY

Mike was walking through a cemetery with his friend Pat and reading the epitaphs. "Where do you think they bury the scoundrels? These are the best set o' fellows that Oi ever read about in me loife."—*Selected.*

IRONY

WHY HE DIDN'T WALK

Passenger—"What makes the train run so slow?"

Irate Conductor—"If you don't like it, you can get off and walk."

Passenger—"I would, only I am not expected until train-time."—*Squib.*

JEWISH HUMOR

WHY IT WAS A VILLAGE

He was from the country, and he was also a Yankee, and from behind his bowed spectacles he peered inquisitively at the little Jew who occupied the other half of the car seat with him.

The little Jew looked at him. "Nice day," he began politely.

"You're a Jew, ain't you?" queried the Yankee.

"Yes, sir, I'm a clothing salesman," handing him a card.

"But you're a Jew?"

"Yes, I'm a Jew," came the answer.

"Well," continued the Yankee, "I'm a Yankee, and in the little village in Maine where I come from I'm proud to say there ain't a Jew."

"Yes?" replied the little Jew quietly. "That's why it's a village."—*Selected.*

NO USE DODGING BULLETS

Among Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba was a little Dutch Jew, the very incarnation of cool, impudent bravado in a fight. He was a consistent fatalist.

One day he observed a comrade dodging a bullet that had whistled uncomfortably close to him.

"Vat's de use to todge dem pullets?" sang out the little Jew. "They'll hit you chust as vell vere you are as vere you ain't!"—*Selected.*

BUSINESS

Mrs. L.: "Isaac! Isaac! I can hear a man snorin' under the bed! He must be a burglar!"

Mr. L.: "Hush, Rebecca! Don't vake him, an' den ve vill charge him for a night's lodgin' in de mornin'!"—*Selected.*

THE JEW WON

Jews do not believe in eating pork, and Catholics do not eat meat on Friday. An Irishman and a Jew were planning a banquet for their friends. The Irishman decided to have a joke at the Jew's expense. Addressing the committee which had charge of the banquet, the Irishman said, "I move that we have a pork banquet." The Jew was instantly on his feet, and said: "And I move that we have it on Friday."

KIND-HEARTEDNESS

BROKE THE NEWS GENTLY

Simpkins always was soft-hearted and when it developed upon him to break gently the news of Jones' drowning to the bereaved Mrs. Jones, it cost him much paper, ink and perspiration before he sent the following:

"Dear Mrs. Jones: "Your husband cannot come home to-day, because his bathing suit was washed away in the surf.

"P. S.—Poor Jones was inside the suit."—*Missouri Mule.*

LAW-SUITS

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Some time ago a man was charged with shooting a number of pigeons, the property of a farmer. In giving his evidence the farmer was exceedingly careful, even nervous, and the solicitor for the defense endeavored to frighten him. "Now," he remarked, "are you prepared to swear that this man shot your pigeons?" "I didn't say he did shoot 'em," was the reply. "I said I suspected him o' doing it." "Ah! now we're coming to it. What made you suspect that man?" "Well, firstly, I caught him on my land wi' a gun. Secondly, I heerd a gun go off an' saw some pigeons fall. Thirdly, I foun' four o' my pigeons in his pocket—and I don't think them birds flew there and committed suicide."—*Selected.*

ASKED A LEADING QUESTION

In a certain case where the charge was the theft of a watch the evidence was conflicting. As the jury retired, the judge observed that he would be glad to help in adjusting any difficulties that might present themselves to the minds of the jury. Eleven jurors filed out of the box. The one who remained wore an ex-

pression of extreme perplexity. Observing his hesitation, the judge said:

"Would you like to ask me a question?"

"Yes, your Honor," replied the juror, eagerly. "I'd be very glad if you'd tell me whether the prisoner really stole the watch." —*The Green Bag.*

HE KNEW MORE THAN ALL

The prosecuting attorney had encountered a somewhat difficult witness. Finally he asked the man if he was acquainted with any of the men on the jury.

"Yes, sir," announced the witness, "more than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the lawyer.

"Why, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."—*St. Louis Republic.*

PAT'S CONVERSATION

Pat was called into court to testify to a talk that he had had with the defendant in a civil suit, and everything went along as swimmingly as a flock of bullfrogs until the lawyer attempted to bring out the important points of the conversation.

"Now, then, Pat," said he encouragingly, "please tell the court what you and the defendant talked about."

"Yis, sor," answered Pat willingly. "We talked about fifteen minutes."

"No, no, no!" interposed the lawyer. "I mean, what did you and the defendant talk over?"

"Yis, sor," was the calm rejoinder of Pat. "We talked over the tiliphone, sor."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

WAS THE UNFITNESS MUTUAL?

The Judge (to jury, who have retired several times without agreeing)—"I understand that one juryman prevents your coming to a verdict. In my summing up I have clearly stated the law, and any juryman who obstinately sets his individual opinion against the remaining eleven is totally unfitted for his duties."

The Solitary Objector—"Please, m'lud, I'm the only man who agrees with you!"—*Passing Show.*

HELD HIM NOT GUILTY

It was the first case ever tried in Stony Gulch, and the jury had sat for hours arguing and disputing.

At last they straggled back, and the foreman, a tall mountaineer, expressed the general opinion.

"We don't think he did it," he said slowly, "for we allow he wa'n't there; but we think he would of ef he'd had the chanst."—*Youth's Companion.*

NOT THE FAULT OF THE COW

The following speech was made by an Irish barrister on behalf of his client, whose cow had been killed by a train:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blew as it should have been blowed, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."—*Tit-Bits.*

TOO LIMITED

"You have sworn to tell nothing but the truth."

"Nothing but the truth, your Honor?"

"Precisely."

"Then, Judge, with that limitation upon me, I might as well warn you that I'm not going to have much to say."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A BORN FIGHTER

The Lawyer: "The precedents are against you, madam."

The Lady: "Well, sue them too, then."—*Boston Transcript.*

WHAT HIT HIM

"As a matter of fact," said the lawyer for the defendant, trying to be sarcastic, "you were scared half to death, and you don't know whether it was a motor-car or something resembling a motor-car that hit you."

"May I say, then," the plaintiff calmly replied, "that I was forcibly struck by the resemblance?"—*C. E. World.*

A BAD MIX

A man was charged with stealing a horse, and after a long trial the jury acquitted him. Later in the day the man came back and asked the judge for a warrant against the lawyer who had successfully defended him.

"What's the charge?" inquired the judge.

"Why, Your Honor," replied the man, "you see, I didn't have the money to pay him his fee, so he took the horse I stole."—*J. J. O'Connell.*

VICTIM OF AN UNLUCKY NUMBER

"Why are you here, my friend?" asked the prison parson.

"I'm the victim of the unlucky number thirteen."

"Tell me all about it—that unlucky thirteen."

"Yes, sir; twelve jurors and one judge."—*Selected.*

DID NOT WANT TO BE PESTERED

"Jedge," said the colored witness, "I wish you'd please make that lawyer stop pesterin' me."

"But he has a right to question you."

"Dat may be, Jedge, but I's got a rattlin' in my head, en ef he worry me much more, fust t'ing you know I'll up and tell de truth 'bout this matter!"—*Selected.*

AN AGGRAVATED CASE

"And is this man to come into this court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and to draw fifteen bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity?" asked an English barrister. There was no reply.—*Christian Register.*

TRESPASSING ON ETERNITY

A long-winded prosy counselor was arguing a technical case recently before one of the judges of the Superior Court. He had drifted along in such a desultory way that it was hard to keep track of what he was trying to present, and the judge had just vented a very suggestive yawn. "I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court," said the lawyer, with a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice. "There is some difference," the judge quietly observed, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

SETTLING OUT OF COURT

Magistrate.—"Can't this case be settled out of court?"

Mulligan.—"Sure, sure; that's what we were trying to do, your honor, when the police interfered."—*Brooklyn Life.*

NOT MAKING HIS DEBUT

Judge—"Were you ever arrested before?"

Riggles—"Honest now, Judge, do I look like I was a bud jest makin' me daboo?"—*Selected.*

LAWYERS

ROOM FOR DOUBT

Here is a little story that was told by Congressman William H. Murray of Oklahoma, in gently throwing the harpoon into a lawyer friend.

One afternoon a stranger debarked from a train at a hustling town in the West, and headed up the street. Finally he met some one that looked like a native.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, halting the likely looking person, "are you a resident of this town?"

"Yes, sir," was the ready rejoinder of the other. "Been here something like fifty years. What can I do for you?"

"I am looking for a criminal lawyer," responded the stranger. "Have you one here?"

"Well," reflectively answered the native, "we think we have, but we can't prove it on him."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

DISCOURAGED

The late Gilman Marston, of New Hampshire, was arguing a complicated case, and had looked up authorities back to Julius Cæsar. At the end of an hour and a half, in the most intricate part of his plea, he was pained to see what looked like inattention. It was as he had feared. The judge was unable to appreciate the nice points of his argument.

"Your honor," he said. "I beg your pardon, but do you follow me?"

"I have so far," answered the judge, shifting wearily about in his chair, "but I'll say frankly that if I thought I could find my way back, I'd quit right here."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

WHY SHE DID NOT TALK

When Mr. Lloyd George was a young country solicitor in Wales, he was riding home in his dog-cart one day and came upon a little Welsh girl trudging along so wearily that he offered her a ride. She accepted silently, but all the way along, although he tried to engage her in conversation, he could not get her to say anything more than a timid "Yes" or "No." Some days afterward the girl's mother happened to meet Mr. Lloyd George, and said to him smilingly, "Do you remember that my little girl rode home with you a short time ago? Well, when she got home she said, 'Mamma, I rode home from school with Mr. Lloyd George, the lawyer, and he kept talking to me, and I didn't know what ever to do, for you know Mr. Lloyd George charges when you talk with him, and I hadn't any money.'"—*Selected.*

PAYING HIS WAY

In a rural court the old squire had made a ruling so unfair that three young lawyers at once protested against such a miscarriage of justice. The squire immediately fined each of the lawyers $5 for contempt of court.

There was silence, and then an older lawyer walked slowly to the front of the room and deposited a $10 bill with the clerk. He then addressed the judge as follows:

"Your honor, I wish to state that I have twice as much contempt for this court as any man in the room."—*Youth's Companion.*

NEW USE FOR AN ALARM-CLOCK

Senator Ollie James told of a young man in Louisville who not long since hung up his shingle as attorney-at-law.

One afternoon a friend, upon entering the office, observed upon the desk of the new legal light a dollar alarm-clock.

"That's a good idea," said the friend. "One is very apt to oversleep these fine spring mornings."

The youthful attorney smiled sadly. "This alarm-clock was not bought for the reason you mention," said he. "I merely keep it here to wake me when it is time to go home."—*Green Bag.*

WOULD HAVE NO COMPETITION

A young graduate in law wrote to a prominent practitioner in Arkansas to inquire what chance there was in that section.

"I am a Republican in politics," he wrote, "and an honest young lawyer."

In a few days he received this reply: "If you are a Republican the game laws here will protect you, and if you are an honest lawyer you will have no competition."—*Selected.*

LAWYERS' FEES

"Why do you want a new trial?"

"On the grounds of newly discovered evidence, your honor."

"What's the nature of it?"

"My client has dug up $400 that I didn't know he had."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

MUST KNOW HIS CHARGES FIRST

Lady.—"I want to sue my husband for divorce."

Lawyer.—"What are your charges?"

Lady.—"What are yours first?"—*Selected.*

ACQUITTED HIMSELF

Young Lawyer—"How do you think I acquitted myself in that trial?"

Old Friend—"Much better than you did your client."—*Selected.*

HE COULD NOT SAY

Client: "How much will your opinion be worth in this case?"

Lawyer: "I am too modest to say. But I can tell you what I'm going to charge you."—*Boston Transcript.*

HE NEEDED A LAWYER

"You are lying so clumsily," said the observant judge to a litigant who was making a dubious statement of his case, "that I would advise you to get a lawyer."—*Selected.*

PROVING HIS CLIENT'S INNOCENCE

A certain lawyer was defending a man who had been sued for returning a borrowed kettle in a damaged condition.

"I intend to prove my client's innocence in three different ways," said he. "First, I intend to show that he never borrowed the kettle.

Secondly, I intend to prove that it was cracked when he borrowed it. And, thirdly, I will prove that it was whole when he returned it."

LAWYERS

Ignorance of the law does not prevent the losing lawyer from collecting his bill.—*Puck.*

HE WAS CONSIDERATE

Archbishop Ryan once attended a dinner given him by the citizens of Philadelphia and a brilliant company of men were present. Among others were the president of the Pennsylvania railroad, ex-Attorney-General MacVeagh, counsel for the road, and other prominent railroad men.

Mr. MacVeagh, in talking to the guest of the evening, said: "Your Grace, among others you see here a great many railroad men. There is a peculiarity of railroad men that even on social occasions you will find that they always take their lawyer with them. That is why I am here. They never go anywhere without their counsel. Now they have nearly everything that men want, but I have a suggestion to make to you for an exchange with us. We can give free passes on all the railroads of the country. Now if you would only give us—say a free pass to Paradise by way of exchange."

"Ah, no," said His Grace, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "that would never do. I would not like to separate them from their counsel."—*Selected.*

UNUSUAL FOR A LAWYER

George Ade had finished his speech at a recent dinner-party, and on seating himself a well-known lawyer rose, shoved his hands deep into his trousers' pockets, as was his habit and laughingly inquired of those present: "Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?"

When the laugh had subsided, Ade drawled out:

"Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"—*Selected.*

LAWYERS AND LIARS

It is a dangerous thing, when you have let slip an unfortunate remark, to try to cover up the blunder.

Mrs. G. was talking with the wife of Judge H. about her son's choice of a profession. "I don't want him to be a lawyer," she said.

"Why not?" said the judge's wife. "I think there is nothing much finer than the legal profession for a bright boy."

"Well," said Mrs. G., bluntly, "a lawyer has to tell so many lies." Then it dawned on her that she was talking to the wife of a lawyer; so she hastily added, "That is—er—to be a *good lawyer!*" —*Youth's Companion.*

HIS ANNUITY GONE

The New Junior Partner—"Well, I've succeeded in settling that Arnold case, dad."

The Senior Partner—"What! Goodness, boy—why, I gave you that case as an annuity."—*Tatler.*

LAZINESS

MORBUS SABBATICUS

A certain parish paper of Australia has the following that is too good to keep. "We are not yet ready to sanction Christian Science, but if ever an ailment could yield to the treatment of this cult, we believe 'morbus Sabbaticus' would be that one. 'Morbus Sabbaticus,' or Sunday sickness, is a disease peculiar to churchgoers. The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are felt on Saturday night; the patient sleeps well, eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on, and continues till services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better, and he is able to take a walk and talk about politics; but about church time he gets another attack, and stays at home. He retires early, sleeps well, and wakes up on Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work, and does not have any symptoms of the disease until next Sunday." The vicar, in the same manner, suggests a remedy: "On Sunday," he says, "rise at seven; use plenty of cold water. Then mix up and take internally a dose composed of equal parts of the following ingredients—namely, will, push, energy, determination, self-respect for God's day, respect for God's Book, respect for God's house. Stir well; add a little love just to make it sweet. Repeat the dose every three minutes until church time, unless relief comes sooner. If the day is stormy an external application of overshoes, rubber coats, and umbrellas will be beneficial."—*Selected.*

WAITING TO STOP

Admiral Sir Percy Scott is a very hard worker himself, and he detests laziness in others.

One morning some time ago he approached a member of the "unemployable" class who was lying under a tree beside a river, placidly watching the barges drift up and down.

"What are you here for?" Sir Percy asked.

The man turned lazily to look at him.

"I'm here," he said, "to pile them bales on to the wharf."

"I see," commented Sir Percy dryly; "and now, I suppose, you are resting."

"No," was the thoughtful reply; "no, I ain't resting. I'm just waiting."

"Waiting!" repeated Sir Percy. "What for?"

"Till it's time to knock off work," was the bland reply.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

THOUGHT IT WAS THE LORD

A negro was lying down during the noon hour, sleeping in the hot sun. The clock struck one, the time to pick up his hod again. He rose, stretched, and grumbled: "I wish I wuz daid. Tain' nothin' but wuk, wuk from mornin' tell night."

Another man, a story above, heard the complaint and dropped a brick on the grumbler's head.

Dazed, he looked up and said:

"Da Lawd can' stan' no jokes. He jes' takes ev'rything in yearnist."—*Kansas City Star.*

THE CONSCIENTIOUS HORSE

A traveler in Indiana noticed that a farmer was having trouble with his horse. It would start, go slowly for a short distance, and then stop again. Thereupon the farmer would have great difficulty in getting it started. Finally the traveler approached and asked, solicitously:

"Is your horse sick?"

"Not as I knows of."

"Is he balky?"

"No. But he is so 'fraid I'll say whoa and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."—*Selected.*

ENVIABLE

"Some un sick at yo' house, Mis' Carter?" inquired Lila. "Ah seed de doctah's kyar eroun' dar yestiddy."

"It was for my brother, Lila."

"Sho! What's he done got de matter od 'im?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is. He can eat and sleep as well as ever, he stays out all day long on the veranda in the sun, and seems as well as any one; but he can't do any work at all."

"He cain't—yo' says he cain't wuhk?"

"Not a stroke."

"Law, Mis' Carter, dat ain't no disease what you brothe' got! Dat's a gif' l"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THEIR PRINCIPAL EMPLOYMENT

"What do you do here in this town?" asked a traveler of a man in a dried-up town.

"Waal, boss," the man answered, yawning, "in winter they mostly sets on the east side of the house and follers the sun around to the west, and in summer they sets on the west side and follers the shade around to the east."—*Selected.*

A GOOD PROVIDER

"Mandy," said a former mistress to her servant, "is your husband a good provider?"

"Yes, ma'am, dat he is," she replied. "Dat about all he do. He say he go' git me some furniture for de house, perviden he git de money, and he go' git de money, perviden he git a job, and he go' git de job, perviden he like it. Yes'm, he sure is good at perviden."—*Life.*

THE MAN AND THE JOB

"I would be willing to work," said Thomas, "if I could get the sort of job I want."

"What would that be?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind calling out the stations on an Atlantic liner."—*Spice Box.*

WHY THEY RAISED HOGS

Northern Visitor (in Georgia): "I see you raise hogs almost exclusively about here. Do you find they pay better than corn and potatoes?" Native (slowly): "Wal, no; but yer see, stranger, hogs don't need hoeing!"—*Selected.*

OVERWORKED AT BILLIARDS

He carried a cue nine miles around a billiard table and pushed a lawn mower once across his 30-by-20 lawn.

Then he collapsed.

"Overwork," said the sympathetic doctor and put him to bed.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

RIDING MORE PLEASANT THAN WALKING

"Did you ever think how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab and think how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab than to walk, than to walk and think how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab than to walk?"—*Selected.*

WHERE HARD WORK KILLED

"Why don't you get out and hustle? Hard work never killed anybody," remarked the philosophical gentleman to whom Rastus applied for a little charity.

"You're mistaken dar, boss," replied Rastus; "I'se lost fouh wives dat way."—*People's Home Journal.*

A TRAMP ON MEDICAL ADVICE

Lady: "What caused you to become a tramp?"

Ragged Tim: "The family physician, mum. He advised me to take long walks after meals, and I've been walking after 'em ever since."—*Selected.*

WAS BALANCING THE LEDGER

Mr. Push, of Slackem & Push, of the city, suddenly entering his counting-house the other day, found one of his clerks steadying a large book endways on his chin. "Why aren't you at work?" he growled. "I am, sir," replied the clerk. "I'm balancing the ledger, sir!"—*Selected.*

LIKE HIS HIRED MAN

"Some stars are so far away that the light from them hasn't reached us yet. But it will arrive eventually."

"Reminds me of my hired man coming from the post-office," commented Farmer Heck.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SOME OF THEM

First Clerk—"How many people work in our office?"

Second Clerk—"Oh, I should say, roughly about one third of them."—*Selected.*

DID NOT SOUND GOOD TO HIM

Woman at Back Door—"And do you want employment?"

The Hobo—"Lady, I know you mean well, but you can't make work sound any more inviting by using words of three syllables."—*Selected.*

A CASE FOR DAMAGES

"Billy's going to sue the company for damages."

"Why? Wot did they do to 'im?"

"They blew the quittin' whistle when 'e was carryin' a 'eavy piece of iron, and 'e dropped it on 'is foot."—*Selected.*

THE JOB HE WANTED

First Hobo—"I have at last thought of a job I think I would like." Second Hobo—"And what is it?" First Hobo—"Lineman in a wireless telegraph company."—*Chicago Herald.*

HIS EDUCATIONAL HARDSHIPS

"Tell me of your early educational hardships." "Well, I lived seven blocks from a Carnegie library and we had no automobile." —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SO SHE WAS

Doctor.—"Your daughter, madam, is suffering from constitutional inertia."

The Girl.—"There, ma! And you've been saying I was simply lazy."—*Boston Transcript.*

WHY THE HOUSE WAS NOT REPAIRED

A traveler in Ireland, in the midst of a severe storm of wind and rain, found a dilapidated cabin by the wayside and entered. Through numerous cracks and fissures in the wall and roof the flood poured in trickling streams; only one spot of the littered floor was dry, and that was in the corner, where an old coverlet was suspended roofwise, and underneath which sat the owner of the cabin playing a fiddle. He ceased his music as the stranger entered, and offered him a seat by his side beneath the coverlet. "You seem to be musical under difficulties," remarked the traveler, after he had gained the shelter. "Faith, an' I fiddle to keep away the blues," answered Paddy. "Is this cabin yours?" "An' it is, bad scran to it!" "Why don't you patch up the walls and roof, and stop this fearful leaking?" "Och, bedad! would you have a man go out in this storm? The remedy 'ud be worse than the disease." "But," urged the traveler, "why don't you patch it during pleasanter weather?" "Why, bless your sowl," exclaimed the host, "in pleasant weather it doesn't lake."—*Selected.*

COULD EASILY TAKE HIM

Boss: "No; we have all the men we need."

Laborer: "Seems like you could take one more, the little bit of work I'd do."—*Judge.*

LOQUACIOUSNESS

DID NOT LOOK AT HER TONGUE

Mrs. Jenkins, on being shown into the doctor's consulting-room, immediately started on the long story of her troubles.

The doctor, to whom she was a regular visitor, endured it patiently and gave her another bottle.

At last she prepared to go out, and the doctor was congratulating himself, when she stopped and exclaimed, "Why, doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated."

"I know it isn't," wearily replied the medical man. "You don't find grass on a race track."—*Selected.*

THE LECTURE WAS TOO LONG

Friend (to professor, whose lecture, "How to Stop the War," has just concluded)—"Congratulate you, old man—went splendidly. At one time during the afternoon I was rather anxious for you." Professor—"Thanks. But I don't know why you should have been so concerned on my behalf." Friend—"Well, a rumor did go round the room that the war would be over before your lecture."—*Punch.*

A SYNOPSIS WOULD DO

Brevity.—Barber (beginning the hair-cut)—"Have you heard the story about the guy that—(resuming business)—want it short, sir?"

Customer (a tired editor)—"Yes; a mere synopsis will do!"—*Judge.*

PREFERRED THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

"Here comes that Miss Gabbins. I think I'll have Nora say I'm out."

"Won't the still, small voice reproach you?"

"Yes; but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to hers."—*Boston Transcript.*

LACKED TERMINAL FACILITIES

"What kind of a speaker is this man Gassaway?" asked the Old Fogy.

"Oh, he's a pretty fair speaker," replied the Grouch; "but he lacks terminal facilities."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

HOW TO SEEM WISE

Hokus.—"How did he acquire his reputation for such great wisdom?"

Pokus.—"That's easy. There isn't a subject under the sun about which he can't remain silent and look wise."—*Judge.*

NOT AN EXPERT

Jaspar: "Many a wise word is spoken in jest."

Jumpuppe: "Yes, but they can't compare with the number of foolish ones that are spoken in earnest."—*Life.*

HADN'T TIME TO COME IN

Mr. Benham.—"Why did that woman keep you standing at the door for half an hour?"

His Talkative Wife.—"She said she hadn't time to come in."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

ANSWERING FOOLISH QUESTIONS

"Don't you get tired of answering foolish questions?"

"Yes," replied the policeman, "I've answered that one twenty times to-day."—*Exchange.*

MARRIAGE

RARE INSIGHT

A Quaker attended the wedding of a young lawyer of his acquaintance, and on being presented to the bride, whom he had never seen before, he surveyed the young woman critically and remarked: "William, I think thy bride has shown more judgment in her choice than thee has—"

That seemed rather a backhanded compliment for the bride

until the old Quaker added: "Because it takes some penetration to discover thy good qualities—but hers can be seen at a glance."—*Boston Transcript.*

NOT MISS WILBERFORCE FOREVER

William Wilberforce, the slave liberator, had a sister who was a hustler. She hustled for William on the hustings, and succeeded in getting him elected to parliament. On one occasion, when she had concluded her stump speech, some enthusiasts in the crowd shouted: "Miss Wilberforce forever!"

The lady stepped forward. "Gentlemen, I thank you," she said, "but, believe me, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."—*Tit-Bits.*

SHE QUESTIONED HIS MOTIVES

As Widow Watts bent industriously over her wash-tub she was treated to polite conversation by a male friend, who presently turned the conversation to matrimony, winding up with a proposal of marriage.

"Are ye sure ye love me?" sighed the buxom widow, as she paused in her wringing.

The man vowed he did.

For a few minutes there was silence as the widow continued her labor. Then suddenly she raised her head, and asked:

"You ain't lost yer job, 'ave yer?"—*Selected.*

DIFFERENT OPINIONS

"This question has two sides," said the late Senator Newlands, in a political discussion. "It's like the young ladies' matrimonial argument: 'I,' said the first young woman, 'don't intend to marry till I'm thirty.'

"'And I,' said the second, 'don't intend to be thirty till I'm married.'"—*Selected.*

MADE SEVEN HAPPY

Minister: "I made seven hearts happy to-day."

Parishioner: "How was that?"

Minister: "Married three couples."

Parishioner: "That only makes six."

Minister: "Well, you don't think I did it for nothing?"—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

THE BRIBE AND GLOOM

Jimmy's mother had told him to stay near the window and watch for the bride and groom and come and tell her when he saw them coming. After waiting for some time his patience was rewarded, but he forgot to run and tell his mother. When they were quite near he suddenly remembered and called out lustily, "Mamma, here comes the Bribe and the Gloom."—*Selected.*

COULDN'T DO ANY BETTER

"I'm going to marry your sister, Bobbie," confided the happy young man, "but I know I'm not good enough for her."

"That's what sis says," returned the youthful culprit, "but ma's been tellin' her she can't do any better."—*Selected.*

THE BRIDEGROOM WAS POOR

Diana: "Is the man your sister's going to marry rich?"

Dick: "Not much! Every time mother talks about the wedding father says, 'Poor man!'"—*London Opinion.*

A SUITABLE MATCH

"So you think Katherine made a very suitable match."

"Yes, indeed; you know what a nervous, excitable girl she was. Well, she married a composer."—*Boston Transcript.*

DIDN'T NEED A REFERENCE

Mistress—"So you're going to leave us? Do you want a reference?"

Ann—"No, ma'am. The man I'm going to work for is willing to take chances. I'm leaving to get married."—*Selected.*

HER FATHER WOULD NOT CARE

"Do you think your father will object to my marrying you?"

"I don't think so. He has just received the bills for my new spring outfit."—*Detroit Free Press.*

SHE WOULD NEVER MARRY

"How is it ye've never married, Norah?"

"G'long wid ye, Mike! Shure the man I'd marry ain't been born yet, an' his mother's dead."—*Boston Transcript.*

HIS MARRIAGE A FAILURE

"What did Rastus get married for?"

"Lawd only knows, chile. He keeps right on workin'."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE BAIT GROWING STALE

An old man was talking to a bachelor, and asked him why he did not marry. He parried the question by telling about different young women he had known, finding some fault with each one. But it appeared that all of them had married.

"You are in danger of getting left," said the old man to him "You had better hurry up before it is too late."

"Oh," said the bachelor, "there are just as many good fish left in the sea."

"I know that," replied the old man, "but the bait—isn't there danger of the bait becoming stale?"—*Selected.*

WOULDN'T MARRY HER FOR MONEY

She—"So many men marry for money. You wouldn't marry me for money, would you, dearest?"

He (absently)—"No, darling; I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world."—*Selected.*

MISJUDGING

AS SEEN BY OTHERS

Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," told, with keen relish, of a rebuff given him by a little girl who knew him only as a learned mathematician.

"Have you ever read 'Through the Looking-glass'?" he asked her, expecting an outburst of delight.

"Oh, yes!" she replied. "It is even more stupid than 'Alice in Wonderland'! Don't you think so?"

Wordsworth could not conceal his chagrin when he heard that his neighbors, the farmers, described him as "a daft, idle body, who went mooning about the hills and had not wit enough to raise a field of oats."

The following anecdote of Henry Clay was told by one of his personal friends:

While making the journey to Washington on the National Road, just after his nomination as candidate for the Presidency, he was traveling, one stormy night, wrapped up in a huge cloak, on the back seat of the stage-coach, when two passengers entered. They were Kentuckians, like himself. He fell asleep, and when he awoke found them discussing his chances in the coming campaign.

"What did Henry Clay go into politics for?" said one. "He had a good bit of land; he had a keen eye for stock. If he had stuck to stock-raising, he'd have been worth his fifty thousand. But now he doesn't own a dollar."

"And," the great Kentuckian used to add, "the worst of it was, every word of it was true."

It was characteristic of the man that at the next stopping-place he took another coach, lest his critics should recognize him and be mortified at their unintentional rudeness.—*The Youth's Companion.*

A FORTUNE

If Mary lived to-day and led
  Her little lamb to school
Instead of to the butcher's, why,
  We'd think she was a fool.

—*Selected.*

MISTAKES

IT WAS THE WRONG PARTY

In a recently published book Sir Henry Lucy has a charming story of the late Canon Ainger. The canon was very fond of children, and set out one night to attend a party given "by children for children."

"Don't announce me," he said to the servant.

Leaving his coat and hat downstairs, he quietly opened the drawing-room door, where the buzz of voices announced the presence of company. Dropping on his hands and knees he entered, making strange noises distinctly resembling the neighing of a horse. Aware of a dead silence, he looked up, and found the guests assembled for an eight-o'clock dinner regarding him with disgust, not unmixed with alarm.

The children's party was next door.—*Illustrated World.*

NO TIME TO CELEBRATE

A Boston man tells of a trip he made on a coastwise steamer to Baltimore when the vessel was wallowing in waves that threatened to engulf her at any moment.

Hastily the captain ordered a box of rockets and flares brought to the rail, and with his own hands ignited a number of them in the hope that they would be seen and help sent.

Amid the glare of the rockets, a tall, thin, austere woman found her way with difficulty to the rail and addressed the captain thus:

"Captain, I must protest against this dare-devilishness. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."—*Harper's Magazine.*

THOUGHT IT WAS HER BOTTLE

A glue factory stands near a certain railway. Its charms are not for the nose, and therefore a lady often carried with her a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old farmer took the seat beside her. As the train neared the factory, the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the whole car was filled with the horrible odor. The farmer put up with it as long as he could, then shouted, "Madam, would you mind puttin' the cork in that 'ere bottle?"—*New York Tribune.*

RATHER LATE TO GET UP

Uncle Lige bought a clock, so tall that it was almost impossible to get it into the house. The old man was extremely proud of it, and found it very good company. He would lie awake nights to hear it tick. One night the clock got out of order and began to strike. The old man awoke and counted 102. He promptly sat up in bed, and, calling to his wife, said: "Cynthy, get up, get up! It's later than I've ever knew it to be."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

MILKWEED

City Girl (pointing to a wild plant by the wayside)—"What's that?"

Country Cousin—"That's milkweed."

City Girl—"Oh, yes; that's what you feed the cows on, I suppose."—*What to Do.*

NOT THE SETTING SUN

One afternoon a traveler was rambling along a country road, when he observed a small boy sitting on a bridge, watching a great red glow in the western sky. "Young man," said he, enthusiastically, "I am glad to see you so interested in beautiful scenery." "Yes, sir," assented the youngster. "There is nothing more beautiful at times than the setting sun," pursued the traveler. "Do you often come here to watch it?" "That ain't no settin' sun!" exclaimed the boy, turning to the other with a happy expression. "That's our schoolhouse burnin' down."—*The Continent.*

COULDN'T FIND THE HYMN

At a camp meeting, where hats were used as collection baskets, the preacher said: "Let us sing while the hats are coming in."

The pianist, after some fumbling with the pages, turned to him and said: "I can't find it."

"Beg pardon," said the preacher, not understanding.

"Why," replied the pianist, "I can't find that song, 'While the Hats Are Coming In,' in my book."—*Selected.*

MISCALCULATED

A sportsman came to grief at the first fence. Pluckily remounting, he met the same fate at the second attempt. Asked the cause of his disasters, he said: "It vos like zis: Ven ve koms to ze first fence, I did zink my horse vud jomp; bot he did not jomp, so I vent over his head. Ven ve koms to ze second fence, I did zink he vud not jomp; and he did jomp, so I vent over his tail."—*Selected.*

IT WAS NOT HER ROOM

"I tell you," went on the old lady at a hotel, getting quite angry, "I won't have this room. I ain't going to pay my money for a pigsty; and as for sleeping in one of them beds, I simply won't do it."

"Get on in, mum," said he. "This ain't your room; it's the elevator."—*Selected.*

FAST TRAVELLING

Inquirer (at Boston Station): "Where does this train go?" Brakeman: "This train goes to New York in ten minutes." Inquirer: "Goodness! That's going some!"—*Selected.*

THOUGHT HE HAD A BAD COLD

"Where are you from?"

"Saskatchewan!"

"That's a bad cold you got, neighbor."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

BIGOTRY

Magistrate—"What is this man charged with?"

Officer—"Bigotry, your Worship. He's got three wives."—*Selected.*

SOLD!

Rich Old Aunt.—"Robert, I am going to make my last will. I think I shall leave you—" (pause).

Nephew (eagerly).—"Yes, aunt."

Aunt.—"Before long."—*Boston Transcript.*

DREAMED HE WAS FAMOUS

"Did you say he awoke one day to find himself famous?"

"No, I did not. I said he dreamed he was famous and then woke up."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

NOT AN OAK

"Wonderful old oak, I wonder what you would say to me if you could speak." "Well," said the gardener, visibly affected, "my guess is, 'I beg your pardon, miss, but I am a beech.' "—*Christian Register.*

INACCURATE

There are several excellent stories told of Professor Masson, the famous litterateur. Once he was addressing his students in the Edinburgh University, and told them that "this was an age of decadence. If I were to tell you that the young men of Rome used to swim across the Tiber three times before breakfast, what would you say?"

"I should say that you were inaccurate," came a voice.

"What! You question my accuracy?" cried Masson.

"Yes, sir; for their clothes would be left on the other side."—*Tit-Bits.*

A BAY STATE SOLOMON

Unfortunately we've mislaid the judge's name, but his courtroom is in New Bedford, Mass. Before him appeared a defendant who, hoping for leniency, pleaded, "Judge, I'm down and out."

Whereupon said the wise judge: "You're down, but you're not out. Six months."—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*

MIXED TWINS

Mark Twain used to tell the pathetic story of his childhood. It seems, according to the story, that Mark was born twins. He and his twin looked so much alike that no one, not even their mother, could tell them apart. One day, while the nurse was bathing them, one of them slipped in the bathtub and was drowned. No one ever knew which twin it was that was drowned—and therein, says Mark, was the tragedy. "Every one thought I was the one that lived," he said, "but I wasn't. It was my brother who lived. I was the one that was drowned."—*Selected.*

A DISAPPOINTED BURGLAR

A burglar entered by mistake
  A poet's room one day,
And, finding there was nothing else
  To steal, he stole away.
—*Boston Transcript.*

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

WHEN HE FIRST SAW DAYLIGHT

"May I ask where you were born, sir?" asked the reporter of the millionaire.

"In Pittsburg," replied the man of millions.

"And when did you first—er—see the light of day?" the reporter asked.

"At the age of nine," replied the millionaire. "My people then moved to Philadelphia."—*Selected.*

DID AS HE WAS TOLD

The schoolmaster possessed a very short temper and became extremely irritable when not obeyed at once. He was hearing the reading lesson, and Johnny was getting along famously until he came to the word "barque," when he halted. "B-b-b-ba—" stuttered Johnny. The master sharply said: "Barque, boy; barque." Johnny glared at the master with a look of perplexity on his face, and the master's temper rose. "Barque, boy; barque," he roared. Then Johnny, with a pitiful expression on his face, replied: "Bow—wow—wow—wow!"—*Selected.*

NOT WALTER RALEIGH

When Prof. Walter Raleigh, an Englishman, who was a direct descendant of the original Sir Walter Raleigh, was asked to lecture at Princeton College, Prof. Root went down to the station to meet the distinguished visitor. Prof. Root did not know Prof. Raleigh, but walking up to a man that he thought looked like him he said, "I beg your pardon, but am I addressing Walter

Raleigh?" The man looked at him for a moment and replied: "No, I am Christopher Columbus. Walter Raleigh is in the smoking-room with Queen Elizabeth."—*Selected.*

THE WRONG BILL

Bill Smith, a country storekeeper, went to the city to buy goods. They were sent immediately, and reached home before he did. When the boxes were delivered Mrs. Smith, who was running the store, uttered a scream, seized a hatchet and began frantically to open the largest one.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" said one of the bystanders, who had watched her in amazement.

Pale and faint, Mrs. Smith pointed to an inscription on the box. It read:

"Bill inside."—*Selected.*

POOR ENUNCIATION

A group of farmers were crowded round the post office window to get their mail, when one of them stalked up and shouted:

"Any mail for Mike Howe?"

The postmaster, a stranger in the community, glared at him over the rims of his spectacles and shouted back:

"No, not for your cow nor anybody else's cow."—*Boys' Life.*

SHE MISUNDERSTOOD HIM

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of New York tells this story of himself: "Not long ago a mother of one of my pupils came to me and said: 'Doctor, how could you speak to my little daughter so cruelly? She came home in tears, and never wants to go back.' 'What on earth did I say to her?' I asked in astonishment. 'You told her if she didn't come oftener you would throw her in the furnace,' the accusing mother asserted. I thought it over, much puzzled, and then I recalled that what I really did say was this: 'If you are not more regular in attendance I shall have to drop you from the register.' "—*Selected.*

WHERE WOULD HE BE

"Yes," said the storekeeper, "I want a good, bright boy to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

"That's all right," said the applicant; "but what becomes of me when the door slams shut?"—*Selected.*

WHERE THEY KEPT TRANSIENTS

A stranger, who stopped recently at a farmhouse in a country town not one hundred miles from Boston to inquire for a boarding-place, asked a man if there was any place in the next village where they kept transients. "Yes, I guess so," said the man, deliberately, "there are two stores."—*Selected.*

NOT FOR SEED

A florist and seedsman had received ten applications for pea seed from one customer, and when the eleventh came he wrote: "I am sending you the seeds, but what are you doing with so much pea seed? Are you planting the whole country with peas?"

"No," came back the answer; "we are not planting them at all; we are using them for soup!"—*Selected.*

NOT TELLING LIES

Landlord—"Yes, sir. We've a centenarian in this village. As a matter of fact, this is his grandson, or are you his great-grandson, Joe?"

Joe—"Great—great—great—great—gr—"

Visitor—"Oh, come, come. That's scarcely possible."

Landlord (confidentially)—"He isn't telling lies. He's only stuttering."—*Passing Show.*

NOT SEVERE ENOUGH

Mrs. Jones was standing in the doorway talking with old Mr. Ham, a neighbor. They were speaking in uncomplimentary terms about an impostor who had lately passed through the village, swindling right and left.

"He'd better not come round here again!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, indignantly. "If he does, I'll give him no quarter."

"Quarter!" shouted the enraged old man. "Quarter! Well, I guess not! I wouldn't give him ten cents!"—*The Youth's Companion.*

HE WORE A FIFTEEN SHIRT

Lady (entering bank, very businesslike)—"I wish to get a Liberty Loan bond for my husband."

Clerk—"What size, please?"

Lady—"Why, I don't believe I know, exactly, but he wears a fifteen shirt."—*Normal Instructor and Primary Plan.*

NOT FINE BUT SUBJECT TO FINE

An elderly farmer hitched his team to a telegraph post.

"Here," exclaimed the policeman, "you can't hitch there!"

"Can't hitch!" shouted the irate farmer. "Well, why have you a sign up, 'Fine for Hitching?'"—*Presbyterian Standard.*

THE NATURE OF HER COMPLAINT

Country Lady—"I've been expecting a packet of medicine by post for a week and haven't received it yet."

Post-office Clerk—"Yes, madam. Kindly fill in this form and state the nature of your complaint."

Lady—"Well, if you must know, it's indigestion."—*Tit-Bits.*

GIFTED? I SHOULD SAY

"Maybe he hasn't found himself yet," consoled the confidential friend. "Isn't he gifted in any way?"

"Gifted?" queried the father. "Well, I should say he is! Everything he's got was given to him."—*Harper's Magazine.*

NO ADENOIDS THERE?

Mickey Finn came home with a report from the school physician that he had adenoids, and would Mrs. Finn have them attended to at once.

"Ad'noids; what's thim?" she asked.

"They're things in your head, maw, what has to be took out," replied her son.

"He's another," said Mrs. Finn, with much earnestness, "an' what's more, I can prove it. Don't I fine-comb your head every Saturday night, and it's niver a ad'noid kin I find?"—*Selected.*

WHAT THEY ALL SAID

Customer (holding up box)—"How much is this?"

Fair Bazaar Attendant—"Five shillings."

Customer—"Aren't you a little dear?"

Attendant—"Well (coyly), that's what all the boys say."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

PATRONIZED HOME INDUSTRY

The retired coal-dealer was selecting his library.

"Will you have these books bound in Russia or Morocco, sir?" asked the dealer.

"But why," said the patron of literature, "can't you have 'em bound right here in Chicago?"—*Contributed.*

DEATH RATE THE SAME EVERYWHERE

Statistically Inclined Tourist.—"What is the death rate here?"

Native.—"Same as it is everywhere else—one death for every inhabitant."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

WORE THE STRIPES

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail;
"Well, I never," was his comment;
"There's a mule that's been in jail."
—*The Horse Lover.*

WAS STILL HUNGRY

"Ah, say, Miss Mandy, am yo' program full?

"Lordee, no, Mr. Lumley! It takes mo' 'an a san'wich an' two olives to fill mah program."—*The Coyote.*

NOT A PLANT

"What was the farmer talking about?" asked the first summer girl.

"A whiffletree," said the other.

"Well, I've studied botany, but I never heard of a whiffletree. Sounds like his idea of a joke."—*Selected.*

COULD NOT SIT ON HER HAND

Simpson gallantly escorted his Boston hostess to the table.

"May I," he asked, "sit on your right hand?"

"No," she replied, "I have to eat with that. You'd better take a chair."—*Selected.*

NO SOMNAMBULISM THERE

"Is it true that you have a case of somnambulism in your family, my good woman?" "No, ma'am; we ain't never had none of them new-fangled diseases here. The only thing that worries us is that our Mame will walk in her sleep."—*Baltimore American.*

MONARCHY

IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE

"Can you tell me," said the Court, addressing Enrico Ufuzzi, under examination at Union Hill, N. J., as to his qualifications for citizenship, "the difference between the powers and prerogatives of the King of England and those of the President of the United States?"

"Yezzir," spoke up Ufuzzi, promptly. "King, he got steady job." —*New York Morning Telegraph.*

MORTIFYING

A CLOSE GUESS

The bashful bachelor on the fifth floor recently encountered a neighbor, a young mother, and, wishing to be neighborly, asked:

"How is your little girl, Mrs. Jones?"

"My little boy is quite well, I thank you, Mr. Smith," replied the proud mother.

"Oh, it's a boy!" exclaimed the bachelor in confusion. "I knew it was one or the other."—*Harper's Magazine.*

SOMETHING FOR HER NECK

A young man had been courting a young lady for some time, and desired to buy her a birthday present. He asked her what she most desired, and she told him that she desired something for her neck.

When it came to buying the present he took her advice and bought her a cake of soap.—*Marion, Pittsburg.*

SHE COULD RECOGNIZE HIM

Young Hibbard was exhibiting some photographs to a charming society girl, with whom he was very much in love. "This one," he said, handing her a picture, "is my photo with two French poodles. Can you recognize me?" "Why, yes, I think so," replied the young woman, looking intently at the picture. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"—*Selected.*

HURT HER FEELINGS

"What is the matter with your old cat? She looks disconsolate these days."

"Pap hurt her feelings dreadfully. Brung home a mouse-trap last week. I told him not to do it. Cats has got their feelings same as anybody else."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

MISS LANE'S CAPACITY

"My dear Miss Lane, do let me help you to some more pudding."

"Well, thanks," said the young woman; "I will take some more, but only just a mouthful, please."

"Hilda," said the hostess to the waitress, "fill Miss Lane's plate." —*Anonymous.*

THE CASE WAS HOPELESS

"But couldn't you learn to love me, Stella?" he pleaded.

"I don't think I could, Frank," she replied.

He stood erect, then quickly reached for his hat. "It is as I feared—you are too old to learn."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

WAS LOOKING AT THE DAUGHTER

"Did you see the pleased expression on Mrs. Brown's face when I told her she didn't look any older than her daughter?" asked Mr. Jones, after the reception.

"No," said Mrs. Jones; "I was looking at the expression on her daughter's face."—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*

MOTION PICTURES

THE EFFECTS OF PICTURE SHOWS

There was a girl in our town,
  And she was wondrous wise.
She went to see a picture show
  And cried out both her eyes;
And when she saw her eyes were gone,
  With all her might and main
She hurried to another show,
  Which shocked them in again!

—WALTER G. DOTY in *Film Fun.*

TEACHING BY MOVIES

Fond Papa—"Well, son, what did you learn in school to-day?" Son—"Aw, not much, dad. We hadda couple of two-reelers in history, a three-reel travelogue in geography, and a split-reel nature study. They useta give a Wild West pitcher once in a while, but they don't do it no more."—*Widow.*

SCIENCE A WONDERFUL THING

A camera man working for the educational department of a film company met an old farmer coming out of a house in the town where he was working. "I have just been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm." "Did you catch any of my laborers in motion?" asked the old man, curiously. "Sure I did." The farmer shook his head reflectively, then said: "Science is a wonderful thing."—*Selected.*

THE MOVIES AS EDUCATORS

Latest news in the moving-picture world is to the effect that camera squadrons are busy taking war-pictures on the Flanders and Picardy fronts in the outskirts of Los Angeles.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

HELPING THE MOVIES

"Why did you put up your city hall to look like an ancient castle?" "Well, the movie people pay a good bit of taxes here, and they said it would be a great help in filming medieval scenes."—*Pittsburg Sun.*

NOT AN EASY TASK

Camera Man—"I'm sorry, Jack, but we'll have to do that business over again, where you fall off the roof into the rain-barrel and are run over by the steam-roller. My film gave out."—*Life.*

SHE COULDN'T HEAR A WORD

Mrs. Gary was eighty, and her city granddaughter entertained her with the picture show.

"Did you enjoy the movies?" her country friends asked her.

"Yes," the old lady assured them, "but I'm getting that deef I couldn't hear a word they said."—*Selected.*

MUDDLING

"TANGLE-TONGUE"

The variety of "tangle-tongue" called "Spoonerism" originated, probably, with the earliest attempts at human speech, but though so well known, it is not yet defined in the dictionaries. The association of it with Professor Spooner is recalled by a news-

paper paragraph which says that in a sermon to Oxford undergraduates he is reported to have said: "Brethren, have you never felt within your heart a half-warmed fish to be good?" His little son came by the failing honestly, for he is credited with saying at breakfast, "Mamma, please pass the parlor maid." Another case mentioned is that of the young curate who, basing his first sermon on the text, "The cock crew and Peter went out and wept bitterly," remarked solemnly, "The cock wept and Peter went out and crew bitterly—no, I mean Peter crew and the cock went out and wept bitterly."—*The Outlook.*

MUDDLED

The day was drawing to a close. Judge, jurors, witnesses and lawyers—all were growing weary. Counsel for the prosecution was cross-examining the defendant.

"Exactly how far is it between the two towns?" he asked at length.

For some time the man stood thinking, then:

"About four miles as the cry flows," came the answer.

"You mean as the flow cries!" retorted the man of law.

The judge leaned forward.

"No," he remarked, suavely; "he means as the fly crows."

And they all looked at one another, feeling that something was wrong somewhere.—*Unidentified.*

WAS NOT SERIOUSLY INJURED

A celebrated vocalist was in a motor-car accident one day. A paper, after recording the accident, added:

"We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces."—*Selected.*

THE VERDICT OR THE JURY

A jury recently met to inquire into a case of suicide. After sitting through the evidence the twelve men retired, and after deliberating, returned with the following verdict:

"The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane!"—*Onward.*

WAS SOME BETTER

Squire—"Well, Matthew, and how are you now?"

Convalescent—"Thankee, sir; I be better than I were; but I beant as well as I were afore I was as bad as I be now."—*Selected.*

TWISTED

A strange woman, entering the church, had gone to the wrong pew. Nervously the young usher approached her. "Mardon me, padam, but you are occupewing the wrong pie. Allow me to sew you to another sheet."—*Selected.*

MUST BE PATIENT

Multimillionaire—"I can't understand it. No matter how good and benevolent I try to be, it seems nobody says a good word about me." His wife—"Never mind, dear; you are not dead yet. Be patient; some day they will."—*Selected.*

COULD NOT REPLACE HER

"How do you do?" said a lady to an acquaintance, not entirely used to English, whom she had not seen for a long time. "I am glad to see you again."

"Yes," responded the other, doubtfully, "but I cannot replace your face."—*Christian Register.*

MIXED METAPHOR

"Yes," said the lecturer, attempting an eloquent climax to his address, "all along the untrodden paths of nature you can see the footprints of an unseen hand."—*Selected.*

A QUALIFYING CLAUSE

It is said that while a revivalist was holding services in one of the remote regions of the South a country convert, full of zeal, offered himself for service. "I am ready to do anything the Lord asks of me," said he, "so it's honorable."—*Selected.*

HIS ABSENCE EXPLAINED

"They tell me Jones is dead."

"Ah! That's probably why we see him so seldom."—*Boston Transcript.*

QUITE A FEW PRESENT

Following the musical program, Mrs. J. T. Brown read an article on "Personal Devils." Seventeen were present.—*Boone* (Ia.) *News-Republican.*

A DANGEROUS QUEST

"Lost at Bestwood, Saturday, Irish Terrier Dog, finder rewarded, dead or alive."—(*Provincial Paper.*)—*Punch.*

BOTH WERE MUDDLED

It is said that two Irish war veterans were toasting their regiment in a saloon. Both were somewhat muddled with liquor. Raising a glass of liquor, one of them exclaimed, "Here's to the gallant old 55th, last on the field, and the first to lav' it!" "Ach, you muddler!" exclaimed the other, "that's not right. Listen to me," and raising his glass, he exclaimed: "Here's to the gallant old 55th, equal to none!"

TWISTS OF THE TONGUE

Sir: Would it not be well to stick to the original story? The lady said to the usher, "Some one is occupewing my pie." Whereupon the obliging usher said, "Then I will sew you to another sheet."—W. M.

However, that was not all, as T. W. S. reminds. The other pew was locked and the usher, after searching in his pockets, exclaimed: "Dear me! I've lost the P of the Q!"—*Selected.*

MIXING 'EM UP

Those at the helm seemed hopeless to stem the avalanche of slander, calumny, and abuse that did not flinch from tarnishing the ermine of the mighty Czar.—*The Countess Torby of Russia.*

The mixed metaphor in the saddle, buffeting the waves upon the mountaintops of thought.—*New York Sun.*

SOME MODERN SIGNS

In the station at Excelsior Springs, Mo.: "All parcels, packages, and grips left and not checked must be checked or cannot be left in depot."

In Springfield, Ohio: "Straw hats to fit any face."

On Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago: "I do repairing of all kinds of Shoes in English, German, and Hungarian languages."

In Hamilton, Ill.: "If you see anything you don't want ask for it."

In Seattle: "Collins Brothers, Undertakers. Ask those we have served."

In Moorehead, Iowa: "Stop at Johnson's livery barn when in Moorehead."

In Halsted, Kan.: "Frizzel & Co.—Dried beef and eggs."

On North Clark Street, Chicago: "Moon light picnics in this grove every Wednesday night, rain or shine."—*Selected.*

MUSIC AND SINGING

YOU'VE HEARD HIM

When Peter sang the rafters rang,
  He made the great church reel;
His voice it rang a clarion clang,
  Or like a cannon's peal.
Yes, Peter made the rafters ring,
  And never curbed his tongue;
Albeit Peter could not sing,
  Yet Peter always sung.
Ah, wide did he his wild voice fling
  Promiscuous and free.
Despite the fact he could not sing,
  Why, all the more sang he.

With clamorous clang
And resonant bang
His thunders round he flung;
He could not sing
One single thing:
Yet Peter always sung.
—*Songs of War and Peace.*

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION

The conversation in the lobby of a Washington club turned to the way in which we occasionally sink deeper and deeper trying to extricate ourselves, when Senator William P. Dillingham of Vermont recalled a little incident along that line. One of the features of an entertainment that was given for charity some time since was a vocal selection by a woman. Midway in the audience a meek-looking little man listened attentively. "That is the most atrocious singing I ever heard," remarked a woman to the meek little man. "I wonder who the vocalist is?"

"She is my wife," was the startling rejoinder of the meek little man.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" responded the other, greatly flushed. "The fault may lie with the music, which is really barbarous. Have you any idea who composed it?"

"Yes, madam," replied the other, administering yet more embarrassment. "I did."—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.*

THE CHOIR HARDLY KNEW HER

Singers in church and elsewhere are not always as careful as they ought to be to articulate their words distinctly. A little girl entered the meeting house not long ago—as related in the New York *Tribune*—just as the choir was singing the anthem.

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" said the singers; but the little girl, whose thoughts were somewhat preoccupied, we may imagine, did not catch the words correctly. After getting home she startled her aunt by saying:

"I never saw such a nice choir. They stopped right in the middle of the anthem and spoke to me."

"Why, my dear," said her auntie, "I didn't notice it."

"But they did. You know I wore my new cloak, and as soon as I came in the choir said, 'Hardly knew you! Hardly knew you!' two or three times."—*Selected.*

WHY HE WANTED HER TO SING

"Pa, why do you insist on my singing when Mr. Bimley calls?"

"Well, I don't like the fellow, and yet I hate to come right out and tell him to go."—*Selected.*

THE SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK

One day a great orchestral composer set himself the task of writing the symphony of New York. For many weeks he labored, only to be dissatisfied with the result.

"It is too sweet and too suave," he commented. "It has none of the characteristics of this particular, great city, in spite of my dissonances and cacophony. I have surely not made use of the right instruments."

So he removed the caressing strings and replaced them with automobile horns. This brought it decidedly nearer the effect desired.

Then the birdlike flutes and reeds were out of place, and gave way to a brace of trolley-gongs. The horns and gongs outbalanced the brasses and tympani, which in turn made place for a quartette of ferry whistles.

And yet the discord lacked much of typifying New York; so a riveting-machine was added, and then a rock-drill. And after many more weeks of thought, worry, and experiment, the other things that were necessary for the rounding out of this monumental task.

When the symphony was finally completed and its composer acclaimed a greater musician than Richard Strauss the instruments that were lined up for its interpretation were:

20 first auto horns.
20 taxi auto horns.
10 trolley-car gongs.
4 elevated-train rumblers.
4 subway-train rumblers.
6 bass motor-truck horns.
4 ferry whistles.
2 tug sirens.
2 steam rock-drills.
2 riveting-machines.
18 milkmen's bells.
10 yelling newsboys.
1 fire-engine.
14 popping champagne-bottles.
4 Grand Central engine bells and whistles.
1 ambulance gong.
16 typewriters.
12 cash-registers.
1 derrick whistle.
1 dynamite blast.
8 revolving vestibule-doors.
2 ticket-choppers.
14 swearing motor-men.
10 elevated and subway conductors calling stations.

—*New York Sun.*

WHY HE FELT BLUE

Smith turned up at the club a short time after his marriage. He had such a desperate look that his friends asked what was the matter.

"I'm blue," he answered. "I'm just blue. I got married last month and I've discovered that my wife can't sing."

"But," they laughed, "you shouldn't let that trouble you. Why, you are to be congratulated."

"No, I'm not, either," said Smith bitterly. "You see, she thinks she can."—*Selected.*

HANGING HER HARP TOO HIGH

A budding soprano, making her first appearance, apologized for having a cold and then started her song. She sang: "I will hang my harp on a willow-tre-e-e. I will hang my harp on a willow-tre-e-e," each time breaking on the high note.

All at once a voice came from the balcony: "Better hang it on a lower branch, Liz."—*Selected.*

ALL WERE MUSICALLY INCLINED

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"

"Yes, I'm a cornetist."

"And your sister?"

"She's a pianist."

"Does your mother play?"

"She's a zitherist."

"And your father?"

"He's a pessimist."—*Selected.*

A SUITABLE SELECTION

A minister was called to conduct a funeral in a town out West. When the hour for services to begin had arrived, the quartet could not be found. The minister went ahead with the order of the hour, but still the quartet did not appear. The procession moved on to the cemetery. The quartet was there. The sorrowing friends requested the singers to render a suitable selection when the casket was being lowered. The quartet sang: "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning."—*Selected.*

ADMIRED HIS SPUNK

"Well," said Uncle Si Bruggins after a solo by a fashionable church choir tenor, "if that ain't the rudest thing I ever saw. Just as soon as the young man began to sing, every other member of the choir stopped. But he went through with it, and I must say I admire his spunk."—*Boston Transcript.*

SHE DID NOT ENVY HER

It was at a private entertainment, and a lady had just risen from the piano.

"Would you like to be able to sing and play as I do, dear?" she queried of a little five-year-old miss.

"No, ma'am," was the unexpected reply.

"And why not?" asked the lady.

"'Cause," explained the small observer, "I wouldn't like to have people say such horrid things about me."—*Indianapolis Star.*

TRYING TO CATCH A COLD

One cold and wet windy night a farmer came upon a Negro shivering in the doorway of an Atlanta store. Wondering what the darky could be doing, standing in such a draughty position, the farmer said:

"Jim, what are you doing here?"

"'Scuse me, sir," said Jim, "but I'm gwine to sing bass tomorrow morning at church, an' I am tryin' to catch a cold."—*St. Louis Times.*

THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS, NO DOUBT

The accomplished and obliging pianist had rendered several selections, when one of the admiring group of listeners in the hotel parlor suggested Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Several people echoed the request, and one lady was particularly desirous to hear the piece, explaining that her husband had belonged to that very regiment.—*Current Literature.*

WOULDN'T TELL 'EM

There was nobody who could play the violin like Smifkins—at least so he thought—and he was delighted when he was asked to play at a local function.

"Sir," he said to the host, "the instrument I shall use at your gathering is over 200 years old."

"Oh, that's all right! Never mind," returned the host; "no one will ever know the difference."—*New York Globe.*

HIS LUCK WAS REVERSED

Banks—"Things never go right for me. It might just as well have been the other way around, but it wasn't."

Binks—"What's the trouble now?"

Banks—"My daughter, who plays the piano, has a sore throat, and the one who sings has a sore finger."—*Chicago Daily News.*

WELL PAID

Judge—"It seems to me I have seen you before."

Prisoner—"You have, your honor; it was I who taught your daughter to play the piano."

Judge—"Thirty years."—*Musical America.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Mrs. Nexdore: "My daughter plays the piano. Perhaps you've heard her?"

Mrs. Newcome (with great self-restraint): "I've heard the piano."

Mrs. Nexdore: "Yes, my daughter Mary is very musical."

Mrs. Newcome: "Ah! You have two daughters, then?"—*Selected.*

DIDN'T LIKE HER MUSIC

Mary was seven, and she didn't want to take her music lesson. "Why, Mary, don't you like your music?" asked her mother anxiously. "No," sobbed the little girl, "I hate those little black things sittin' on the fence!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

DID NOT WISH TO BE HARSH

"I understand that your daughter is going to take music lessons."

"Not exactly," replied Farmer Corntossel. "We haven't the heart to tell her that her voice sounds terrible, so we're goin' to hire a regular teacher to do it."—*Washington Star.*

SHE WAS CAREFUL

In the settlement house. A small girl pounding the piano to her heart's content. Enter head worker. "You may play on, Mary, if you are sure that your hands are clean." "Oh, I'm bein' careful, Miss Emily. I'm usin' only the black keys."—*Christian Register.*

WHY THE CHOIR RESIGNED

The church choir had resigned, and the parson asked what was the cause of the trouble. "Well," replied one of the officers, "you have yourself to blame. You know you said: 'Providence having seen fit to afflict all our choir with bad colds, let us join in singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."'"—*Selected.*

WANTED COMPENSATION

Maid (from next door).—"Mr. Jones sends his compliments, and would you please shoot your dog, as it keeps him awake?"

Mr. Snapp.—"Give my respects to Mr. Jones and tell him I shall be greatly his debtor if he will poison his daughter and burn her piano."—*Selected.*

THE RICHER VOICE

Fred.—"There seems to be a lot more fuss made over Miss A's singing than over Miss B's and I'm sure Miss B has the richer voice."

Tom.—"Ah, yes, but Miss A has the richer father."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

COULD HE SING

At an evening party the hostess had coaxed a protesting guest to sing. After the song she went up to him smiling. "Oh, Mr. Jenkins," she said, "you must never tell me again that you can't sing—I know now!"—*Argonaut.*

GRAND PIANO NOT GOOD ENOUGH

Salesman: "I suppose you require a grand piano, madame?" Mrs. Mewnishuns: "Grand! I want a magnificent one."—*London Opinion.*

BREAKING INTO SONG

She: "I'm so happy, I can't help breaking into song." He: "Why don't you get the key, and then you won't have to break in."—*Selected.*

HE LOVED HER

Her dad: "Of course, you have heard my daughter sing."

Suitor: "Yes, sir, but I should like to have her in spite of that."—*Boston Transcript.*

DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS IMPROVING

The music-teacher: "Johnny is improving daily in his violin playing." Johnny's mother (gratified): "Is that so? We didn't know whether he was improving or we were just getting more used to it."—*Judge.*

NOT MUCH BETTER

Ma—"I think Josephine had better study painting instead of music, then she won't make any noise practising." Pa—"Oh, I don't know. There's an end to noise, but pictures will last for years."—*Selected.*

WOULD CHANGE THE AIR

"Gracious, how close it is in here! Let's go out."

"But, my dear, the orchestra will change the air in a minute."—*Yale Record.*

KNEW IT TO BE A FACT

"They say singing men make great fighters."

"I have known it for many years," murmured the grand-opera manager, wearily.—*Washington Star.*

A GOOD REASON

Jessie.—"Please, auntie, the new lady next door sends her compliments, and says will you play very low, because her husband is extremely musical."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

COULD NOT TELL WHY

Vicar (at village Red Cross concert).—"Miss Jones will sing again—'I cannot tell you why.'"—*London Opinion.*

HAD PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY

Mrs. Malone—"'Tis Mary O'Reilly that's the foine pianny player." Mrs. Clancy—"Shure an' no wonder! Wasn't her grandfather a pianny mover?"—*Selected.*

TEST OF A GOOD MUSICIAN

"Is she a good musician?"

"Very. She knows when to quit."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MIGHT MAKE A LIVING SINGING

Viola was trying to sing and James was trying to read. Finally, he decided to give her a hint that her singing was annoying him.

Looking up from his book, he said: "I think you might be able to make a living singing."

"That is very flattering," said she.

"Not at all," was his reply. "People might be willing to pay you to stop singing."

This was followed by silence.

AN ANTHEM

Two men were working on a railroad in a certain town, and one of them decided to go to church on Sunday. Neither one of them had ever been in a church before.

On his return, he was describing the service to his comrade. "The choir sang an anthem," said he.

"And what is an anthem?" inquired his friend.

"Well, it is just this way," explained the one who had been to church. "If I should say to you, 'Bill, give me the handspike,' that would not be an anthem. But if I should say, 'Bi-Bi-Bi-Bi-Bill, gi-gi-gi-gi-give, me-me-me-me-me, Bill gi-gi-gi-give me-me-me, the-the-the-the-the, hand-hand-hand-hand-hand, Bill, give me the hand-hand-handspike,' that would be an anthem."

A GOOD DUET

George, who had musical ability, was somewhat annoyed at the frequent attempts to sing on the part of Esther and James.

"You two would make a good duet!" he once exclaimed.

"Do you really think so?" inquired Esther.

"Yes," said George; "because you sing upper-attic (operatic), and James sings wheel-baritone."

SHE DISLIKED MUSIC IN CHURCH

Andrew Carnegie tells of an old Scotchwoman who had no great liking for modern church music. One day she was expressing

her dislike of the singing of an anthem in her own church when a friend said: "Why, that anthem is a very ancient one. David sang it to Saul." "Weel, weel!" said the old woman. "I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."—*Selected.*

WHY POOR SINGERS SING

"Why is it that poor singers are always singing, and good singers seldom sing?" asked George, who was a talented singer.

James knew that this was aimed at him, as he was frequently singing and George was not. "I suppose it is because they feel the need of practising," was his laconic reply.

GRAND OPERA

The tenor sang in Spanish;
  The basso sang in Dutch.
Had I the hang of what they sang?
  Well, not so very much.

The baritone sang Russian.
  He really seemed to be
An awful hit, though I admit
  It was all Greek to me.

At criticising music
  I'm not so very good;
But, bless your heart, I like the part
  That I have understood!

—*Kansas City Journal.*

PLAYING BY EAR

Joe Woodward—"Yes, I learned to play entirely by ear."

David Hawkins—"Haven't you ever had the ear-ache?"—*Selected.*

NOT A BIT MUSICAL

Medical Officer.—"Have you any organic trouble?"

Recruit.—"No, sir. I ain't a bit musical."—*Tit-Bits.*

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS

THOUGHT IT WAS HIS HAT

The *Tatler* has the following account of a near-sighted old gentleman who lost his hat in a sudden gale. The old gentleman started in pursuit of his fast-disappearing headpiece, and finally thought he saw it in a yard behind a high fence. Scrambling over with great difficulty, he started to chase it, but each time he thought

he had caught it it seemed to move away. Then a woman's angry voice broke on his ears.

"What are you doing there?" she demanded shrilly.

He explained mildly that he was only trying to retrieve his hat.

"Your hat!" she said. "Well, I don't know where your hat is; but that's not a hat you're chasing; it's our little black hen!"—*Selected.*

NEGRO HUMOR

BEFORE GRAVITATION WAS DISCOVERED

Dr. Booker T. Washington had a large fund of most delicious stories of colored ministers. Here is one I overheard him tell which for real, quick repartee it would be hard to surpass. At a prayer meeting in a colored church the pastor was expounding the passage which tells of the passing of the children of Israel through the Red Sea.

"It is all very simple," he said. "You know that water generally flows down hill, but in this yere instance things was jus' reversed. The water, instead of flowin' down hill, done suddenly flow up hill, leavin' the bottom of the sea all dry—yes, bredderin', dry, so that all the children ob Israel jus' passed ober without eben wettin' their feet. Then—"

"But," interrupted a young colored brother who had been to high school, "it wouldn't have done that, pastor. It would have been against the law of gravitation."

"You jest set down, sah," answered the pastor, with a patronizing wave of the hand. "You don't know what you are talkin' about. This all happened three thousand years 'fore the law of gravitation done been discovered." That settled the matter, also the young man.—*Frederick Lynch.*

HAD SEEN BIGGER MEN

When President and Mrs. Cleveland were making a tour of the South shortly after their marriage, they visited Atlanta. General Gordon was then governor of Georgia, and gave a reception in their honor. During the day he said to the President: "Wouldn't you like to see a real old Southern mammy?"

"I certainly should," answered the President.

"Then I will send out to the plantation for my old mammy. She has nursed four generations of our family.

"Tom," he said to the coachman, "take the carriage, go out to the plantation and tell mammy to put on her best frock, and come in with you. Tell her she is to meet the Hon. Grover Cleveland, president of the United States."

Tom went, and nothing more was seen of him until the reception was nearly over. The President and Mrs. Cleveland, with a few other guests, were grouped in the center of the room when Tom

was seen peeping in at the door. The general beckoned to him, saying: "Why doesn't mammy come?"

Unhesitatingly, Tom replied from the door: "Mammy says she ain't comin' to see no Grover Cleveland. She's seen bigger men than he is. She's seen her Mass' John, an' she ain' keerin' 'bout seein' no president of de United States."

Everybody laughed, and no one more heartily than the President. —*Selected.*

THE NAME SEEMED FAMILIAR

Down on the station platform at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, a traveling salesman from Atlanta was "killing time" until one of the semi-occasional trains which run in that section should happen along. At the far end of the platform, in the sun, an aged darky sat on a bench in reverie. The salesman, for want of something better to do, began conversation.

"Good morning, Uncle!"

"Mawnin', Marse Clint!"

"What's your name, Uncle?"

"Mah name?" He looked up, surprised at the stranger's ignorance. "Mah name's G'o'ge Wash'n'ton, Marse Clint!"

The drummer scratched his head in mock perplexity.

"George Washington—George Washington," he mused, aloud. "Seems to me I've heard that name before, Uncle."

"Reckon y'all has," replied the aged one, complacently. "Ah been 'roun' heah goin' on eighty-foah years, Marse Clint!"—*New York Times.*

SERVICES REQUIRED

The late "Bob" Taylor, who was called the "pardoning governor," told the following story of an old colored woman who came to him while he was governor of Tennessee:

"Marse Goveneh, I want my Sam pahdoned," she said.

"Where is he, auntie?"

"In de penitentiary."

"What for?"

"Stealin' a ham."

"Did he steal it?"

"Yes, sah, he suah did."

"Is he a good nigger, auntie?"

"Lawsy, no, suh! He's a pow'ful wothless niggeh."

"Then why do you want him pardoned?"

"'Cause, you' Honoh, we's plumb out of ham ag'in."—*The United Presbyterian.*

WOULD HAVE TO BE RE-ARRANGED

A man was brought before a police court charged with abusing his team and using loud and profane language on the street. One

of the witnesses was a pious old darky who was submitted to a short cross-examination.

"Did the defendant use improper language while he was beating his horses?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, he talk mighty loud, suh."

"Did he indulge in profanity?"

The witness seemed puzzled, and the lawyer put the question in another form: "Uncle Aus, what I want to know is, did he use words that would be proper for your minister to use in a sermon?"

"Oh, yes, suh, yes, suh," the old man replied with a grin that revealed the full width of his immense mouth; "but they'd have to be 'ranged diff'runt."—*The United Presbyterian.*

WISHED HE KNEW THE X-RAY BUSINESS

Uncle Ki—"I des' weesh I knowed dishye X-ray business, boss!"

Boss—"Yes?"

Uncle Ki—"Sho'! Kase den I could tell when de watuh milyun des' ready to pick!"—*Selected.*

LIKE A GRASSHOPPER

Polly, the washerwoman, was deep in a discussion of her family's shortcomings.

"Mah fambly suttinly do hab some shawtcomin's," she declared. "Fur instance, mah son Jawge er jes' lak a grasshoppah."

"My goodness!" gasped the mistress. "How, Polly?"

"Well, buhcawse only two things in de whole worl' worries him: He worries dat he hab to wake up to eat, an' den he worries dat he hab to stop eatin' to go to sleep. Ah suttinly doan undastan' dat boy."

"But how do you conclude that he is like a grasshoppper?" queried the perplexed mistress.

"Jes' buhcawse he er de most misundahstandable creature dat Ah kin think of, dat's why," she answered.—*Selected.*

CLEANED HEN HOUSES AT NIGHT

Recently a man had some work that he wanted done around his country place, and to that end he sought an elderly colored man named Rastus. Not being able to find Rastus, he left a message with a colored deacon.

"Rastus," said the deacon, later in the day, "yo' am to go round an' clean out dat hen house ob Judge Johnson's to-morrow mo'ning."

"What am dat?" responded Rastus, with a wondering expression. "Did yo' say hen house?"

"Dat's what I said," repeated the deacon. "Yo' am to clean out dat hen house to-morrow mo'ning."

"Must be some mistake, deacon," said Rastus, doubtfully shaking his head. "Who ebah heard ob cleanin' out a hen house in daytime?"—*Dayton News.*

THEIR FAVORITE HYMN

In a Southern mission Bible school, where the little darkies were allowed to choose their own hymns, the favorite hymn, we read in *Musical America,* had a chorus ending with the lines:

"And we'll all swell the harmony
In heaven, our home."

They sang it so often and with so much gusto that the teacher's interest was aroused, and she decided to listen instead of helping them. Then she understood their partiality; with rapt faces they were voicing their belief:

"And we'll all smell the hominy
In heaven, our home."

—*Selected.*

HIS DEFINITION OF A COLONEL

A group of Northerners at a hotel in Louisville were poking fun at the partiality of Southerners for the titles of "Colonel," "Major," and "Judge."

"What is a colonel hereabouts?" asked one of the group, and there immediately followed a discussion. Finally a colored attendant was drawn in.

"Well, gents," said the negro, "dere's lots of ways to answer dat question. I'se knowed folks what was born kunnels—it jest run in de blood foh generations. An' I'se knowed folks what jest app'inted to be kunnels. An' yit others what was made kunnels by bein' kind to cullud people. For instance, any man dat gives me a dollah is a kunnel to me hencefo'th foreveh."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THOUGHT SHAKESPEARE WAS WHITE

Ole Mammy Lize was dusting the Southern woman's drawing-room. She came to a small bronze bust of Shakespeare, and began carefully going over it with her rag. "Mis' Juliet, chile, who am dis yere gemmun?" "That is Shakespeare, Lize, a wonderful poet, who died centuries ago." "Dat him, miss? Ise done hyear o' Mistah Shakespeare a lot o' times. Everybody seems to know him. 'Deed, I done hyear so much 'bout him dat I allus thought he was a white gemmun."—*Young People.*

WANTED A WATERMELON ON HER GRAVE

A Southern man tells of a conversation he overheard between his cook and a maid, both negroes, with reference to a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which funeral there had been a profusion of floral tributes.

Said the cook: "Dat's all very well, Mandy; but when I dies I don't want no flowers on my grave. Jes' plant a good old watermelon vine; an' when she gits ripe, you come dar, an' don't you eat it, but just bus' it on de grave, an' let de good ole juice dribble down through de ground."—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

WOULD LEAVE HER BREATH BEHIND

An old negro mammy who was addicted to the pipe was being lectured on the habit by a Sabbath school teacher. Finally the latter said:

"Do you expect to go to heaven?"

"Yes, indeedy!"

"But the Bible says that nothing unclean shall enter there. Now the breath of the smoker is unclean. What do you say to that?"

"Well, I reckon I leave ma bref behin' when I enter dar," was old mammy's response.—*Selected.*

BOTH SIDES HOLDING FIRM

"Why don't you get rid of that mule?"

"Well, suh," answered the Negro laborer, "I hates to gib in. If I were to trade off dat mule, he'd rega'd it as a pus'n'l victory. He's been tryin' foh de las' six weeks to get rid ob me."—*The Eagle Magazine.*

GEORGIA PHILOSOPHY

Dey kin make de worl' over ez dey like, but it's de same ole worl' you wuz bo'n an' raised in.

Trouble is boun' ter come w'en you goes ter struttin' 'roun' like de bes' o' de worl' wuz made fer you an' de leavin's fer de yuther folks.

I likes ter git in de Amen Co'ner, fer w'en de sarmont is powerful long, it's de only place whar a sinner kin git a word in edgewise. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

ONLY GOT WHAT SHE COLLECTED

"I done had to go out collectin' foh de missionary society," explained the old colored woman who was wanted for some housework, according to Harris Dickson. "But I have work for you to do, and you need all the money you can get. What do you get paid for collecting?" asked Mrs. Dickson. "I don't get paid," said Mandy. "I only gets what I collects."—*Selected.*

HE DROVE THE HACK

It is a notorious fact that all the old darkeys in the neighborhood of Mt. Vernon claim to have been General Washington's carriage driver. One old fellow who claimed that honor was asked by a visitor how it was that all the old negroes made the same claim. "I don't know how dat is, boss." "Well, uncle," said the visitor,

"were you present when George Washington hacked his father's cherry-tree?" "Now, less see, boss, do I ricolect dat—yes'um, yes'ur, I drive the hack."—*Selected.*

WHY SHE WAS NAMED FERTILIZER

A little colored girl, a newcomer in Sunday school, gave her name to the teacher as "Fertilizer Johnson."

Later the teacher asked the child's mother if that was right.

"Yes, ma'am, dat's her name," said the fond parent. "You see she was named fer me and her father. Her father's name am Ferdinand, and my name is 'Liza. So we named her Fertilizer."—*Selected.*

DISAVOWED THE INCIDENT

"Yassah! Brudder Tump sho' flogged me, and flogged me plenty! He knocked me down and drug me around and beat and mauled me twell muh tongue hung out."

"What yo'al gwine to do 'bout it, sah?"

"Do? What kin I do? De gen'leman done disavow de whole incident!"—*Kansas City Star.*

NOT PROVIDENCE

"Dear frien's," the colored deacon said as he whetted the carving knife, "let us thank Providence fo' dis yere meal. Dis yere capon belonged to Jedge Sharp, mah neighbor, an' Ah prayed dat de bird might fly into mah garden. But it never, never came. Den Ah prayed, dear frien's, dat Ah might go over into his yard an' fetch it. An' de very first time ob askin', dear frien's, Providence granted mah request."—*Selected.*

HAD EXCLAMATORY RHEUMATISM

"Ma husban's very po'ly, ma'am. He's got dat exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory, Martha. Exclamatory is from exclaim, which means to cry out."

"Yes, ma'am, dat's what it is. He hollers if any one goes near him."—*Boston Transcript.*

HIS PREFERENCE

Photographer.—"Is there any particular way in which you would like to be taken?"

Mr. Johnsing.—"Yes, sah, if dere's no dejection, I'd like to be taken a light cream color."—*Boys' Life.*

ABSENT

One broiling August day an aged colored man who was pushing a barrow of bricks paused to dash the sweat from his dusky brow; then, looking toward the sun, he apostrophized it thus: "Fo' the land's sake, war wuz yuh last Janooary?"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

WHAT MADE HIS NOSE FLAT

Cotton-field Overseer.—"Say, Sambo, what makes your nose so flat?"

Sambo.—"I don't know, boss; but I s'pect it's to keep me from stickin' it into other people's business."—*The Boys' Magazine.*

NEGRO REPARTEE

During the days of slavery a number of Negroes were at work in the cotton field when rain began to fall.

"The more rain, the more rest," remarked one of the Negroes.

His master overheard the remark. "What's that, Sambo? What's that I just heard you say?"

"Oh, massa, I was jist sayin', 'The more rain, the more grass,'" was the reply of the quick-witted Negro.

LOWEST OFFICE

The day after New Year's Rastus didn't show up for work until quite late. His boss asked why.

"Well, you see, boss, I was taken into de lodge last night."

"What reason is that that you should be late this morning?"

"Well, you see, boss, I was elected to a office and I'se busy this mornin'."

"Elected to an office the night you were taken into the order?"

"Yas, sir, I was appointed the Grand Exalted Ruler ob de Universe."

"That's a pretty high office for a new man, isn't it?"

"No, sir. Grand Exalted Ruler ob de Universe is de bery lowest office what dey is in dis lodge."—*Selected.*

SKEPTICS LIKE BUZZARDS

Uncle Tom was a good, pious old negro. One day some young men were unusually hard in their strictures on professing Christians, and brought forward the case of one who had just been detected in a fraud. Old Tom was grieved, and said, "Young masters, you make me think of a flock of buzzards."

"How so?" asked the young men.

"Well," said Tom, solemnly, "when there is a big pasture of fat cattle, the buzzards fly away high; but let a lean, sickly calf fall into the ditch, and the buzzards are ready to pick out his eyes before he's dead."—*Selected.*

MIGHT STRAY HOME

Rastus: "Don't let dem chickens out, Mirandy."

Mirandy: "Why not? Won't dey come home?"

Rastus: "'Deed dey won't; dey'll go home!"—*Boys' Life.*

NEIGHBORS

THE SAUCEPAN WAS RETURNED

O'er the garden-fence the conversation had suddenly turned acrimonious.

"An' if yore boy, 'Erbert, ties any more cans to our pore dog's tail," was Mrs. Moggin's stern ultimatum, "'e'll 'ear about it, that's all. Oh, an' per'aps you've done wiv that saucepan wot you borrowed last Monday."

"'Erbert," asked Mrs. Grubb, shrilly, "wot 'ave you bin doin' to Mrs. Moggin's dog?"

"Nothin', ma!" replied the small boy, unblushingly.

"There!" said his mother, triumphantly. "An' you returned 'er saucepan yesterday, didn't you, dearie?"

"Sent it back by 'er dog!" said 'Erbert, calmly.—*Selected.*

THE SEEDS WERE INSIDE

In New Jersey, one morning Perkins looked over his fence and said to his neighbor:

"What are you burying in that hole?"

"I'm just replanting some of my seeds, that's all," was the response.

"Seeds!" exclaimed Perkins, angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens."

"That's all right," came from the man on the other side of the fence. "The seeds are inside."—*Selected.*

NO GARDEN THAT YEAR

"Are you going to have a garden this year?"

"No; it isn't my turn to make a garden. I am going to keep chickens this year and let my neighbors make the garden."—*Selected.*

PACIFICISM

PACIFISM

"Officer, what is the charge against these two men?" asked the court.

"Disturbing the peace by scuffling."

"Your Honor," piped one of the accused. "We wasn't scrappin'. I wuz tellin' him 'bout a fight dat de Rooshans won, an' he sez dat I didn't pernounce de name right. Den I called him a liar, an' den he hit me, an' I hit him back. Dat wuz all, your honor."

"Discharged. But hereafter when you fellows have a dispute about a foreign name delete it. That's the way the censors do, and they never get hit."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

NOT A PACIFIST FROM PRINCIPLE

Mrs. Kawler.—"I'm glad to hear you say you wish the war was over, Bobby. It's a very cruel business."

Bobbie.—" 'Tain't that. War makes history, and there's more of that now than I can ever learn."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

NEUTRAL

"Are you a pro-German or a pro-ally?"

"Neither. I'm a Pro Bono Publico."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

PARENTAL DISCIPLINE

SCARED HIM

"I'll attend to you in a minute!" was the favorite remark of a certain mother to any of her children who were naughty; and the delinquent knew that this usually meant a whipping.

One day she sent her four-year-old son to the grocer's for some flour. It was his first errand, and, much to his mother's surprise, he returned empty-handed.

"Where's the flour?" she asked.

"I—I didn't get it, mums," replied the youngster. "I was frightened at the man."

"Nonsense, he won't hurt you!" admonished the parent sternly. "Go back at once and get the flour!"

But again the boy came back without it, and this time his eyes were full of tears.

"What's the matter?" asked the mother, anxiously.

"Boo-o-boo-o!" wailed the little messenger. "I'm frightened at that man. Each time I went in he said, 'All right, sonny, I'll tend to you in a minute!' "—*London Weekly.*

THOUGHT HER MOTHER A FAILURE

Margaret, aged five, had been very rude to a little guest, and after the child had gone home Margaret's mother told her very feelingly how grieved she was at her rudeness.

"I've tried so hard to make you a good child, Margaret, to teach you to be polite and kind to others; and yet, in spite of all my efforts, you are so rude and so naughty."

Margaret, deeply moved, looked sadly at her mother and said, "What a failure you are, mother!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

A WAY MIGHT BE FOUND

The young hopeful of four years had been a source of continual vexation and trouble all through the meal, and at its finish a woman friend turned to the child's mother and said:

"If your boy belonged to me I shouldn't stand so much of his nonsense at meal-times. I should give him a thrashing."

"But," said the mother, "you can't spank the poor little fellow on a full stomach."

"No," said her friend, "but you can turn him over."—*Selected.*

NO SHOULDER PADS

Willie was being measured for his first made-to-order suit of clothes.

"Do you want the shoulders padded, my little man?" inquired the tailor.

"Naw," said Willie, significantly; "pad de pants."—*Selected.*

COULD NOT AFFORD IT

A Cleveland father tells us that he thought up a great scheme for keeping order in his household. He noticed that his rather obstreperous young son had the quality of thriftiness, and resolved to appeal to it. "Sonny," said he, "I'm going to give you a nickel every day you're a good boy, on condition that every day you are naughty you are to give me a nickel. Is it a go?" 'I'd like to do it, dad," answered the kid. "But I can't afford it. I've only got $1.26 in my bank to start on."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

BAD MANNERS TO BE INQUISITIVE

"Ethel," said her mother, "have you been at my preserves again?"

Ethel at once became very busy arranging her doll's hair. "Mother," she replied, "when you were a little girl didn't grandma teach you same's you have me, not to be too 'quisitive?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR

"Look, mother," said Bobbie, exhibiting a handful of marbles. "I won all those from Willie Smith." "Why, Bobbie!" exclaimed his mother. "Don't you know it's wicked to play marbles for 'keeps'? Go right over to his house and give back every one." "Yes, mother," said the boy obediently, "and shall I take that vase you won at Mrs. Jones' whist party and give it back to her?"—*Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.*

GOOD ADVICE

The puppy had been punished and was sulking in a corner. To him came the small daughter of the house to administer not comfort but advice.

"You may just as well be good first as last, Buddy," she admonished. "Everybody that belongs to mother has got to mind. I've been through it all, and I know."—*The Classmate.*

WHERE IT PAINED

"Bobby," said the lady in the street car, severely, "why don't you get up and give your seat to your father? Doesn't it pain

you to see him reaching for the strap?" "Not in a car," said Bobby. "It does at home."—*Selected.*

AN UNEXPECTED REPLY

"Now, my son," said the conscientious father, "tell me why I punished you." "That's it," blubbered the boy, indignantly. "First you pounded the life out of me, an' now you don't know why you did it." —*Selected.*

A DISTRESSING SITUATION

Mrs. Mullins—"What's the matter, Mrs. Jones?"

Mrs. Jones—"Why, this young varmint 'as swallowed a cartridge, and I can't wallop 'im for fear it goes off."—*Selected.*

PARROTS

HER EDUCATION SAVED HER

Possession of human speech saved the life of "Twister," one of my educated parrots, from an enraged mother hen at Mapleshade Farm. Polly had wandered from the grape arbor to pick up gravel and take a dust bath. Mrs. Hen, thinking that polly was after her chicks, spread her wings and darted at the "queer looking thing." Then I arrived on the scene, to give first aid to the injured. Mother Hen was just ready to peck poor polly when she came to a sudden halt and drew back in astonishment. Polly turned and faced her, held up one foot and remarked, "You quit. Quit, I tell you!" Quick to take advantage of time gained, polly tried to get away, and the grape arbor, that grape arbor looked so good to him, but, oh, it was so far away. Polly ran, stumbled and chuckled as he hurried along, but parrots are so slow in motion that he had made very little progress before "Ma Hen," recovering, made another dive for him. Again polly faced about, just in time to escape the hen peck, and gave an awful squawk. "Ma Hen" halted, of course, as polly screamed, "Now you quit!" The hen, stepping forward, took one more look at the hook-nosed green thing that spoke to her, then ran like mad back to her chicks. She called them together, counted them, and found them all safe, but gave yet another curious and resentful glance at that queer-looking intruder which was green and talked like a man.—*Mrs. L. E. Tuttle, in Our Dumb Animals.*

A GOOD PARROT STORY

We meet with many surprises as we journey through life. An Irishman traveling in this country was walking in a park in New York, and, seeing a parrot, said to his friend: "What a pretty bird! I should like to catch it." His friend: "No, don't; let it alone."

The Irishman, not heeding the request, began climbing the tree, and when he reached the limb the parrot was on, the bird said:

"Well, what is it?"

"Excuse me, sir," exclaimed Pat. "I thought you were a bird." —*Selected.*

A GOOD JOKE ON THE VISITOR

A. E. Clark, editor of *The City Bulletin,* of Columbus, Ohio, was with a friend who was campaigning for the Red Cross. The friend knocked at a door and a voice said, "Come in."

His friend tried the door, then shouted, "It's locked!"

"Come in," repeated the voice, and the campaigner replied:

"It's locked."

"Come in."

"It's locked."

At that point a woman put her head out of a window next door and said:

"There's no one at home. You're talking to the parrot."—*Catholic Weekly Union.*

KNEW ALL ABOUT CONGO PARROTS

A dear old lady had been presented with a parrot from the Congo, and she was showing it to her old gardener.

"You know, Joseph, that this parrot comes from the Congo, and the Congo parrots are so intelligent that they are almost human. This bird whistles 'Home, Sweet Home' so beautifully that the tears run down his beak."

"Yes, mum," commented Joseph. "I know them parrots from the Congo. I used to have one, and it whistled 'The Village Blacksmith' so beautifully that sparks used to fly from its blooming tail." —*Selected.*

PARTIALITY

NOT TREATED ALIKE

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says that President Wilson is fond of this story: "Me and that off horse has been workin' for the company seventeen years, sir," said Winterbottom. "Just so, just so," said the treasurer. "Both treated well, I hope?" "Wall, we was both tooken down sick last month, and they got a doctor for the hoss, while they docked my pay."—*Selected.*

PEDIGREE

A DEMOCRATIC CANNON BALL

It was in the trenches, just after stand down, and two soldiers were talking together, when up came a smart-looking captain.

Both the Tommies immediately sprang to attention, and as the officer passed he gave one of them an angry look.

"Why, Bill, you must be in his black books," said Joe.

"No, it ain't that," replied Bill. "He didn't like being 'it with the same shell as me at Mons."—*Argonaut.*

AS GOOD AS NEW

With pardonable pride a lady displayed a very ancient piece of house linen to her servant, saying: "Look, Bridget, at this tablecloth. It has been in our family for over two hundred years." Bridget eyed it carefully and then remarked, in a most confidential tone: "Sure, never mind, Mrs. Arthur, dear. Who would know but what it was bought bran'-new out of the shop?"—*Tit-Bits.*

IMMIGRATION LAWS STRICTER NOW

He—"My ancestors came over in the *Mayflower.*"

She—"It's lucky they did; the immigration laws are a little stricter now."—*Yale Record.*

HIS FOLKS CAME FIRST

Willie was boasting about his family. "Our folks came over in the *Mayflower,*" he declared proudly. "Huh! That's nothing," said Bobbie. "I guess they stayed with our folks the first night after they landed."—*Selected.*

EASY

Jerry: "I have traced my ancestry back to an Irish king."

Pat: "Sure, that's aisy. What chanst has a dead man to defend himself?"—*Liverpool Mercury.*

NEARLY HIS ANCESTOR

A connoisseur of painting saw in the window of a second-hand dealer's shop the portrait of an admiral in full uniform. He offered the dealer $250 for it, but the latter declined to sell under $375, and, as neither would give way, the picture remained in the shop.

A short time afterward the connoisseur saw the picture hanging in the dining-room of a certain house he happened to be visiting. With an exclamation of surprise he walked toward it.

"Halloa, what have you got here?" he said.

His host replied that the portrait had just been bequeathed to him, and added: "It is the portrait of one of Nelson's admirals, an ancestor of ours."

"Was he, indeed?" commented the connoisseur. "A month ago he was within $125 of becoming one of mine."—*Chicago Journal.*

A MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

The wife of a Methodist minister in West Virginia has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first

husband was named Robins, her second husband Sparrow, and the present Quail. There are two young Robins, one Sparrow and three Quails in the family. One grandfather was a Swan and another a Jay, but he's dead now and a bird of Paradise. They live on Hawk Avenue, Eagleville, Canary Island, and the fellow who wrote this is a Lyre and a member of the family.—*Valley Enterprise.*

COULD TRACE HIS ANCESTRY

He: "I can trace my ancestry back through nine generations."

She: "What else can you do?"

Then he blinked and looked at her as he wondered how far he had dropped.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

MIGHT CLEAN RIFLES

The sergeant and the lieutenant were conversing about the new recruit.

"'E's thin as a ramrod and 'e don't even look strong enough to 'elp in the store," complained the sergeant.

"Let him clean the rifles," suggested the lieutenant.

"And 'oo's a-goin' to pull 'im through?" barked the sergeant, defiantly.—*Youth's Companion.*

SHE HAD TO RECUPERATE

The pretty restaurant cashier had applied for a holiday.

"I must recuperate," she said. "My beauty is beginning to fade."

"That so?" said the proprietor. "What makes you think so?"

"The men are beginning to count their change."—*Chicago Herald.*

WAS SHE HANDSOME?

"Sir," said the angry woman, "I understand you said I had a face that would stop a street-car in the middle of the block." "Yet, that's what I said," calmly answered the mere man. "It takes an unusually handsome face to induce a motorman to make a stop like that."—*Topeka Journal.*

PHOTOGRAPHS

A GROUCHY WORLD

This is a grouchy world. Ah, me!
  A fellow seldom laughs.
Why don't we wear the smile that we
  Use in our photographs?

—*Selected.*

POLITICS

POSSIBLE POLITICAL PLANKS

1. We believe in the abolition of derby hats.

2. We believe in corporal punishment for folk who use the phrases: "What do you know about that?" "What's the good word?" and "Believe me!"

3. We advocate the branding of persons who borrow books, umbrellas and lawn-mowers, and fail to return them within six months' time.

4. We believe in heavy fines for men who carry smouldering cigars in street-cars.

5. We pledge ourselves to secure the abolition of $1,000 apartment-houses with $2,000 front entrances and $3,000 rents.

6. We advocate the imprisonment of apartment-dwellers who scream, play phonographs and jump up and down after 11 p. m.

7. We believe in the rights of a man to be as disagreeble to unwelcome guests as he pleases, without laying himself open to the charge of boorishness and eccentricity.

8. We believe in the exclusion of end-seat hogs and solitary whistlers from public carriers.

9. We stand for the social ostracism of theater patrons and movie fans who explain the plots to their companions in advance.

10. We believe in the abolition of all vaudeville jokes which have seen service for ten years and over, and in the recall of the sport-shirt as an article of clothing for motion-picture heroes.—*Puck.*

HE HAD NO OBJECTION

Mayor Mitchel of New York was talking at a dinner about office-seekers.

"A good man had just died," he said, "and with unseemly haste an office-seeker came after his job.

"Yes, sir, though the dead man hadn't been buried, yet this office-seeker came to me and said, breathlessly:

"'Mr. Mayor, do you see any objection to my being put in poor Tom Smith's place?'

"'Why, no,' said I. 'Why, no, I see no objection, if the undertaker doesn't.'"—*Washington Star.*

BOOSTING THEIR CANDIDATE

"Two and two," said the candidate whose "views" were being waited for, "are four." "Hooray!" shouted his backers. "We told you his principles were sound!" And the partisan press—or is that redundant?—headlined "Blinx Lauds Truth; Raps Foes of Sum Theory."—*New York Tribune.*

GEORGE HAD POWER

Mrs. Youngwife: "My husband is a very influential man in politics."

Friend: "You don't say!"

Mrs. Youngwife: "Yes. George has voted in two presidential elections, and both times it has gone the way George voted."—*Puck.*

FAITHFUL TO HIS TRUST

A politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative place, had died, and a number of newspaper men were collaborating on an obituary notice.

"What shall we say of the former senator?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"And," queried a cynical member of the group, "shall we mention the name of the trust?"—*Selected.*

EXPECTED TO BE PAID

"What am I arrested for?" asked the corrupt voter.

"You are charged," said the officer, who was entering the arrest in the station house ledger, "with having voted eight times."

"Charged, hey?" muttered the prisoner. "That's queer. I expected to be paid for it."—*Selected.*

A POLITICAL LEADER

A Director.—"What is a political leader?" "Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "sometimes he is very much like the orchestra leader, the man who provides the gesticulation and general excitement while somebody else is doing the real work."—*Washington Star.*

NOT A PROFIT

Two women were discussing their marital troubles, when one asked, "By the way, what is your husband doing now?" "Oh," said the other, "he's a-settin' round tellin' what's goin' to happen next election." "Then he's a prophet?" "No, he ain't. So far as this family is concerned, he's a dead loss."—*Selected.*

NO TIME TO THINK

"What do you think of the political situation?"

"Don't bother me just now," replied Senator Sorghum. "I've got to get out and talk. This is no time to think."—*Washington Star.*

IN THE SAME BOAT

"I just got out of prison this morning," a traveler told the man on the train. "It's going to be mighty tough, facing old friends." "I can sympathize with you," commiserated the other. "I'm just

getting home from the state legislature."—*The People's Home Journal.*

WILLING TO TAKE A CHANCE

"Here, hold my horse a minute, will you?"

"Sir! I'm a Member of Congress!"

"Never mind. You look honest. I'll take a chance."—*Selected.*

A PRACTICAL SOCIALIST

Po—"Your roommate says that he is a practical socialist."

Dunk—"He must be. He wears my shirts, smokes my tobacco and writes to my girls."—*Pitt Panther.*

MONEY, THE LEAST OF HIS EXPENSES

Harry T. Hartwell of Mobile, Ala., was defeated in his race for Congressman in the First District. According to his statement filed with the Secretary of State, his expenditure of money was the least of all as his statement shows:

"I lost six months and ten days canvassing, lost 1,000 hours' sleep worrying over the results of the election, lost 20 pounds of flesh, kissed 500 babies, kindled 100 kitchen fires, put up 10 stoves, cut 11 cords of wood, carried 50 buckets of water, pulled 400 bundles of fodder, walked 1,100 miles, shook hands 20,000 times, and talked enough to fill one month's issue of the New York *World,* baptized four different times, made love to nine grass widows, got dog bit nine times, then got defeated."—*Selected.*

WHAT HE WOULD BE

During a Republican campaign speech an orator became quite exasperated at the remarks of an old farmer, who kept insisting as he interrupted the speaker that he was a Democrat.

"And why, sir, are you a Democrat, may I ask?" thundered the orator.

"My father was a Democrat, as was his father before him," replied the farmer.

"Well, now," asked the orator, "suppose your father was a fool and your grandfather was a fool, what, under your line of argument, would you be?"

"I'd be a Republican," drawled the farmer.—*Selected.*

TRAITORS AND CONVERTS

Young Hopeful—"Father, what is a traitor in politics?" Veteran Politician—"A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one." Young Hopeful—"Well, then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to yours?" Veteran Politician—"A convert, my son."—*Tit-Bits.*

SYMPTOMS OF SOCIALISM

"Sometimes," said the patient woman, "I think my husband is getting to be a socialist."

"What are the symptoms?"

"He wants to do all the talking and none of the work."—*Washington Star.*

DID NOT BELIEVE IN THE RECALL

Mike—"Do yez believe in the recall of judges, Pat?"

Pat—"That I do not. The last time I was up before His Honor, he sez: 'I recall that face. Sixty days.' I'm agin the recall of judges."—*Life.*

PRACTICALITY

WHY HE HAD NO SIGN

He had opened up a fish market and he ordered a new sign painted of which he was very proud. It read: "Fresh Fish for Sale Here."

"What did you put the word 'fresh' in for?" said his first customer. "You wouldn't sell them if they weren't fresh, would you?"

He painted out the word, leaving just "Fish for Sale Here."

"Why do you say 'here'?" asked his second customer. "You're not selling them anywhere else, are you?"

So he rubbed out the word "here."

"Why use 'for sale'?" asked the next customer. "You wouldn't have fish here unless they were for sale, would you?"

So he rubbed out everything but the word "Fish," remarking: "Well, nobody can find fault with that sign now, anyway."

A moment later another customer came in.

"I don't see what's the use in having that sign 'Fish' up there," said he, "when you can smell them a block away."

And that's why the fish market has no sign.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

WOULD PRAY WHILE HIKING

A good suggestion for all womankind—and mankind, too, for that matter—is contained in this story, told by the Boston *Globe:* Two little girls were hurrying to school—fearful that they were not going to reach there until after the last bell had rung. One of them said:

"Let's kneel right down and pray that we won't be tardy."

"Oh, no!" said the other. "Let's hike on to school, an' pray while we're hikin'."—*Selected.*

SHE WAS VERY FOOLISH

In these days of nervous prostration, called by some "nervous prosperity," because it is so prevalent among the idle rich, this story

of the famous Dr. Abernathy, who did not believe in coddling his patients, is apropos:

A patient, a wealthy woman, sent for him and he found it was a case of nerves.

"Doctor," she said, "I feel a terrible pain in my side every time I put my hand to my head."

"Then, madam," said the doctor, "why in the name of common sense do you put your hand to your head?"—*Selected.*

HOW FRANKLIN GOT A JOB

It is recorded of Benjamin Franklin that when as a poor boy he asked for work at a printer's in London, the foreman, doubting whether an American could do anything well, asked if he could really set up type.

Franklin stepped at once to a case and set up John 1:46: "And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip said unto him, Come and see."

This was done so quickly and accurately, and conveyed such a delicate reproof, that he obtained employment at once and was rapidly promoted.—*Kind Words.*

MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM

"You say you have trouble finding a place to sleep?" inquired the Washingtonian. "Yes," replied the gloomy stranger. "But what's the difference? I'm so worried I couldn't sleep, anyway."—*Washington Evening Star.*

A BIRD IN THE HAND

"I'm a very busy man, sir. What is your proposition?"

"I want to make you rich."

"Just so. Leave your recipe with me and I'll look it over later. Just now I'm engaged in closing up a little deal by which I expect to make $3.50 in real money."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

SUNSHINE BEHIND CLOUDS

"Never despair. Somewhere beyond the clouds the sun is shining."

"Yes, and somewhere below the sea there's solid bottom. But that doesn't help a man when he falls overboard."—*Baltimore American.*

WAS FOR IT

"What do you think about the cause of gravitation?"

"I don't know much about it. But I guess I'm for it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A PRACTICAL CONCLUSION

"My son," said mother, "you should never defer until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"Then, mother," returned the son, "we had better eat the rest of the mince pie to-night, hadn't we?"—*Selected.*

CLOUDS WITH SILVER LININGS

"I know a man," said Uncle Eben, "dat kep' so busy lookin' up for clouds wif silver linin's dat he done walked into a coal hole."—*Washington Star.*

NOT PREPARED

"The rain broke up the Preparedness parade, didn't it?"
"Yes. Nobody thought to bring an umbrella."—*Selected.*

PREACHERS

HALF A LOAF

A colored congregation in Louisiana, hearing that a college in Kansas was conferring the degree of D.D. for the reasonable "consideration" of fifty dollars, decided to add to their prestige by raising the required sum and having their pastor decorated with those dignified initials. Strenuous effort failed to raise more than half the amount; but, nothing daunted, they forwarded twenty-five dollars, with the request that the college would forward the first "D." so that they could begin addressing the reverend gentleman as Doctor, a favor which they were sure would assist them very much in collecting the price of his "Divinity."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A FALLEN ANGEL

Sarah C. Palmer, the Irish Evangelist, tells this story "on herself." Mrs. McDermott was an illiterate Irish woman. She attended the meetings in the city of Londonderry, Ireland, and she sat in the front with her mouth wide open. At the close she would grip me by the hand and say, "It's gran'."

One day I was looking for a certain home and as I met this woman and asked her to show me the way, she said, "A will take ye. Just come wie me." As we walked along Mrs. McDermott said, "Dear, but you are havin' gran' meetin's." "Are you enjoying them?" "Enjoying them? A think A am. A was just sayin' to a woman the day that you are a rale fallen angel."—*Selected.*

AN EXEMPLARY HORSE

Secretary Shaw, at a recent big Christian Endeavor mass meeting at the Union Avenue Church, St. Louis, told a good Beecher story. The great preacher was purchasing a horse, of which the owner said: "This horse is perfectly sound. He can go in any gait —walk, pace, fox-trot or gallop. He will stand without hitching, work anywhere you put him—on the off side or the near side—in buggy, plow or wagon. He is perfectly gentle, though full of spirit; goes when you want him to and stops when you say, 'Whoa.'

He has no bad traits; does not bite nor kick and comes when you call him and does not run off when he sees anything strange." Beecher looked admiringly at the animal and said, "I wish that horse were a member of my church."—*Selected.*

THOUGHT IT A GOOD JOKE

"Talbot (a distinguished Roman Catholic ecclesiastic) came over to London to preach for a special fund in some church, and there was a vast congregation to hear 'the intimate friend and constant attendant' of Pope Pius the Ninth. He began by informing them that he had only on the previous day received a letter from the Holy Father himself upon the very topic which had brought them together that day. He would read it to them, and he begged that they would remember that, the Pope being the vice-regent of the Almighty, they should regard it as a voice from the unseen world. He would now begin: 'My dear Monsignor. It is very hot here—' What followed, the congregation never could remember, for they laughed so much that the rest was lost."—*The Congregationalist.*

WHY HE WANTED A SHORT SERMON

Canon Cureton was to preach at the Abbey on a certain saint's day when the boys of Westminster School attended service and afterward had the rest of the day as a holiday. Mr. Cureton was looking over his sermon when his son asked anxiously, "Father, is your sermon long?" "No, Jimmy, not very." "But how long?" "Well, about twenty minutes, I should say. But why?" "Because the boys said they would thrash me if you are more than half an hour."—*Public Ledger.*

A FAVORED PLACE

The bishop was addressing the Sunday school. In his most expressive tones he was saying: "And now, children, let me tell you a very sad fact. In Africa there are ten million square miles of territory without a single Sunday-school where little boys and girls can spend their Sundays. Now, what should we all try and save up our money and do?" And the class, as one voice, replied in ecstatic union, "Go to Africa!"—*London Chronicle.*

NEEDED A PREACHER

A few days ago a little boy who lives in the West End of town, swallowed a nickel, and his frantic mother immediately called the family doctor. When he arrived the mother was in hysterics, thinking her son was about to die.

The physician looked the smiling youngster over and in a solemn voice asked:

"Who is your pastor?"

This caused more tears, and in a trembling tone she inquired:

"Oh, doctor, is it as serious as that?"

The doctor repeated the question and this time the mother replied:

"I go to the Christian church."

"Yes. I know your pastor. Better send for him. He is the best man to raise money that I know."—*Missouri Mule.*

A WEE BIT SANE

While a certain Scotch minister was conducting religious services in an asylum for the insane one of the inmates cried out wildly:

"I say, have we got to listen to this?"

The minister, surprised and confused, turned to the keeper and said:

"Shall I stop speaking?"

The keeper replied:

"No, no; gang along, gang along; that will not happen again. That man only has one lucid moment every seven years."—*The Christian Herald.*

A WONDERFUL PREACHER

An old negro preacher was introducing a white preacher. The white preacher had offered to preach a sermon for the colored brother, and, in introducing the white preacher, the old negro could not find enough adjectives with which to praise the visitor. "Dis noted preacher," said the old negro to his flock, "is one of de greatest preachers of de age. He knows de unknowable, he kin do de undoable and he can onscrew de onscrutable!"—*Selected.*

IT WAS BEFORE CIRCUSES

Bishop Evans Tyree said at a picnic in Nashville:

"Some people's faith is like Parson Calhoun Clay's. It talks very big, but makes mental reservations."

"'Faith!' roared Parson Cal. 'You must have faith, breddern and sistern. Look at Dan'l in de lions' den! Did de lions eat him? Shorely not! 'Kase why? 'Kase, breddern and sistern, he had faith.'

"'Parson,' a young man asked, 'was dem lions as big as de ones we got nowadays?'

"'Shorely not, son, shorely not,' said Parson Cal. 'Dey was B. C., meanin' befo' circuses.'"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

WOULD PREFER INSOMNIA

Lord Rosebery once mentioned to Dr. Creighton that there were times when he could not sleep. The bishop remarked, "Well, my lord, I never suffer from sleeplessness, for whenever I feel weary, I begin to read a sermon; and I am off in a very few seconds." "Ah, my lord," replied Lord Rosebery, "of two evils I will choose

the least. Much rather would I go without sleep than read a sermon!"—*The Gem.*

NOT THE PREACHER'S FAULT

A Yankee soldier was being shown over an old church in England where hundreds of people had been buried.

"A great many people sleep between these walls," said the guide, indicating the inscription-covered floor with a sweep of his hand.

"So?" said Sammy. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"—*Selected.*

HAD THE FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE

Dr. Scrivener, an accomplished scholar, was not very well placed.

"My dear Scrivener," said a visitor, "I hope you have a good curate to help you in this heavy charge."

"Oh, the curate has the foot-and-mouth disease."

"The foot-and-mouth disease—I never heard of human beings catching that!"

"That may be," was the reply, "but my colleague has it badly, for he won't visit and he can't preach."—*J. S. Flynn, in "Cornwall Forty Years After."*

IT MADE THE SKIN TENDER

A minister had just left home when he remembered that he had not shaved. Consequently he paid one of his rare visits to the village barber. That worthy, however, could not effect the operation without cutting the reverend gentleman's chin.

"Ah, John," remonstrated the cleric, "it's an awful thing, the drink."

"It is that, sir," responded the barber. "It makes the skin wonderfully tender!"—*Tit-Bits.*

WHERE TO FIND THE PREACHER

During the regular pastor's summer vacation the sermons at the Baptist Church were preached by well-known ministers from other churches. A list of coming attractions was posted in the vestibule. One morning when making his announcements for the coming week the day's incumbent mislaid the slip containing the name of his immediate successor, but he supplied the information in this fashion:

"On the way out you will find the preacher for next Sunday hanging up in the vestibule!"—*Selected.*

THE WORK OF THE PREACHER

"So ye be gaun to lave us, passun," said an old lady to a vicar. "Yes, Sarah," he replied; "I'm getting on in years, and they cannot hear me at the end of the church." "Here 'e! Sure that don't matter so long as we can see 'e; and you know, passun, 'tain't the

pigs that squeals the loudest makes the best bacon."—*J. S. Flynn, in "Cornwall Forty Years After."*

TEMPTED TO LIE

"I met our new minister on my way to Sunday School, mamma," said Willie, "and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday."

"What did you answer?" asked mother.

"I simply said: 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' and walked off and left him," was the triumphant response.—*Country Gentleman.*

SILENCE MEANT CONSENT

When the term of the old negro preacher had expired, the New York *American* reports that he arose and said:

"Breddren, de time am heah fo' de relection ob yo' pastoh for anudder yeah. All dose faborin' me fo' yo' pastoh will please say 'Aye.'"

The old preacher had made himself rather unpopular and there was no response.

"Ha," he said; "silence gibs consent allus. I'se yo' pastoh fo' anudder yeah."—*Selected.*

ANXIOUS TO HEAR HIS EXPLETIVES

The clergyman was nailing a refractory creeper to a piece of trellis-work near his front gate, when he noticed that a small boy had stopped and was watching him with great attention. "Well, my young friend," he said, pleased to see the interest he excited, "are you looking out for a hint or two of gardening?" "No," said the youth; "I'm waiting to hear what a parson says when he hammers his thumb."—*Pearson's.*

NOT THE LORD'S ARMY

A Methodist Negro exhorter shouted, "Come on up an' jine de army of de Lord."

"I'se done jined," replied one of the congregation.

"Whar'd you jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In de Baptis' Church."

"Why, chile," said the exhorter, "you ain't in de army; yoh's in de navy."—*Selected.*

NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY

President Bliss of the Syrian Protestant College, Beyrout, was preaching some time ago at Dr. C. H. Parkhurst's church in New York City. To the great delight of a few in the audience who saw the point, the opening lines of the well-known hymn which brought the service to a close were the following:

"From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again."

—*Selected.*

STRICTLY CASH BASIS

"Well, well!" said the planter. "What are you doing now, Uncle Josh?"

"I'se a-preachin' ob de gospel."

"What! You preaching?"

"Yessah, marster, I'se preachin'."

"Well, well. Do you use notes?"

"No, suh. At de fust I used notes, but now I demands de cash."—*Judge.*

DID NOT KEEP A CARRIAGE

Some time ago a certain bishop sent round to the church wardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, including the question, "Does your clergyman preach the gospel? And are his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?"

To this one of the church wardens replied, "He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage."—*Selected.*

USING THE LAWN MOWER ON HIS SERMONS

A suburban minister during his discourse one Sunday morning said: "In every blade of grass there is a sermon." Next day one of his elders found the good man mowing his lawn. "Well, sir," he said, "I am glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

HOPED SO

Young Minister (receiving gift of fountain pen).—"Thank you. I hope I shall now be able to write better sermons."

The Lady.—"I hope so."—*Boston Transcript.*

TEETH WOULD BE PROVIDED

The evangelist was entreating his hearers to flee from the wrath to come.

"I warn you," he said, "there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

At this point an old lady in the gallery stood up.

"Sir," she interrupted, "I have no teeth." "Madam," said the evangelist sternly, "teeth will be provided."—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

ONE OF THE BORED

A stranger in an Indiana village thought he might improve the time by attending service in the local church. At the conclusion of a lengthy talk, the minister announced that he should like to meet the Board. The stranger, in company with several other persons, proceeded to walk to the front of the church. The pastor, thinking there must be some misunderstanding, said to him: "I believe, sir, you are mistaken. This is just to be a meeting of the Board."

"Well," replied the visitor, "I have listened to you talk for more than an hour and if any one has been more bored than I have been, I should like to know who it is."—*Selected.*

A SMALL CONGREGATION

In a town in the West there is a church that has a bright young pastor, but the attendance is unfortunately small. Among the parishioners there is an agreeable young widow. One evening, as she was leaving the edifice, she was addressed by a deacon.

"How did you like the sermon?"

"I think it was perfectly lovely," was the enthusiastic reply. "But there were so few of us that every time the parson said 'dearly beloved' I positively blushed."—*Selected.*

HIS SERMONS TOO LONG

Vicar's Daughter—"I'm sorry you don't like the vicar's sermons, William. What is the matter with them? Are they too long?" William—"Yes, miss. Your curate, 'e says, 'in conclusion,' and 'e do conclude. But t' vicar says, 'lastly,' and 'e do last."—*The Watchdog.*

A CATHOLIC TRADE SECRET

"Father Donovan," asked a Protestant minister of his genial friend the Catholic priest of the town, "how do you manage to secure such large financial contributions from your parishioners?" "Ah, my lad, you should annex about ten acres of Purgatory to your meeting-house," was the candid if unexpected reply.—*Selected.*

A BRIEF FUNERAL ORATION

Perhaps the briefest funeral oration ever delivered was that of an old negro of Mississippi over the body of another of his race, who had borne a very bad reputation. Lifting his hat and looking down upon the coffin, the old fellow said, in solemn funereal tones: "Sam Viser, yo' is gone. We hopes yo' is gone whar we 'spects yo' hain't."—*Boston Transcript.*

NO ICE IN EGYPT

The Negro preacher, it is related, was a higher critic and denied all miracles. "But, Caleb, how about the Hebrews crossing the Red Sea?" "I'll 'splain dat. Dey crossed over on solid ice; and next day it was very warm, and de 'Gyptians just broke through de ice." "But, Caleb, ice does not form so near the equator." "Dat objection is nuffin'. In dem days dere was no equator."—*Selected.*

PRIDE

NOT IN THEIR CLASS

"The Blanks and the Browns are both newly rich, but they don't associate."

"Why not?"

"The Blanks feel above the Browns. They made their money in refined sugar, while the Browns made theirs in crude oil."—*Boston Transcript.*

PARDONABLE PRIDE

Patience—"The letter carrier's holding his nose higher than ever this morning."

Patrice—"Probably some one has been sending a quantity of old cheese by parcel post."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

PROPOSING

HE UNDERSTOOD

As he carefully varnished his hair he rehearsed his speech to "dear papa":

"Sir—I have called to tell you, quite frankly, that your daughter Euphemia and I love one another and to ask for your consent to our marriage. I am not a rich man, I own, but we are both young and strong and willing to fight the battle of life together," and so on.

It was not until he faced papa alone that his collar grew suddenly tight and his eyesight failed. He took a deep breath and plunged:

"Sir—I—er—ahem—I frankly come to—er—um—tell you, quite frankly, that you love—that we—that is—that I love your daughter—ahem! I—ah—have frankly called to—er—ask you to—er—er—be my wife—that is—er—she—er—will fight. I—ah—hope, sir, you understand."

And father did. That's the wonderful part of it.—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

COULD NOT SEE HIS FUTURE

"Your father didn't seem cheerful when I told him you had promised to marry me and we wanted his consent."

"Don't let that discourage you, Bertram. Father was always pessimistic. All he can see in you is a clerk at $18 a week. He doesn't know that you are destined to be one of the greatest financiers in America."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

A STRANGE PROPOSAL

William Macdonald, a youthful Scotchman, was seriously in love, but to arrive at the point of proposing marriage to the fair one of his choice was too much for his sensitive soul. Finally, after many hours of deliberation, he hit upon a plan. It was a moonlight, starry night, and he led the maiden of his heart to a churchyard, and, pointing to the various headstones, said: "Allie,

my folks are buried there. Wad ye like to be buried there, too?" —*Selected.*

WHAT HIS DREAM MEANT

Dillydally (a chronic procrastinator): "I dreamed last night that I—er—ah—proposed to you. I wonder what that is a sign of?"

Miss Linger Long (desperately): "It is a sign that you have got more sense when you are asleep than when you are awake."—*Tit-Bits.*

THAT KIND OF WOMAN EXTINCT

"They say," remarked the spinster boarder, "that the woman who hesitates is lost."

"Lost is not the proper word for it," growled the fussy old bachelor at the pedal extremity of the table. "She's extinct!"—*Indianapolis Star.*

THE COST OF A JEWEL

She: "What did papa say when you told him you were going to take me away from him?"

He: "He seemed to feel his loss keenly at first, but I squared things with a good cigar."—*Selected.*

A BIRD IN THE HAND

"Miss Norah, if it wasn't for Tirrence O'Brien that do be coortin' ye, I'd be after havin' somethin' to say to ye, mesilf, th' night." "It's very considerate ye are, Mr. Mulligan, but did ye niver hear that prisint company is always accipted?"—*Selected.*

IT WAS SO SUDDEN

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed impatiently. "We'll be sure to miss the first act. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine." "Hours, I should say," he replied, rather tartly. "Ours?" she cried joyfully. "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"—*Selected.*

NOT HER FINAL ANSWER

Edith—"Have you given Jack his final answer yet?"

Ethel—"Not yet—but I've given him my final 'No.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

HAD AN EYE TO BUSINESS

"Then this," asked rejected James, "is absolutely final?" "Quite," was Dorothy's calm reply. "Shall I return your letters, James?" "Yes, please," answered poor James. "There's some good material in them that I can use again."—*Awgwan.*

WANTED THE LITTER REMOVED

Mr. Fargone—"Listen, Miss Gladys. I lay my heart, my hand and my fortune at your feet."

Miss Hardfax—"Please don't litter up the room so."—*Boston Globe.*

LACKED THE ROCKS

Jones.—"What's the matter with Poorley? He's been going with Miss Budd for some time. Hasn't he got the 'sand' to propose?"

Brown—"Oh, yes; but not the 'rocks' to get married."—*Selected.*

IT ALWAYS FITTED BEFORE

"I am afraid it won't fit," she said, as she tried the ring.

"That's funny," he mused; "I never had any trouble with it before."—*Gargoyle.*

HE HAD THE EXPERIENCE

"There are a lot of girls who don't ever intend to marry."

"How do you know?"

"I have proposed to several."—*Puck.*

SHE WAS OFFENDED

"I grovel here before you in the dust!" observed the impassioned youth, as he sank onto the drawing-room floor.

"I don't know what you mean by dust," replied she, coldly. "I look after this room myself every morning."—*Tit-Bits.*

NOT A PROPOSAL

The Suitor (in a rhapsody)—"I adore everything that is beautiful, exquisite. I love the serene, the perfect!"

The Maid (coyly)—"Oh, Harry, how can I refuse you when you put it so beautifully?"—*Puck.*

AN APPROPRIATE RING

First Girl.—"Do you know, I heard that Mamie Brown's engagement ring is paste."

Second Girl.—"How perfectly lovely and appropriate! You know her fiancé is a paper hanger."—*Selected.*

WOULDN'T BET AFTER ALL

Miss Elder—"I'll bet you a hundred that I'll never marry."

Mr. Easy—"I'll take you."

Miss Elder (rapturously)—"Will you really? Then I won't bet after all."—*Boston Transcript.*

A PHOTOGRAPHIC JOKE

Here is a photographer's joke: "Bella: 'He fell in love with her photograph, and asked her for the original.' Fred: 'What developed?' Bella: 'She gave him the negative.'"—*Onward.*

HE WAS A REPEATER

Grace—"I didn't accept Walter the first time he proposed."
Gladys—"No, dearie; you weren't there."—*Selected.*

WOULD GIVE HER THE WORLD

Billy—"I would lay the world at your feet but for one thing."
Milly—"And that is?"
Billy—"Some other people are using it."—*Judge.*

HE WAS THE MAN

"Oh, I wish the Lord had made me a man!" "He did; I'm the man."—*London Opinion.*

BRINGING HIM TO THE POINT

Mary—"George, I have heard you spoken of frequently as a successful business man."

George—"I am that. Why?"

Mary—"Well, considering the fact that you have been visiting me for three years, I think you should maintain your reputation and talk business."—*The Edinburgh Scotsman.*

A BORN POLITICIAN

Little Richard was entertaining his sister's hesitating admirer and, after making the usual juvenile remarks on marbles and tops, he suddenly announced:

"Ethel told ma yesterday you was a born politician."

The young man was delighted and, wishing to know more, asked:

"That so? Why does she think that?"

"That's just what ma wanted to know, and Ethel said it's because you can call so often and do so much talking without committin' yourself."—*Selected.*

WHY HE DIDN'T MARRY HER

"Why didn't Rastus marry dat Coopah gal?"

"Oh, she done flunk at de last minute—wouldn't lend him a dollah fo' t' git de license wif."—*Selected.*

NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED

The young man produced a small, square box from his pocket.

"I have a present for you," he began. "I don't know whether it will fit your finger or not, but—"

"Oh, George!" she broke in. "This is so sudden. Why, I never dreamed—"

But just then George produced the gift—a silver thimble—and it got suddenly cooler in the room.—*Selected.*

HOW SHE UNDERSTOOD

"When my husband proposed to me the poor fellow's voice stuck in his throat." "Then how did you know he was proposing?" "Well, you see, I was afraid that might happen so I had taken lessons in lip reading."—*Selected.*

STATISTICS NOT ALWAYS DRY

The Professor: "I'm afraid, my dear young lady, that you find statistics very dry things."

The Dear Young Lady: "Not always. Lieutenant Smyth told me there were four hundred billion people in the world, and I was the prettiest girl of the lot."—*London Opinion.*

PLAYING HER CARDS

Johnny: "Sis, can I stay up a little longer? I want to see you and Mr. Green play cards."

Mr. Green: "But we are not going to play cards."

Johnny: "Oh, yes, you are, for I heard ma tell sis that everything depended on the way she played her cards to-night."—*Boston Transcript.*

ONE MUST BE TURNED DOWN

He was seated in the parlor,
And he said unto the light,
"Either you or I, old fellow,
Will be turned down to-night."
—*Selected.*

TOO GOOD FOR OTHERS

"Am I good enough for you?" sighed the fond lover.

"No," said the girl, candidly, "you're not, but you are too good for any other girl."—*New York Times.*

SOME RESEMBLANCE

"Dearest, do you think you could be happy with a man like me?"

"Well, perhaps—if he wasn't too much like you!"—*Selected.*

GAINING PERFECTION

"You're perfect," said the lover shy,
Then paused in tremulous dejection,
Then said the roguish maiden, "Why
Don't you attempt to gain perfection?"
—*Selected.*

PRUDENCE

NECESSARY DELAY

Manager (to late messenger): "You've been away over half an hour, and only had to go around the corner!"

Messenger: "Well, a man dropped half a dollar in the gutter."
Manager: "And did it take half an hour to find it?"
Messenger: "No, sir, but I had to wait till the man went away."
—*Pearson's Weekly.*

PUNS

THE LIGHTEST MEN

One dreary night in a provincial hotel in England a party of travelers sat talking. After they had exhausted nearly every topic, the conversation at last drifted to relating tales and asking conundrums. "I guess," said a decidedly American voice from a distant part of the room, "that any of you folks cannot tell me where the lightest men are to be found." After several fruitless attempts the company unanimously had to give it up. "Well, I reckon I can tell you," came the reply. "In Ireland you have men of Cork, in Scotland men of Ayr, but on the river Thames you have lighter-men still."—*Selected.*

THOUGHT THEY WERE PATRIARCHS

A man approached a stand upon which some questionable-looking fowls were offered for sale. "What will you sell them for?" he asked, of a shrewd, gray-bearded farmer.

"I sell them for profits," answered that individual.

"Is that so?" answered the customer, in feigned surprise. "I'm glad to know they are prophets. I took them for patriarchs."—*Selected.*

GETTING FOOD AND APPETITE

A village ne'er-do-well who was out early on poaching intent suddenly came face to face with the squire. There was no escape, so he said:

"Good morning, sir; what brings you out so early?"

"Getting an appetite for my breakfast," answered the squire. "And what brings you out so early?"

"Getting a breakfast for my appetite," was the ready reply.—*Selected.*

A READY PUN

Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) was once at a dinner where the conversation turned to the art—or crime—of punning, and Dr. Watson ventured the opinion that he could do well in that line, offering to try then and there. He sat silent for a few moments and Hall Caine, who was among the guests, exclaimed, "Come along, Watson, we're all waiting." The preacher-punster replied at once, "Don't be in such a hurricane."—*Selected.*

CHANGED THE SUBJECT SLIGHTLY

A bachelor had been persuaded by the ladies' aid of a church to speak at an entertainment provided they would furnish him with subject matter. In a spirit of mischief he had been given as subject, "Woman: without her, man would be a savage." On the night of the entertainment he arose and said: "My subject, which I consider a very fine one, is nevertheless not of my own choosing, but has been furnished me by the ladies, and is: 'Woman, without her man, would be a savage.'"—*Christian Herald.*

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE

"You must have had a terrible experience with no food and mosquitoes swarming around you," said a friend to the shipwrecked mariner, who had been cast away upon a tropical island.

"You just bet I had a terrible experience," he acknowledged. "My experience was worse than that of the man who wrote, 'Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.' With me it was bites, bites everywhere, but not a bite to eat."—*Selected.*

SOME QUESTIONS IN BOTANY

Do potatoes ever get dirt in their eyes?
Does the neck of a squash need collars and ties?
Are flower beds made up with blanket and sheet?
And wee lady's slippers fit what kind of feet?

—*Anonymous.*

A WELL-DRESSED HAM

A noted lawyer was once cross-examining a very portly, very self-satisfied, and very well-dressed witness.

"You are a man of independent means?" he asked.

"I ham!" replied the witness, emphatically.

The lawyer beamed upon him.

"And a very well-dressed ham, too," he remarked.—*Selected.*

WOULD SEND FOR THE LYRE

Master—"If a customer comes and wants to look at a piano, flute or mandolin while I'm at lunch, you know what to show him?"

Boy—"Yes, sir."

Master—"And if a customer should want to see a lyre—"

Boy (interrupting)—"I'll send for you at once, sir."—*Selected.*

WHY THE LIONS SPARED DANIEL

Charles H. Spurgeon's keen wit was always based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

"Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

"No, sir. Why was it?"

"Because the most of him was backbone and the rest was grit."
—*Tit-Bits.*

PUNS WITH PUNCH

"Sedentary work," said the college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," butted in the smart student, "the more one sits the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the lecturer; "and if one lies a great deal one's standing is lost completely."—*Selected.*

PREFERRED A SHOVEL

Two Irishmen were looking into a jewelry display-window at a collection of diamonds. One said to the other:

"Mike, how would you like to have your pick in there?"

"Faith," said Mike, "I would rather have me shovel."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

A BUNGALOW

"I don't see why you call your place a bungalow," said Smith to his neighbor.

"Well, if it isn't a bungalow, what is it?" said the neighbor. "The job was a bungle and I still owe for it."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

HAD HIS SUSPICIONS

"Behind the altar," said the cathedral guide to a party of tourists, "lies Richard II. In the churchyard outside lies Mary Queen of Scots. And who"—halting above an unmarked flagging in the stone floor and addressing a tourist from London—"who do you think, sir, is a-lying 'ere on this spot?" "Well," answered the Cockney, "I don't know for sure, but I have my suspicions."—*Tit-Bits.*

CALLED HIM "APRIL SHOWERS"

Tommy's uncle asked him the name of May's young man.

"I call him April Showers," replied Tommy.

"April Showers!" cried his astonished uncle. "Whatever makes you call him such a ridiculous name as that?"

"Because he brings May flowers," Tommy explained.—*Tit-Bits.*

HONOR THE LIGHT BRIGADE

The attorney for the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done!" he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say, in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade.'"

Voice of a consumer from the audience.—"Oh, what a charge they made!"—*Youth's Companion.*

ASKING AN IMPOSSIBILITY

"Say," said Sambo, who had just finished at the settlement school, "you mustn't say ''lasses'; you must say 'molasses.'"

"How can I ask for mo' lasses," his little brother questioned him, "when I haven't had no 'lasses yet?"—*Selected.*

COULD DRAW ON HIS IMAGINATION

"This man," said the keeper, softly, "imagines he has millions."

"Isn't that nice!" answered the visitor. "Whenever he needs money, all he has to do is to draw on his imagination."—*Boston Transcript.*

NOT A MISNOMER

Brown has a lovely baby girl,
The stork left her with a flutter;
Brown named her "Oleomargarine,"
For he hadn't any but her.

—*Penn State Froth.*

LIFE LIKE A HARNESS

"He died in harness, poor chap."

"Yes, and, by the way, did you ever notice how much like a harness life is? There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune and breaches of faith. Also tongues must be bridled, passions curbed, and everybody has to tug to pull through." —*Selected.*

SPOTTING THE WINNER

A returned missionary tells the story of how in Darkest Africa two natives were watching a leopard chasing a very large and very fat white man.

Said one native to the other: "Can you spot the winner?"

"The winner is spotted," replied the other African.—*Epworth Herald.*

SPEAKING OF PUNS

A citizen of Everett, where the nine o'clock curfew has been installed, wishes to know if the neighbors' barking dogs are to be silent after that hour. Yes; after the ringing of the curfew there should not be even a few curs in evidence.—*The Boston Transcript.*

USED A ROPE FOR HANGING

Bright Boy—"Do you know in Serbia they don't hang a man with a wooden leg?"

Innocent Boy—"Why not?"

Bright Boy—"They don't hang him with a wooden leg, because they use a rope."—*Selected.*

COULDN'T TELL HER

"I want to know," said the grim-faced woman, "how much money my husband drew out of the bank last week."

"I cannot give you that information, madam," answered the man in the cage.

"You're the paying teller, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm not the telling payer."—*Boston Transcript.*

TROUBLE AT THE ZOO

"What's the matter? Why those howls and why are all those bees buzzing about?"

"That green attendant put the new ape in the apiary. That's all."—*The Pittsburg Sun.*

ONE WIFE WAS MONOTONY

Schoolmaster—"In some countries men are allowed more than one wife. That is polygamy. In Christian countries like ours he is only allowed one. What is that called?"

Bright Youth—"Please, sir, monotony."—*Tit-Bits.*

HIS BED A BOOKCASE

"He's very intellectual and literary, isn't he?" "Why do you think so?" "He told me he never felt like himself till he was snugly ensconced in his library." "Well, you see his folding-bed is a bookcase."—*Judge.*

WAS BRINGING HIM UP

"S'pose my face is dirty," said the office boy in the elevator, "what business is that of yours? You ain't my father."

"No, but I'm bringing you up," replied the elevator man.—*Boston Transcript.*

ORIGIN OF FOREST FIRES

"I wonder how so many forest fires catch?" said Mrs. McBride. "Perhaps they catch accidentally from the mountain ranges," suggested Mr. McBride.—*Selected.*

WHAT KEPT THE MOON IN PLACE

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon from falling?" asked Georgine.

"I think it must be the beams," replied George, softly.—*Selected.*

PEN AND INK

Visitor (to facetious farmer): "I'd like to know why on earth you call that white pig 'Ink'?"

Facetious Farmer: "Because he's always running from the pen."—*Selected.*

A COLD SEAT IN CHAPEL

First Frosh.—"Jack has got an awful cold seat in chapel."

Second Frosh.—"How's that?"

First Frosh.—"He sits in Z row."—*Squib.*

ART IS LONG

"What is your dachshund's name?"

"I call him 'Art.'"

"An appropriate name. Art is long."—*Kansas City Journal.*

DAILY EXERCISE

Visitor—"Do you give your dog any exercise?"

Owner—"Yes, he goes for a tramp every day."—*Answers.*

WHEN DOWN IN THE MOUTH

Advice to pessimists: When down in the mouth, remember that Jonah came out all right.—*Selected.*

CRY, CRY AGAIN

Stella: "If at first you don't succeed—"

Bella: "Cry, cry again."—*Judge.*

AN INVERTEBRATE SMOKER

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury, "you seldom see Mr. Twickembury without a cigar in his mouth. He's a most invertebrate smoker."—*Selected.*

DOING MEN'S WORK?

Two very pretty girls met on the street and kissed each other rapturously. Two young men watched the meeting. "There's another of those things that are so unfair," said one.

"What is that?" said his friend.

He pointed to the scene: "Women doing men's work."—*Selected.*

COULDN'T BE ADMIRAL PORTER

Miss Beason: "Wasn't it Admiral Porter who said, 'Take no quarter from the enemy'?"

Mr. Lake: "Naw, it couldn't have been; or, if it was, he's the only porter that ever said such a thing."—*Truth.*

HE FOUND HIMSELF EASILY

Doctor—"Well, and how did you find yourself this morning?"

Patient—"Oh, I just opened my eyes and there I was."—*Purple Cow.*

PUZZLES

PRIZE PUZZLE

We will mail a copy of Sheldon's "In His Steps" to the first who sends us an explanation of the following complicated family relationships:

Six people just passed the *Herald* office in an automobile: there were two grandmothers and their two granddaughters; two mothers

with their two sons; two husbands with their two wives; two maidens with their two mothers. And all the marriages involved were perfectly lawful.—*Selected.*

A TONGUE-TWISTER

"She stood at the door of the fish sauce shop welcoming him in." How fast can you say that?—*Selected.*

ANOTHER TONGUE-TWISTER

Here is another about the famous duel between Shott and Knott. It reads as follows: "Shott shot the first shot, and the shot Shott shot shot not Knott. The shot Shott shot shot not Knott, so Shott shot again, and once more the shot Shott shot shot not Knott, but the shot Knott shot shot Shott, so Knott won notwithstanding."—*Selected.*

A QUEER CONUNDRUM

The gimlet-eyed man, given to propounding conundrums sprang a new one on some friends the other day.

"What," he asked, "is three-sevenths of chicken, two-thirds of cat, and one-half of goat?"

It was, of course, given up.

"Well," said the gimlet-eyed man, triumphantly, "the answer's Chicago. 'Chi' is three-sevenths of chicken; 'ca' is two-thirds of cat, and 'go' one-half of goat."

Whereupon they threw him out of the place.—*New York Evening Post.*

ALLITERATION IN S

Sylvester Sanford, solitary, shabby, self-scrutinizing, secured Selma Strong, stenographer, sunny, sprightly, soundly sensible. Soon slight seismic shocks stirred Sylvester's somnolent soul. Selma, surreptitiously smiling, saw several surprising sartorial substitutions. Single state shortly seemed stale. Sylvester shyly suggested splicing. September Saturdays spent selecting secluded suburban site. Sylvester, Selma, seem supremely satisfied.—*Selected.*

SAY IT FAST

Esau Wood sawed wood. Esau Wood would saw wood. All the wood Esau Wood saw Esau Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esau saw to saw Esau sought to saw. Oh, the wood Wood would saw! And oh! the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood! But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood. Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esau sought a saw that would saw wood. One day Esau saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood. In fact, of

all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw wood, and I never saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw until I saw Esau Wood saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood. Now Wood saws wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.—*Selected.*

A PUZZLE IN B'S

Bertram Bliss besought beautiful Bertha Barrymore. But Bertha's bellicose brother Bohemus became brutal, brandishing big bludgeon. Banished, blighted, Bertram bribed bloodthirsty brigands. Bohemus, belabored by brigands, benevolently bestowed blessing. Bertha became Bertram's blushing bride.—*Selected.*

DOCTORING A DOCTOR

"I say, doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, tell me this: Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor in his own way?"—*Selected.*

A PUZZLE IN Q'S

Quincy Quimby's quest quantity. Quintilla Quackenbush's quest quality. Quincy, quivering, quaking, questioned Quintilla. Quintilla's quaint quizzical quips quickly, quietly quenched Quincy's query. "Quintilla queer!" quoth Quincy.—*Selected.*

REPARTEE

COULD RUSH HIM THROUGH COLLEGE

When James A. Garfield was president of Hiram College, says the *Christian Register,* a man brought up his son to be entered as a student. He wanted the boy to take a course shorter than the regular one.

"My son can never take all those studies," said the father. "He wants to get through more quickly. Can't you arrange it for him?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Garfield. "He can take a short course; it all depends on what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak He takes a hundred years, but He takes only two months to make a squash."—*Selected.*

WHY HE WAS LIKE A DONKEY

"William, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey?" echoed William, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better half is stubbornness herself."

"That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home."

"Emily," he began, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited for a moment, expecting, of course, that his wife would give it up; but she didn't. She looked at him with some pity in her eyes, and replied:

"Why, I suppose, dear, because you were born so."—*Selected.*

WANTED TO EMPLOY MORE MEN

Two men stood watching a steam shovel at work. With a clatter and a roar the shovel bit into the steep bank, closed on a cartload of earth and dumped it on a waiting flatcar.

"It makes me wild," said the first onlooker, "to see that monster taking the bread out of good men's mouths. Look at it. Why, it's filling up those wagons faster than a hundred men with picks and shovels could do it!"

The other shook his head and answered: "See here, mister, if it would be better to employ a hundred men with picks and shovels on this job, wouldn't it be better still, by your way of thinking, to employ a thousand men with forks and tablespoons?"—*Selected.*

HE COULD COME TWICE

The minister went to the village barber, with whom he was at loggerheads, for a shave. When it was finished he proffered the usual twopence halfpenny. "I'll take it in preaching!" replied the barber, refusing the offered coins. "My friend," rejoined the minister, with dignity, "I haven't twopence halfpenny sermons." "That's all right, sir!" retorted the barber. "I'll come twice!"—*Christian Life.*

DIDN'T EAT HOGS

The line at the ticket-window was very long and very mixed. A stout, coarse man amused himself during the long wait by whispering sweet nothings to a very pretty girl who stood next to him. Her chin tilted a little higher each time he spoke, and then, exasperated, she turned on him.

"I wish you would leave me alone!" she said angrily.

"All right, all right, my dear!" said the plump one. "But don't eat me!"

The girl looked him up and down scornfully.

"You're in no danger of that," she replied. "I'm a Jewess!"—*Selected.*

DID NOT CARE TO PICK A CROW

A clever answer often turns away wrath. An official, with a frowning countenance, once approached Father Healey, the Irish

wit. "Healey," said the official, "I've got a crow to pick with you." "Make it a turkey," said Father Healey, quickly, "and I'll join you at six sharp." What could the official do but smile?—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

TO PROTECT PLANTS FROM FROST

It was during the practical gardening lesson in a large London school, when the teacher was instructing the boys in the art of protecting plants from the frost.

Jones was observed to be paying no attention to the master's remarks, so the instructor asked him sharply:

"Now, then, Jones, which is the best way to keep the May frosts from the plants?"

"Plant them in June, sir," was Jones's ready reply.—*Tit-Bits.*

NOTHING NEW

"I see that Marconi has invented a device by which you can see through brick walls."

"Somebody invented that long ago."

"Who was it, I'd like to know?"

"The man who first thought of putting windows in 'em."—*The American Boy.*

WHY THE TRANSFER EXPIRED

The street-car conductor examined the transfer thoughtfully, and said meekly: "This here transfer expired an hour ago, lady." The lady, digging in her purse after a coin, replied: "No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car!"—*Selected.*

SENATORIAL BRETHREN

Senator Spencer tells the story that recently when Hiram Johnson had finished a certain speech another senator sent across to him a penciled note reading: "Johnson, you're an ass." Johnson wrote back immediately, "Thank you for the information. Fraternally yours."—*Selected.*

BOTH HAD CHANGED

Mrs. Jenkins was standing before the mirror arranging her thin hair when her bald-headed husband entered the room.

"Say, Em'ly," he began, "why don't you do your hair the way you used to?"

"Why don't you?" retorted Mrs. Jenkins.—*Lippincott's.*

CUPID USED A MACHINE GUN

"Engaged to four girls at once!" exclaimed the horrified uncle. "How do you explain such shameless conduct?"

"I don't know," said the graceless nephew. "Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun."—*Selected.*

MEN SCARCE ABOUT THERE

"Did you hear that there was a man-eating shark discovered in the harbor yesterday?" breathlessly asked the summer girl.

"Well, there's one good thing about it, he'll die of starvation," said the second summer girl.—*Newark Evening Star.*

NOT LONG ENOUGH

A boy reaches far across the table and helps himself to butter.

Father—"What did you do that for? Haven't you a tongue?"

Son—"Yes, sir, but my tongue isn't as long as my arm."—*Congregationalist.*

MET EXPENSES EASILY

"Don't you find it hard these times to meet expenses?" "Hard? Man alive! I meet expenses at every turn."—*Boston Transcript.*

HIS BIRTHSTONE

"Our birthstones are supposed to control our destinies. What is your birthstone?"

"Judging from my experiences, I should say it was a brickbat."—*Baltimore American.*

MISSOURI MULES

"Why," asked a Missouri paper, "does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?"

"Because," answers another paper, "that is the only safe place to stand."—*Illustrated World.*

INFORMATION GIVEN OUT

Excited Tourist.—"Information given out here?"

Tired Attendant.—"It has."—*Illustrated World.*

IT WAS FRANK

"Josh Billings said he was an honest man because jail life didn't agree with him." "That was frank, wasn't it?" "No, it was Josh. Never heard of Frank Billings."—*Boston Transcript.*

NOTHING IN IT

"I heard that Jones said he would trust me with his pocketbook. What do you think of that?" "I don't think there's anything in it." —*Brooklyn Citizen.*

THE FEMININE OF COWBOY

"What's the feminine of cowboy?"

"Milkmaid."—*Penn Froth.*

SOMETHING WORSE

"Can you imagine," said the facetious teacher of natural history, "anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

"Yes, sir," came the answer from one boy.

"What, pray?" asked the teacher in surprise.

"A centipede with corns."—*Selected.*

MADE WAY FOR FOOLS

John Wesley, walking in Bath, came face to face with Beau Nash. The path was narrow, and one or the other would have to give way. The fashionable master of ceremonies looked the Methodist up and down and said, "I never make way for fools!" John Wesley promptly stepped aside and retorted, "Oh, I always do!"—*Selected.*

THE HARDEST THING ABOUT SKATING

"What's the hardest thing about roller-skating when you're learnin'?" asked a hesitating young man of the instructor at the rink.

"The floor," answered the attendant.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WAS GETTING BETTER

Mary Hann—"'Ow's yer pore father this mornin', Lizer Jane?"

Lizer Jane—"Oh, faver's better. 'E's beginnin' to swear ag'in."—*The King.*

REPORTERS

NO OPINION ON THE SUBJECT

A well-known English politician was much annoyed by reporters. One day he was enjoying a chat at a London hotel, when a strange young man came up who seemed to have something of importance to communicate, and led him across the room. Arrived in a corner, the stranger whispered, "I am on the staff of an evening paper, and I should like you to tell me what you think of the government's foreign policy." Mr. Dash looked a little puzzled; then he said, "Follow me." Leading the way, he walked through the reading-room, down some steps into the drawing-room, through a long passage into the dining-room, and drawing his visitor into the corner behind the hat-rack, he whispered, "I really don't know anything about it."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

RETRACTION

NO RETRACTION

"Look here," stormed the angry subscriber, "in your issue of yesterday you said I was a lunatic. I want a retraction at once." "My friend," said the editor, "this paper never retracts. But we will print a statement that you have recovered your sanity."—*Selected.*

REVENGE

A CHANCE TO GET EVEN

The druggist danced and chortled till the bottles rattled on the shelves. "What's up?" asked the soda clerk. "Have you been taking something?" "No. But do you remember when our water pipes were frozen last winter?" "Yes, but what—" "Well, the plumber who fixed them has just come in to have a prescription filled."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A GREAT CLIMAX

"Did the play have a happy ending?"

"You bet it did. Some one in the gallery hit the villain square in the face with a tomato."—*Houston Post.*

RICHES

KIDDING THE NEIGHBORS

Casey had been married only a week when he discovered that his wife, who had assumed control of household and larder, was inclined to be stingy.

He had been working in his small garden one afternoon when wife came to the back door and called out in strident tones, "Terrence, come in to tay, toast and eggs!"

Terrence dropped his spade in astonishment and ran into the kitchen. "Sure, ye're only kiddin' me," he said.

"No, Terrence," said the wife; "it's not ye, it's the neighbors I'm kiddin'."—*Selected.*

WHY THEY WERE POOR

"I could have bought farm land once in what is now the center of Chicago." "Cheap, I'll bet." "Yes, if I had done it I'd be rich now." "We all have those vain regrets," opined the grocer. "If I had every potato I've stuck on the spout of a kerosene can I'd be wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

GAVE HIM GOOD ADVICE

"I can," said he to his friend, "marry a rich girl whom I do not care for, or a penniless girl, whom I love dearly. I am in great doubt. Which shall I do?"

"Follow the dictates of your heart, old man," was the prompt response, "and be happy. Marry the poor girl. And, say—er—would you mind introducing me to the other?"—*Selected.*

A NEW USE FOR SQUASH

Hub (just starting for office)—"By the way, was there any of that boiled squash left over from dinner last night?" Wife—"Yes,

dear. Why?" Hub—"I want to put a little on my mustache to make my business associates think we can afford eggs."—*Boston Transcript.*

RELATIVELY RICH

"They're comparatively rich, aren't they?"

"Well, I wouldn't say 'comparatively,' but 'relatively.' They have a rich uncle of whom they expect great things."—*London Tit-Bits.*

HE KNEW THE OTHER SIDE

"I have never yet mastered the art of getting rich without working."

"Neither have I; but I know all about working without getting rich."—*Boston Transcript.*

NOT AS EASY

"Marry money, my boy, marry money."

"Um?"

"It's just as easy to love a rich girl as a poor girl."

"But it isn't as easy to get 'em to marry you, old top."—*Selected.*

WOULD PREFER RUIN BY PROSPERITY

"Prosperity has ruined many a man."

"Well, if I have to be ruined I'd prefer prosperity to do it."—*Selected.*

RUSSIAN HUMOR

PUZZ-Z-Z-Z-Z!

The telephone is not making much progress in Russia. And no wonder! Fancy a man going to a phone and shouting:

"Hello, is that you, Dvisastkivchsmartvoiczskic?"

"No; it is Zollemschouskaffirnocknstiffsgrowoff. Who's speaking?"

"Seximochockiertrjuaksmxkischokemoff. I want to know if Xliferomanskefflskillmajuwchzvastowksweibierski is still stopping with Dvisostkivchsmartvoiszski?"—*Answers.*

SOME REMARKABLE NAMES

Przasnysz and Przemysl are not the only things that the Russians have to contend with, for some day their whole advance may be wrecked upon one of the following:

Berezszaz.
Hajdu Szoboszo.
Nyiregyhaza.
Dzialoszice.
Wloszczowa.
Szczuczyn.—*Columbia State.*

SALESMANSHIP

FOLLOWING UP HIS CUSTOMER

A French commercial traveler was expecting a large order from a country tradesman, but had the misfortune to arrive in the town on a fête-day. Finding the shop closed, he inquired as to the whereabouts of the proprietor, and, ascertaining that he was attending the fête, about a mile out of town, set out after him. When he arrived there, a balloon was on the point of ascending, and he saw his man stepping into the car. Plucking up courage, he stepped forward, paid his money, and was allowed to take his seat with the other aëronauts. Away went the balloon, and it was not until the little party was well above the tree-tops that the "commercial" turned toward his customer with the first remark of "And now, sir, what can I do for you in calicoes?"—*Short Stories Magazine.*

STORY OF BILL NYE'S COW

Bill Nye, the humorist, had a cow to sell, the story goes, and advertised her as follows: "Owing to my ill health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range 18, according to the government survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To one who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, which goes with her. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."—*Selected.*

RIVAL BUTCHERS

The story of the rival bootmakers, which appeared recently, is matched by a correspondent of an English paper with another story, equally old but equally worth repeating. It concerns two rival sausage makers. Again, they lived on opposite sides of a certain street, and, one day, one of them placed over his shop the legend:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the country."

The next day, over the way, appeared the sign:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the whole country."

Not to be outdone, the rival put up what he evidently regarded as a final statement, namely:

"We sell sausages to the King."

Next day there appeared over the door of the first sausage maker the simple expression of loyalty:

"God save the King."—*Selected.*

IT WAS THE LATEST PATTERN

An elderly lady entered a store and asked to be shown some tablecloths. A salesman brought a pile and showed them to her, but she said she had seen those elsewhere—nothing suited her. "Haven't you something new?" she asked. The clerk then brought another pile and showed them to her. "These are the newest pattern," he said. "You will notice that the edge runs right around the border, and the center is in the middle." "Isn't that lovely!" said the lady. "I will take half a dozen of those."—*Life.*

GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS

The mistress of the house was obdurate. "No," she said firmly, "I don't want no buttons nor no laces."

Putting his foot in the fast closing door the tramp held up his hand. "Here you are, lady," said he, "'Grammar for Beginners,' only sixpence!"—*Tit-Bits.*

COULD ACCOMMODATE HIM

Wild-eyed Customer—"I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid."

Clerk—"This is a hardware store. But we have—er—a fine line of ropes, revolvers and razors."—*Selected.*

SARCASM

KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT CARDS

The Watchman-Examiner "pokes fun" at its neighbor, *The Christian Work,* as follows:

"An editorial in *The Christian Work* begins as follows: 'The time has come when the two parties or one of them in the present world-war should lay the cards face up on the table.' We wonder if the readers of *The Christian Work* can understand such an illustration as this? Ought not the editor of *The Christian Work* to require his editorial writers to use illustrations with which the Christian world is familiar? We wonder what the occupation of this editorial writer was before he took up religious journalism, or where he was when he wrote that editorial?"—*Selected.*

NOT A STEADY JOB

A farmhand who had worked hard in the fields from dawn until darkness day after day, and had been obliged to finish his chores by lantern light, went to the farmer at the end of the month and said:

"I'm going to quit. You promised me a steady job of work."

"Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the man; "there are three or four hours every night when I don't have anything to do except to fool my time away sleeping."—*Boston Transcript.*

NOT SO THICK AS HIS HEAD

One of the best known mining men in the West was on the witness stand as an expert in an important mining case in Nevada, and was under cross-examination by a rather young and "smart" attorney. The question related to the form that the ore was found in, generally described as "kidney lumps."

"Now, Mr. Whatname," said the attorney, "how large are these lumps? You say they are oblong—are they as long as my head?"

"Yes," replied the witness, "but not so thick."—*Selected.*

CASTING PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

A professor was one day nearing the close of a history lecture, and was indulging in one of those rhetorical climaxes in which he delighted, when the hour struck. The students immediately began to slam down the movable arms of their lecture chairs and prepare to leave.

The professor, annoyed at the interruption of his flow of eloquence, held up his hand.

"Wait just one minute, gentlemen. I have a few more pearls to cast." Whereupon they grunted.—*Selected.*

WOULD LOVE HER STILL

Mrs. Light: "I wonder if my husband will love me when my hair is gray?"

Mrs. Smite: "Of course he will. He has loved you through three shades of hair already."—*Magazine of Fun.*

HIS MEMORY DEFECTIVE

James Hopper, the war correspondent who broke all war correspondent records by going "over the top" with the doughboys at Cantigny, has a hatred of faking.

At a fish dinner at Prunier's in Paris a faking correspondent denied that he had ever written any fakes.

"Well, George," said Hopper, "maybe you're like old Si Peacham.

"'I'm 89 years of age,' said old Si in the general store, 'and I don't remember ever telling a lie.'

"'Well, Si,' said the grocer, 'nobody expects you to have much of a memory at your age.'"—*Selected.*

HIS ADDRESS

A certain man, who had been invited to speak at a lodge meeting, was placed on the list of speakers. However, the chairman introduced several speakers whose names were not on the program, and the audience was tired out when he eventually introduced the last speaker. "Mr. Bones will now give his address."

"My address," said Mr. Bones, rising, "is No. 551 Park Villa, and I wish you all good night."—*Selected.*

NOT SATISFIED

"Nurse," moaned the convalescent, "can't I have something to eat? I'm starving." "Yes, you start taking solids to-day, but you must begin slowly," she said. Then she held out a teaspoonful of tapioca. He sucked the spoon dry and begged for a second spoonful, but she shook her head. Presently he summoned her again. "Nurse," he gasped, "bring me a postage-stamp. I want to read."—*New York Times.*

NERVE TONIC

"Do you know a good tonic for nervous persons, Simpkins?"

"No, what I want is to find a good tonic for people who have to live with them."—*Christian Register.*

DID NOT SEE HER SON BURST

"Did you see my sunburst last night?" inquired the pompous Mrs. Newrich of her poorer neighbor.

"No, I didn't," said the poor neighbor caustically, "but I certainly thought he would if he ate another bite."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

RESPECTED THE AGED AND WEAK

"Why don't you ever laugh at any of my jokes?"

"Because I was brought up to respect old age and feebleness."—*Selected.*

WORTH THIRTY CENTS

"Miserly offered the man who saved his life half a dollar."

"Did the man accept it?"

"Yes, but he handed Miserly twenty cents change."—*Christian Register.*

PARADING HIS VIRTUES

"I don't believe in parading my virtues."

"You couldn't. It takes quite a number to make a parade."—*Boston Transcript.*

A STRANGE REBUKE

Mark Twain was in a restaurant one day and found himself next to two young men who were putting on a great many airs and ordering the waiters about in a most impressive fashion. One of them gave an order and told the waiter to inform the cook whom it was for. "Yes," said the other, "better tell him my name, too, so as to make certain of its being all right."

Mark, who hated swagger, called the waiter and said in a loud voice: "Bring me a dozen oysters, and whisper my name to each of them."—*Selected.*

A WOMAN'S AGE

Peanut—"How old are you?"
Dorothy Taylor—"I've seen sixteen summers."
Peanut—"How many summers were you blind?"—*Selected.*

SATISFACTION

UP TO ALL CLAIMS

"Well, Peleg, how do you find the encyclopedia the feller left on approval?"

"Seems to be all right. Ain't no errors in it so far as I kin see."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SCOTCH HUMOR

HE SOLVED THE PROBLEM

Andy Donaldson, a well-known character of Glasgow, lay on his deathbed, according to the *Argonaut.* "I canna' leave ye thus, Nancy," the old Scotchman wailed. "Ye're ower auld to work, an' ye couldn't live in the workhouse. Gin I dee, ye maun marry anither man, wha'll keep ye in comfort in yer auld age?" "Nay, nay, Andy," answered the good spouse, "I couldna' marry anither man, for whit wull I dae wi' two husbands in heaven?" Andy pondered over this, but suddenly his face brightened. "I ha'e it, Nancy!" he cried. "Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He's a kind man, but he's no a member of the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an' gin ye'll marry him, 'twill be a' the same in heaven. John's no' a Christian, and he's no likely to get there."—*Selected.*

HOW MANY COMMANDMENTS?

A little Scotch boy had just returned from a painful interview with the minister, to whom he had said, in reply to a question, that there were one hundred commandments. Meeting another lad on his way to the minister's he asked: "An' if he asks ye how mony commandments there are, what will ye say?"

"Say?" replied the other boy. "Why, ten, of course."

"Ten?" said the first urchin in scorn. "Ten? Ye wull try him wi' ten? I tried him wi' a hundred and he wasna satisfied."—*Selected.*

NOT AS HE EXPECTED

Jock met his neighbor Sandy, who was smoking some exceptionally fine and fragrant tobacco sent by his son in America. Jock drew his own pipe from an inner pocket.

"Ha' ye a match, Sandy?" he questioned.

The match was proffered—but nothing more.

"I do believe," said Jock, "I ha' left me tobacco to hame."

"Then," replied Sandy after a brief silence, "ye micht as well gie me back me match."—*Selected.*

COULD NOT LET HER PASS

There joined the police force of London a young Scotsman but recently arrived from his native land. Being detailed one day to regulate the traffic in a certain thoroughfare where the king and queen were expected to pass, he was accosted by a lady hurrying to keep an appointment, who remonstrated with him over the delay. "I canna' let you pass, ma'am," said he. "But, sir, do you know who I am? I am the wife of a cabinet minister." "It disna mak' ony difference, ma'am," he replied. "I couldn't let you pass if you were the wife o' a Presbyterian minister."—*Tit-Bits.*

DID NOT HELP THE OTHERS

The wounded Highlander seemed to make no headway toward recovery. He was forever talking about his "bonnie Scotland," and the idea occurred to the doctor that a Scotch piper might rouse his spirits. Accordingly, he found a piper, and arranged that he should pour forth all the gems of Scottish music the pipes were capable of interpreting. When the doctor called the next morning he eagerly asked the matron:

"Did the piper turn up?"

"He did," replied the matron.

"And how's our Scotch patient?"

"Oh, he's gone; I never saw such a change," said the matron.

"That's grand. That was a fine idea of mine," said the delighted doctor.

"Yes," replied the matron sadly, "but the other thirty patients have all had serious relapses."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE RIGHT GIRL FOR HIM

A Scotchman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator, when he delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rates is the lass for me."—*Selected.*

AN EXAMPLE OF SCOTCH RETICENCE

A story illustrating the reticence of the Scotch regarding their private affairs was once told by Ian Maclaren. A train was at a railway station, when a porter put his head into a carriage and called out: "Any one in this carriage for Doun? Change for Doun! Any one for Doun?" No one moved; and in a few minutes the

train was speeding along, not to stop again for nearly an hour. Then an old Scotch woman turned to a lady sitting near her and said, "I'm for Doun, but I'd no tell that man so!"—*Selected.*

WOULD BE NECESSARY

A Scottish countrywoman was taking her son to the school for the first time, and after impressing the schoolmaster with the necessity of the boy having a thoroughly good education, she finished up by saying: "Be sure he learns Latin." "But, my dear lady," said the schoolmaster, "Latin is a dead language." "So much the better," replied the woman. "Ye ken, he's going to be an undertaker."—*Selected.*

WHY HE LEFT SCOTLAND

Sir Douglas Haig, the Scottish commander-in-chief of the British armies, tells this: "A Scot bored his English friends by boasting about Scotland. 'Why did you leave Scotland,' a Londoner asked, 'since you liked the place so much?' The Scot chuckled. 'It was like this,' he said. 'In Scotland everybody was as clever as myself, but here I'm getting along verra weel.'"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

HAD NO USE FOR PYRAMIDS

We learn from an exchange that an Englishman and a Scotchman who traveled to Egypt together paid a visit to the pyramids. The Englishman was lost in admiration for the huge piles, but the Scotchman shook his head sorrowfully. "Ach, mon," he said with a sigh, "what a lot o' masonwork no' to be bringin' in ony rent!"—*Youth's Companion.*

THE BETTER WAY

Guid Wife—"Aw'm awa noo, Sandy. Do ye want anything bringing frae the toon?"

Sandy—"Ma snuff's dune. Aw would like ye to fetch me half an ounce."

Guid Wife—"Nay, nay! I cannot allow sic extravagance. Have ye no heard o' the increased price? Juist tickle ye nose wi' a straw instead."—*Passing Show.*

WOULD NOT BE PERSUADED

A Highlander from Tobermory asked at the Oban railway station the price of a ticket to Killin.

"So much," replied the clerk.

"Hoot awa'," replied Donald; "it's far ower dear! I'd rather walk!" and off he started.

He had not proceeded far when the train came tearing along, whistling as it neared a station.

"Ye needna whistle for me!" said Donald. "I made ye an offer aince, and ye wadna tak' it; sae you can gang on. I'm no comin'."—*Canadian Magazine.*

SCOTCH THRIFT

Sandy had just met his girl at the end of the street, where she was waiting for him. She was looking into a confectioner's window when Sandy made his presence known by remarking:

"Weel, Jennie, what are ye gaun to have the nicht?"

She, not inclined to ask too much, replied: "Oh, I'll just tak what you'll tak, Sandy."

"Oh, then, we'll tak a walk," said Sandy, as he led her away.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

THOUGHT GERMAN PRAYERS POWERLESS

Two old Scotch ladies were talking about the recent British successes. Said one: "Is it no wonderfu' that the British are aye victorious over the Germans?" "Not a bit," said the other old lady. "Dinna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before gain' into battle?" "But canna the Germans say their prayers as weel?" "Hoot!" was the reply. "Jabbering bodies, wha could understan' them?"—*Selected.*

NO PLEASURE IN SMOKING

Two old Scotsmen sat by the roadside talking and puffing away merrily at their pipes. "There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy," said Donald. "Hoo dae ye mak' that oot?" questioned Sandy. "Weel," said Donald, "ye see, if ye're smokin' yer ain bacca ye're thinkin' o' the awfu' expense an' if ye're smokin' some ither body's, yer pipe's ramm't sae tight it winna draw."—*Tit-Bits.*

NO REASON TO WORRY

A Scottish couple were on their way to be married, but on nearing the church the bride got rather anxious, and finally burst out:

"Sandy, a hev a secret tae tell you before we get marrit."

"Well, an' whit is't, Mary?" queried Sandy.

"A canna cook very weel," replied Mary.

"Ooch," said Sandy, "never mind that; it's precious little ye'll get tae cook wi'."—*Selected.*

RUNNING NO RISK

At a Scottish watering place Macpherson was found stretched in a contented mood on the sands, puffing his old pipe. "Come on, Mac," said his companion, "let's go for a sail." "Na, na," replied Macpherson, "I hae had a guid dinner at the cost o' three and saxpence, an' I'm takin' na risks."—*Liverpool Post.*

OFF MORALLY

An old Scottish woman wished to sell a hen to a neighbor.

"Please tell me," the neighbor said, "is she a'tegither a guid bird? Has she nae fauts, at all?"

"Aweel, Margot," the other old woman admitted, "she has got one faut. She will lay on the Lord's day."—*Selected.*

COULD FEED IT TO THE COW

A Scottish wife was asked by her husband what kind of a bonnet she would like him ta bring her frae Glasgow, and she replied:

"Weel, ye'd best make it a straw bonnet, Jock, and when I'm done wi' it I'll feed it to the coo."—*Selected.*

ECONOMICAL

"Two penn'orth of bicarbonate of soda for indigestion at this time of night," cried the chemist, who had been aroused at 2 a. m., "when a glass of hot water does just as well!"

"Weel, weel," returned Sandy, hastily, "I thank you for the advice. I'll no bother ye after all. Gude nicht!"—*Selected.*

UNRUFFLED

There is a story of a Scot who disappeared in a crevasse in the Alps. His comrades could do nothing for him, but presently a large party with guides appeared and prepared to rescue the unfortunate man.

A famous guide was lowered sixty feet into the crevasse, and sounds of conversation presently floated up. In a little while the guide appeared alone.

He had found the Scot sitting on some soft snow with a broken leg, coolly smoking a cigar, and no less coolly refusing to be rescued until he had bargained as to the cost of the operation. A friend of his had been badly "had" over a job of the same sort, and he was determined to stay there until he came to terms.

He won.

But perhaps the professor who went with Shackleton and Mawson to the Antarctic takes the cake for coolness.

"Are you busy, Mawson?" he called out to that famous member of the party one night.

"I am," said Mawson.

"Very busy, really?" came the voice.

"Yes, very busy. Why?"

"Well, if you are not frightfully busy, Mawson, I'm down a crevasse."

The professor was found hanging down a crevasse by the tips of his fingers, a position he could not have maintained many minutes, and the crevasse was of unknown depth.—*New York Evening Post.*

TALKED THROUGH HIS NOSE

A Scotchman visiting in America stood gazing at a fine statue of George Washington, when an American approached.

"That was a great and good man, Sandy," said the American; "a lie never passed his lips."

"Weel," said the Scot, "I praysume he talked through his nose like the rest of ye."—*Selected.*

SERVANTS

HER OWN ORDERS

The mistress came downstairs and tried the door of the sitting-room, only to find it locked against her, while the key, which was usually in the lock, was missing.

"Bridget, I can't get into the sitting-room," she cried.

"Sure, it's meself knows that; an' ye won't, fur I hev th' kay in me pocket."

"Open the door immediately."

"Will yez go in if I do?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then yez won't get the kay."

"Open the door, I say. What do you mean?"

"Sure, it's by your own orders. Just yesterday ye said, 'Don't let me come downstairs in the morning an' see any dust on the sittin'-room furniture.' So I just puts the kay in me pocket, an' says I, 'Then she sha'n't!'"—*Tit-Bits.*

THE PROPER WAY

She was anxious to please. "Please, ma'am," she said one morning, as she cleared the breakfast-table, "when I bring the dinner in ought I to say, 'Dinner's ready,' or 'Dinner's served'?" The mistress looked up coldly from her sewing. 'Well, if it's anything like it was last night, Eliza Ann, you'd better say, 'Dinner's spoiled!'"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

DID NOT ANSWER THE BELL

Hotel Visitor (coming from bathroom)—"Here, I've been ringing for you for ages."

Chambermaid—"Which bell, sir?"

Visitor—"The bell over the bath."

Chambermaid—"Oh, we pay no attention to that bell, sir. That's only put there in case any one feels faint."—*Punch.*

SHE WAS NOT DOING ANYTHING

Hearing a crash of glassware one morning, Mrs. X. called to her maid in the adjoining room: "Norah, what on earth are you doing?"

"I ain't doin' nothin', mum," Norah replied. "It's done."—*Selected.*

THEY DID NOT SPEAK FRENCH

"Norah," said the mistress, "are these French sardines that you have given me?"

"Shure, Oi don't know, Ma'am," said the new waitress; "they were pasht spakin' whin we opened the box."—*Selected.*

THE AWKWARD ALARM CLOCK

"Have you any alarm clocks?" inquired the customer. "What I want is one that will arouse the girl without waking the whole family."

"I don't know of any such alarm clock as that, madam," said the man behind the counter; "we keep just the ordinary kind—the kind that will wake the whole family without disturbing the girl."—*Tit-Bits.*

MUST GET ANOTHER LOVER

Servant Girl—"I'm so awfully sleepy in the morning, doctor."

Doctor—"Ah! Have you a sweetheart, may I ask?"

Servant Girl (blushing)—"Yes."

"Who is he, may I ask?"

"He's the night policeman."

"Ah, then, give him up, and fall in love with the milkman."—*Tit-Bits.*

DID NOT DO HER JUSTICE

"Have you any references?" inquired the lady of the house.

"Yes, mum, lots of thim," answered the prospective maid.

"Then why did you not bring some of them with you?"

"Well, mum, to tell the troof, they're just loike me photygraphs. None of thim don't do me justice."—*Selected.*

SATISFIED WITH HER WORK

Nora had asked for a letter of recommendation, which the circumstances of her leaving and the quality of her work made it very awkward for the manager to write. Eventually, after much fruitless scribbling, and waste of paper, he produced this:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that Nora Foley has worked for us for a week, and we are satisfied."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

SHE HAD TWO COPPERS

A lady, in need of some small change, called downstairs to the cook and inquired: "Mary, have you any coppers down there?" "Yes, mum; I've two. But, if you please, mum, they're both me cousins!" was the unexpected reply.—*Selected.*

NOT WORTH WHILE

"Why don't you take the trouble to find out the way I like to have things done?" asked the mistress. "It's not worth while, mum," replied the new girl, "I never stay in a place long."—*Selected.*

WORTHLESS SERVANTS

"That's a magnificent house of yours."

"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "And it's full of servants who don't do much except get together and discuss the employer problem."—*Washington Star.*

WHY THE CHAIR WAS DUSTY

Mistress—"See here, this chair is covered with dust."

Maid—"Yessum. I guess there ain't nobody been sittin' in it lately."—*Selected.*

SHE FOUND THE EGGS

Mistress—"Did you manage to find the basket of eggs that was on the floor, Kate?"

Servant—"Oh, yis, mum, aisily! Oi shtepped in it."—*Tit-Bits.*

NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Mrs. Youngbride—"I don't want to have any trouble with you, Bridget."

Cook—"Then, bedade, ma'am, let me hear no complaints."—*Selected.*

NOT A TRAINED NURSE

Mrs. Finnicky (entering kitchen with newspaper): "Norah, a celebrated doctor says that brooms are full of microbes, so hereafter you'll have to give your broom an antiseptic bath every day."

Norah: "Sure Oi'll not! Next thing ye'll be askin' me to give it massage thratements and hippydermic injections, an ye may as well understand right now that Oi'm no thrained nurse."—*Boston Transcript.*

NEEDN'T TROUBLE ABOUT HER

"Annie," called Mrs. Hiram from the foot of the stairs, "how about breakfast?"

"Oh," replied the new servant, who had overslept herself, "you naden't trouble to bring me any. I ain't very hungry this mornin'."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

SNUBBING

A HINT

"When I don't want a man's attentions and he asks me where I live, I say in the suburbs."

"Ha, ha! Excellent; but where do you really live, Miss Brown?"
"In the suburbs, Mr. Short."—*Atlanta Journal.*

TOO INQUISITIVE

"What are the passengers looking out of the windows for?" asked a nervous lady of the conductor.

"We ran over a cat, madam," said the conductor.

"Was the cat on the track?"

"Oh, no, madam," assured the conductor; "the locomotive chased him up an alley."—*Lehigh Burr.*

THE SOLDIER'S CHIN STRAP

Inquisitor.—"And will you tell me is the chin strap to keep the hat on?"

"No'm, it's to rest th' jaw after answerin' fool questions."—*Selected.*

SOLDIERS

IT MIGHT BE COURT-MARTIAL

"But, my dear madam," said the admiral, "it is hard to discuss these matters with one so unfamiliar with the terminology of the subject. You remind me of the young wife who was speaking to her brother about her volunteer husband:

"'Isn't Jack just wonderful?' she said. 'He's already been promoted to field-marshal.'

"'From private to field-marshal in two months? Impossible!' said the brother.

"'Did I say field-marshal?' murmured the young wife. 'Well, perhaps it's court-martial. I know it's one or the other.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

NOT ACCORDING TO BERNHARDI

A German Major in the Medical Corps, taken prisoner, was asked by some one whether he thought the Americans were good soldiers.

"I don't know," he replied. "I saw only one during the battle, and he was most unsoldierlike. I was in a dugout with 40 men when the bombardment started. After the firing stopped I came up to the entrance.

"An American soldier was standing there. He did not look military at all. His steel helmet was on the back of his head. He didn't have any coat on. Even his shirt front was unbuttoned. He had a grenade in either hand. When he saw me he whirled around and said:

"'Come out of that hole, you dirty Dutch pretzel, or I'll spill a whole basketful of these things down into your cellar!'

"It was most unsoldierlike."—*Selected.*

HE WOULD DO

Brig. Gen. Carey, who held the gap between the Third and Fifth British armies at the great German offensive, tells a good story of a newly arrived private, who was given to boasting to his comrades that he had come from a wealthy home.

One day, while the battalion was on parade a Sergeant came bustling up with an official looking blue envelope in his hand.

"Any man here who understands motors, step forward," he ordered.

Here was the newly joined one's opportunity, or at least he thought so. It was the desire of his heart, to be promoted from the ranks, and hardly had the Sergeant got the words out of his mouth before he was confronting him.

"Sergeant," he cried, "I am just the man for the place. Before I joined the army I owned and drove three machines of my own, including a Rolls-Royce."

"You'll do," declared the Sergeant. "Just hop down to headquarters and give the Colonel's motor bike a good cleaning."—*Selected.*

CHANGED HIS MIND TOO OFTEN

Military Commander—"Forward, march! Company, halt! Forward, march! Squads left! Squads right! On left into the line! By the right flank! Halt! Rest! Attention!"

Irish Recruit—"Bedad, if I'll work for a man who changes his mind so often!"—*Selected.*

IT WAS A CAMP-MEETING

Old Cæsar, according to the *Columbia State,* thought he knew something about the tented field, having followed his master as body-servant through the war between the States, but Camp Jackson was a revelation to him.

"Yer mean, Maus' Jeems," he cross-examined his young master, "dat dese young gem'n can't drink nothin' stronger'n spring water?"

"That's all."

"And no frolickin' wid de gals?"

"None whatever."

"An' no swearin' at de mules?"

"Against regulations."

"Lor', Maus' Jeems, disher' ain't no camp. Disher's a camp-meetin'!"—*Selected.*

DEGRADED TO CORPORAL

Because the newly commissioned major on the way to Toronto looked like ready money the porter had been active in his attentions. His movements were of the "hot-foot" variety whenever the officer appeared to require service. Also he was careful to address the major as "gin'ral." And when the train neared the Union depot

and, following the assiduous use of the brush, the sable servitor discovered himself in the possession of a dime, he was equal to the emergency. He clicked his heels together, saluted and remarked, "Corp'ral, Ah t'ank yo', sah."—*Argonaut.*

THE SERGEANT ABOVE THE COLONEL

To young recruits the sergeant is much more awful than the colonel. A sergeant in one of the new regiments came along twice to inquire if any one had seen the colonel. Presently the colonel arrived, and on his way reprimanded a raw recruit for not saluting.

"Do you know I'm the colonel?" he said.

"Oh, you'll cop it!" said the recruit. "The sergeant has been here twice looking for you."—*Manchester Guardian.*

BAD ENOUGH AS IT WAS

"Who goes there?" the sentry challenged.

"Lord Roberts," answered the tipsy recruit.

Again the sentry put the question and received a like answer, whereupon he knocked the offender down. When the latter came to, the sergeant was bending over him. "See here!" said the sergeant. "Why didn't you answer right when the sentry challenged you?"

"Holy St. Patrick!" replied the recruit. "If he'd do that to Lord Roberts, what would he do to plain Mike Flanagan?"—*Boston Transcript.*

THE BRIGHT SIDE

"Well, after all," remarked Tommy, who had lost a leg in the war, "there's one advantage in having a wooden leg."

"What's that?" asked his friend.

"You can hold up your sock with a tin-tack!" chuckled the hero.—*Boys' Life.*

PHYSICALLY UNFIT

Representative Meyer London said at a Socialist meeting in New York:

"We all ought to do our bit. Well, let us try to do our own bit instead of meddling into other people's affairs to see that they do theirs.

"I was amused at a reception the other day. An elderly, gaunt lady approached a young man and said reproachfully to him:

"'Why aren't you in khaki?'

"The young man blushed. Then he drew himself up and answered:

"'For the same reason that you're not in the beauty chorus, ma'am—physically unfit.'"—*Selected.*

THOUGHT HE LIFTED BOTH LEGS

Sergeant (drilling awkward squad): "Company! Attention company, lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you!" One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. The officer, seeing this, exclaimed angrily, "And who is that fellow over there holding up both legs?"—*Chicago News.*

HER FIRST KNITTING

A young lady just learning to knit sent her first effort—a pair of socks—to Europe for the use of an English soldier. She had pinned her card to the package, and after several months received the following acknowledgment:

"Socks received, lady; some fit;
I wear one for a helmet, and one for a mitt.
I hope to meet you when I've done my bit;
But where on earth, lady, did you learn to knit?"
—*Young Men of Cincinnati.*

DID NOT KNOW THE ENEMY

In the early days of the war the officer in charge of a British post deep in the heart of Africa received this wireless message from his superior officer:

"War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

With commendable promptness the superior received this reply: "Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, two Frenchmen, two Italians, an Austrian, and an American. Please say who we're at war with."—*American Boy.*

HAD TRIED SALT WATER

He was a mine-sweeper, and, home on leave, was feeling a bit groggy. He called to see a doctor, who examined him thoroughly.

"You're troubled with your throat, you say?" said the doctor.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the sailor.

"Have you ever tried gargling it with salt and water?" asked the doctor.

"I should say so!" he said. "I've been torpedoed seven times."—*Pittsburg Chronicle and Telegraph.*

WANTED TO BE A MAJOR

A major's job is sometimes regarded as a sinecure, and a humorous exchange hits off the idea by this story of an ambitious colored trooper:

"I figgahs I'se goin' to get a majah's commission, soon," said he, "'cause I overheard de kunnel talkin' to de adjutant about somebody and sayin': 'He won't do foh a lieutenant, 'cause a lieutenant doan know nothin' and does everythin'; he won't do foh a captain,

'cause a captain knows everythin' and doan do nothin'; but he suttinly would make a majah, 'cause a majah doan do nothin' and doan know nothin'."—*Monetary* (Toronto) *Times.*

THE WORTH OF A MAN

A colored recruit said he intended to take out the full limit of Government insurance, $10,000. On being told by a fellow soldier that he would be foolish to pay on so much when he was likely to be shot in the trenches, he replied: "Huh! I reckon I knows what I's doin'. You-all don't s'pose Uncle Sam is gwine to put a $10,000 man in the first-line trenches, do you?"—*Boston Transcript.*

WANTED TO SEE THE ORDERS

Sergeant-Major—"Now, Private Smith, you know very well none but officers and non-commissioned officers are allowed to walk across the grass."

Private Smith—"But, Sergeant-Major, I've Captain Graham's oral orders to—"

Sergeant-Major—"None o' that, sir. Show me the captain's oral orders. Show 'em to me, sir."—*Liverpool Post.*

GENERAL GETS IN WRONG

When General O'Neill, of Allentown, first went to Spartanburg, S. C., his train was three hours late. The negro escort appointed to receive him at the station had been dismissed. The general walked. Presently he was accosted by a sentry.

"Who is you?"

"General O'Neill."

"Well, you cut the buck and go up there to headquarters to beat de debbil and see my captain and explain yosself. We's been waitin' three hours fer you."—*Los Angeles Times.*

TOLD HER WHAT TO BRING HIM

At a soldiers' hospital one of the wounded Tommies sought permission to visit the village. The matron did not think it wise to let him go, so asked him what he wanted.

"I want to get something in a shop there," he said.

"Well," she returned, "I am going to the village myself this morning, and may as well get it for you."

"Very well, ma'am," agreed the Tommy; "please bring me a haircut and a shave."—*Selected.*

KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT CARDS

A number of British recruits at Sandhurst thought they would have a little fun with the drill sergeant. They made their plan, and on the following morning when the sergeant gave the order, "Number off from the right," they did so in this manner: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, knave, queen, king."

Quick as a flash the sergeant came back, "All court cards fall out and report to the major."—*Boston Transcript.*

WHERE A GOOD SOLDIER BELONGED

At a local place of amusement a soldier in uniform arrived late, and, taking a ticket from a back seat, he went pushing along towards the higher priced seats.

"Hey, there!" shouted the manager. "Where are you going?"

"Where am I going?" repeated Tommy scornfully. "Why, where a good soldier ought to go—to the front, of course."

He was allowed to go amid much clapping.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

NO DANGER OF COLD FEET

The cheerfulness of maimed and wounded soldiers is proverbial. One evening an invalid Tommy was lying in bed in a ward of a military hospital watching a nurse distributing a number of hot-water bottles, with the view to the prevention of cold feet. When the ministering angel approached his couch he asked with a smile—

"How will you manage about mine, nurse, seeing I left one in France and the other in London?"—*Selected.*

WANTED THE MOON PUT OUT

An old Highland sergeant in one of the Scottish regiments was going his rounds one night to see that all lights were out in the barracks rooms. Coming to a room where he thought he saw a light shining, he roared out. "Pit oot that light there!"

One of the men shouted back, "It's the mune, sergeant."

Not hearing very well, the sergeant cried in return, "I dinna care what it is. Pit it out."—*Selected.*

TIT FOR TAT

A newly commissioned ensign ordered a jackie to salute him fifty times because he had neglected to salute in passing. While the performance was in progress an old navy officer noticed it and inquired the meaning. The ensign explained.

"Just one minute, lad," the old navy officer said when the jackie had completed the task, "the ensign is going to return the salutes now."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

DID NOT KNOW WHERE TO AIM

A drill sergeant was drilling the recruit squad in the use of the rifle. All went smoothly until blank cartridges were distributed. The recruits were instructed to load their pieces and stand at "ready," and then the sergeant gave the command, "Fire at will!"

Private Lunn was puzzled. He lowered his gun. "Which one is Will?" he asked.—*Selected.*

MYSTIFYING

Clear enough, is it not? It would seem that the Allies' left is trying to move around the Germans' right, but the Germans' right is also moving around the Allies' left. Now if the left of the Germans' right moves around the right of the Allies' left, then what is left of the Germans' right must be right where the Allies' left's right was right before the Allies' left, then the left is left right where the right was right before the left's right left the right's left.—*Selected.*

NOT SATISFIED

Gen. Leonard Wood said at a dinner in Washington:

"Some of the experts who write about war are so ignorant of warfare that they remind me of Mrs. Jones.

"'Good news,' said Mrs. Jones' husband, looking up from his newspaper. 'Good news, at last. The enemy's been driven back.'

"'Driven?' snorted Mrs. Jones. 'Did you say "driven," John? Huh. If it'd been me I'd 'a' made 'em walk.'"—*Selected.*

THOUGHT HE WAS THE BREAD MAN

"We had to stop our little girl answering the front-door calls."

"Why?"

"The other day when Ensign Jones came to call on our eldest daughter he was dressed in his white uniform, and when the little one opened the door and saw him she immediately called upstairs: 'Ma, how much bread do you want to-day?'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

HAD THE WRONG FOOT

"We came out of the trenches one bitterly cold night," says a soldier, "and were billeted in a barn, where we were packed like sardines in a tin. Though numb with cold, we were soon asleep. I was awakened in the night by one of our chaps trying to put his boots on. After he had been trying for a minute or two, I heard the fellow next him say: 'What the dickens are you doing?' 'Putting my boots on,' was the reply. 'Well, that's my foot, you idiot!'" —*Selected.*

NO SWORD TO SURRENDER

A story illustrative of the changes in methods of warfare comes from a soldier in France who took a German officer prisoner. The soldier said to the officer: "Give up your sword!" But the officer shook his head and answered: "I have no sword to give up. But won't my vitriol spray, my oil projector, or my gas cylinder do as well?"—*Selected.*

PLENTY OF HOSPITALITY

A soldier on leave from the front paid a hurried visit to his native town. His friends gathered round, anxious to hear his

adventures. "Did you get much hospitality in France?" asked one. "Did I!" replied the soldier. "Why, I was in hospital nearly all the time."—*Tit-Bits.*

A MISPLACED ADVERTISEMENT

On a large boarding directly overlooking the Blackburn Cemetery, where thousands of bodies are interred, the local bill-poster, with an unconscious sense of humor, has displayed a great recruiting placard, reading: "Wake up! Your king and country need you!"—*London Evening Standard.*

HALF AN IRISHMAN

In his book "From Gallipoli to Bagdad," Padre (William Ewing) tells the story of a burly Irishman brought into the field hospital suffering from many wounds.

"What are you?" asked the doctor.

"Sure, I'm half an Irishman."

"And what's the other half?"

"Holes and bandages."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

ALL ALTERED SINCE HIS DAY

The naval captain had granted a private interview with the cadet whose father had been his boyhood friend.

"Well, youngster," he said jovially, "the old story, I suppose—the fool of the family sent to sea."

"Oh, no, sir," replied the boy, "that has all been altered since your day."—*Selected.*

WHY NOT MAKE SORTIES?

"My dear, I've an idea," said old Mrs. Godart to her caller. "You know we frequently read of the soldiers making sorties. Now, why not make up a lot of those sorties and send them to the poor fellows at the front?"—*Selected.*

WHY HE WAS NOT AT THE FRONT

One of those ladies who go about asking, "Why are you not in khaki?" was passing near a farm, when she saw a man sitting milking a cow. "Why are you not at the front?" she demanded. "Why, ye see, ma'am, we get the milk at this end."—*Selected.*

NOT HIS DUTY

Recruit: "If you was to put the lid on, you wouldn't get so much dust in the soup."

Cook: "See here, me lad, your business is to serve your country."

Recruit: "Yus, but not to eat it!"—*Epworth Herald.*

DISLOCATED

Elderly lady to soldier with head swathed in bandages: "Were you wounded in the head?"

Soldier (fed up with answering questions): "No, mum, in the leg, but the bandage has slipped up." (Its Author Refuses to Acknowledge It.)—*Selected.*

THE PEOPLE WHO CHEERED

As the regiment was leaving and a crowd cheering, a recruit asked: "Who are all those people who are cheering?"

"They," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."—*Life.*

A SENTENCE

During a recent examination of enlisted men in Uncle Sam's navy, this question was asked: "Name the principal part of a sentence." The answer was: "Solitary confinement and bread and water."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

AMERICAN SOLDIERS LEARNING FRENCH

When one of Pershing's officers was asked how the boys from the U. S. were getting on with the French tongue, he replied: "Say, those Frenchmen won't know their own language when the American troops get through with it."—*Selected.*

WANTED TO GO HIMSELF

Rookie: "There's a young lady wants to entertain a soldier from this camp every Tuesday night, sir. She says she will serve cake and hot chocolate and will sing and all that. Shall I go?" Sergeant: "No. What's her address?"—*Boston Transcript.*

WHY HE DID NOT LIKE THE ARMY

"What do you think of the army as far as you have gone?" inquired a sergeant of a newly arrived recruit at camp.

"I may like it after a while, but just now I think there is too much drilling and fussing around between meals," was the reply.—*Tit-Bits.*

THOUGHT IT WAS THE NOON WHISTLE

Sergeant—"'Ey, there! Where are you going?" The Absent-Minded Beggar (who had climbed out of the trench)—"Oh, Jiminy! When that bloomin' shell w'stled over'ead Hi thot it was twelve o'clock."—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

HAD BEEN GASSED TWICE

First Doughboy (from overseas): "What do you think of these canteen cigarettes?" Second Doughboy (from overseas): "I don't mind them. You see, I was gassed twice."—*Selected.*

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

Sympathetic Friend: "How do you feel now, Ed?" Seasick Soldier: "Don't ask me; but if you know anybody that wants the freedom of the seas, tell him he can have it. I have no use for it."—*Selected.*

RIGHT AT LAST

Drill Sergeant (after worrying Brown for about two hours). —"Right about face."

Brown—"Thank goodness! I'm right about something at last!"—*Christian Intelligencer.*

DIDN'T CATCH HIS NAME

Examining Admiral (to naval candidate): "Now mention three great admirals."

Candidate: "Drake, Nelson, and—I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't quite catch your name."—*Selected.*

WHY HE JOINED THE INFANTRY

"Yes, I'se registud all right, and I'se already concreted; whot you gonna join, de infamy or de calvary?" "No calvary for me, I'se goin' in dat infamy. When de genrul sound de word 'Retreat,' dis nigger don't wan' to be bothered with no hoss."—*Christian Register.*

HE COULD NOT FLY

Sammy.—"How far is it to the camp?"

Native.—"About five miles as the crow flies."

Sammy.—"Well, how far is it if the crow has to walk and carry a rifle and kitbag?"—*Selected.*

DEMOCRACY IN THE ARMY

Sergeant Instructor: "What's yer name?"

Sir Angelo Frampington, R. A.: "Frampington."

Sergeant: "Well, 'old yer 'ead up, Frampington."—*Punch.*

METHUSELAH ABOVE DRAFT AGE

"Don't talk to me about Methuselah," exclaimed the army man. "I never heard anything against him."

"Well, I have my suspicions that he reported his age as high as possible to make sure of being beyond the draft limit."—*Washington Star.*

NOT COFFEE, BUT SOUP

Second-Class Scout: "It would be all right if the cook would admit it is soup. He insists it is coffee."—*Selected.*

THEIR FORTUNE MADE

Two young Irishmen in a Canadian regiment were going into the trenches for the first time, and their captain promised them five shillings each for every German they killed.

Pat lay down to rest, while Mick performed the duty of watching. Pat had not lain long when he was awakened by Mick shouting:

"They're comin'! They're comin'!"

"Who's comin'?" shouts Pat.

"The Germans," replies Mick.

"How many are there?"

"About 50,000."

"Begorra," shouts Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"—*Selected.*

CENSORED

The British newspaper fraternity loses no opportunity to hammer at the restrictions and excesses of the censorship. The latest skit runs somewhat as follows: "Cannon to the left of them, cannon to the right of them, cannon behind them, volleyed and thundered." So quoted the enthusiastic war correspondent. But the censor cut out this passage. "Can't be giving away the positions of our artillery," commented he, sagely.—*The Argonaut.*

OBSERVED THE GENERAL'S ORDERS

Pat was unmercifully laughed at for his cowardice by the whole regiment, but he was equal to the occasion.

"Run, is it?" he repeated, scornfully. "Faith, an' I did nayther. I just observed the gineral's express orders. He told us to 'Shtrike for home and your country,' and I shtruck for home. Them that shtruck for their country is there yet."—*The United Presbyterian.*

HE HEARD IT BEFORE

Captain—"Your rank, sir?"

Rookie—"Don't rub it in, cap! That's just what the sergeant told me."—*Record.*

STEALING

WHY HE GAVE HIM THE HAT

A well-known judge dined recently at a West End hotel, where the man who takes care of the hats is celebrated for his memory about the ownership of headgear.

"How do you know that is my hat?" the judge asked, as his silk hat was presented to him.

"I don't know it, sir," said the man.

"Then why do you give it to me?" insisted the bewildered judge.

"Because you gave it to me, sir," replied the man, without moving a muscle of his face.—*Tit-Bits.*

HAD NOTHING TO FEAR

The town council of a small Scotch community met to inspect a site for a new hall. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day a member suggested that they should leave their coats there. "Some one can stay behind and watch them," suggested another. "What for?" demanded a third. "If we are all going out together, what need is there for any one to watch the clothes?" —*Tit-Bits.*

DIDN'T LEAVE MUCH

A housekeeper, going from home for the day locked everything up, and, for the grocer's benefit, wrote on a card:

"All out. Don't leave anything."

This she stuck under the knocker of the front door. On her return she found her house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added:

"Thanks. We haven't left much."—*Selected.*

COULD RUN FAST

A man left his umbrella in a rack with a card attached, reading as follows: "The owner of this umbrella weighs two hundred and forty pounds and strikes a blow like a sledge hammer."

Another man took the umbrella, leaving the card, after writing on the reverse side, "The man who took this umbrella can run a mile in four minutes and he is not coming back."—*The Presbyterian Banner.*

APRIL SHOWERS

The rain falls down when it gets ready
  Upon the just and the unjust fella.
It falls upon the just the most
  For the unjust has the just's umbrella.

—*Selected.*

ONLY THING HE WOULDN'T TAKE

Subbubs—"I heard that your last servant was a regular thief."

Hubbubs—"Well, I wouldn't use so harsh a word, but I will say that the only thing we could leave around him with any safety was a bath."—*Indianapolis Star.*

HAD IT LONG ENOUGH

"It tells here of a Missouri man who has an umbrella that has been in his possession for twenty years," said Smith.

"Well, that's long enough," replied Jones. "He ought to return it."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE UMBRELLA TEST

"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin," said the admiring friend. "I never thought much of the pin test," answered Miss Cayenne. "Try him with an umbrella!"—*Philadelpia Inquirer.*

IT REMINDED HIM

A colored preacher was vehemently denouncing the sins of his congregation. "Bredern an' sistern, Ah warns yo' 'gainst de heinous sin ob shootin' craps! Ah charges yo' 'gainst de black rascality ob liftin' pullets. But, above all else, bredern an' sistern, Ah demolishes yo' 'gainst de crime ob melon-stealin'."

A brother in the back seat made an odd sound with his lips, rose and snapped his fingers. Then he sat down again with an abashed look.

"Whuffo, mah fren'," said the parson, sternly, "does yo' r'ar up an' snap yo' fingahs when Ah speaks ob melon-stealin'?"

"Yo' jes' remin's me, parson," the man in the back seat answered, meekly, "whar Ah lef' mah knife."—*Selected.*

STENOGRAPHERS

SHE KNEW HOW TO SPELL

"What did you learn at the school?" the boss asked the fair young applicant for the stenographer's job.

"I learned," she replied, "that spelling is essential to a stenographer."

The boss chuckled.

"Good. Now let me hear you spell 'essential.'"

The fair girl hesitated for the fraction of a second.

"There are three ways," she replied. "Which do you prefer?"

And she got the job.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE MAYOR WORKED IN HER OFFICE

A small boy, who afterward proved to be a nephew of one of the mayor's stenographers, was wandering about in the city hall when one of the officials there happened upon him.

"Well, sonny," inquired the man genially, "for whom are you looking?"

"For my Aunt Kate."

"Can't you find her?"

"I can't seem to."

"And don't you know where she is?"

"Not exactly. She's in here somewhere, though, and I know that the mayor works in her office."—*Harper's Magazine.*

WORTH HER WAGES

"Look here," said the head of the firm, addressing the new stenographer, "this letter is all wrong. Your punctuation is very bad and your spelling is worse. I can't afford to send out any such stuff to my clients." "Well," she snapped, "I'm sorry if my work doesn't suit; but did you expect to get a Mrs. Noah Webster for $13 a week?"—*Selected.*

OUTCLASSED HIM IN SPELLING

"You seem to stand in awe of your new stenographer."

"Yes," said the self-made man. "She got the upper hand of me before she had been here a day."

"How did that happen?"

"She discovered that I was not in her class as a speller."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

ON HER NERVES

While in a certain government office recently Sir Evan Jones, the British transport chairman, overheard the following dialogue between two fair typewriter tappers: "Isn't it terrible the way we have to work these days?" "Rather! Why, I typed so many letters yesterday that last night I finished my prayers with 'Yours truly.'"—*Vancouver* (B. C.) *Province.*

WOMEN STENOGRAPHERS NOT ALLOWED

"Would you permit your husband to have a woman typewriter?"

"I should say not. I was his typewriter once myself."—*Selected.*

SWEDISH HUMOR

HAD A BROTHER THERE

Mrs. Erwin was showing Selma, the new Swedish maid, "the ropes."

"This," said Mrs. Erwin, "is my son's room. He is in Yale."

"Ya?" Selma's face lit up with sympathetic understanding. "My brudder ban there too."

"Is that so? What year?"

"Ach! he ban got no *year!* He ban punch a man in the eye, and the yoodge say, 'You Axel, sixty days in yail'!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

HAD HUNTED LONG ENOUGH

A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office and asked for a license.

"What kind of a license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?"

"No," was the answer. "Aye tank aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want marriage license."—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

COOKING THE FLAT-IRON

It was Tuesday morning. The clothes had been washed, dried, and folded, and common sense pointed to the fact that it was ironing day; but cautious Scandinavian Tillie, the new maid, wished to make no mistake. Before committing herself she said appealingly. "Meesis, I skuld like to speak something." "What is it, Tillie?" "Skal I cook some flat-iron?" asked Tillie, earnestly.—*Youth's Companion.*

TALKING MACHINES

BROKE TOO MANY RECORDS

Freshman (in awed voice).—"See that big fellow over there? He broke three records last week."

Sweet Young Thing—"Mercy, I wouldn't let him run the Victrola."—*Penn Froth.*

STOLE A MARCH ON THEM

"I can't find that record by Sousa's band; do you know what became of it?"

"No! I guess somebody stole a march on us."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

TEACHERS

KNIGHTED HIMSELF

When Sir Edward Elgar, the famous English composer, was a small boy he made a curious prophecy about himself. On making his first appearance at school the master asked him kindly to tell his name. "Edward Elgar," said the future great. The master thought that the boy spoke too brusquely. "Add the word 'sir'!" he commanded sternly; and the knight-to-be said gravely, "Sir Edward Elgar."—*Selected.*

THE MEANING OF MORAL SUASION

Old Gentleman.—"Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"

Little Boy.—"Never. We have moral suasion at our school."

"What's that?"

"Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all."—*Selected.*

TROUBLE AVOIDED

The bad boy wrote on the blackboard: "Our teacher is a donkey." The other boys anticipated ructions when the schoolmaster arrived, but there were none. He merely wrote the word "driver" after "donkey," and the school opened as usual.—*Selected.*

NAMED IT BY ACCIDENT

Country School-teacher.—"Now, Johnny, can you name a cape in Alaska?"

Johnny (stumped)—"No'm."

Teacher.—"Nome; that's right, Johnny. Now, next boy name another."—*Boston Transcript.*

KNEW BETTER THAN THE TEACHER

"I is—" began Tommy.

"I am, not I is," corrected the teacher, promptly.

"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," Tommy went on.—*Selected.*

SPECIAL REQUEST

"Please, teacher, mother says can Albert David sit by 'isself this mornin', 'cos 'e's got a touch o' the measles?"—*Punch.*

GLAD HE WAS EARLY OF LATE

Rev. George Stuart, the famous Southern evangelist, tells the story of a boy who was in the habit of always coming late to school, much to the annoyance of his teacher.

This habitually tardy pupil began to amend his ways and for several mornings was actually early at school. One morning, much to the surprise of his teacher, he was the first pupil to arrive at school. The teacher was very much pleased, and said to him: "I have noticed that you have been coming early of late, and I am glad to see that you are first at last as you have always been behind before."

TELEPHONES

SALUTING THE TELEPHONE

There was a case in the newspapers recently in which it was mentioned that an officer, who rang up the War Office on one occasion, stood at attention and clicked his heels as if addressing a superior officer when his telephone call was answered.

This was no doubt force of habit, of which the telephone provides some remarkable instances. A clerk in a certain city office was leaving the building the other day, when he was called to the telephone. Immediately he took up the receiver, and heard the voice at the other end of the wire; he raised his hat in the best style, and spluttered out a "Yes, sir!" When the conversation ended he again raised his hat.

He had been talking to the "boss."

Another man in the city, who is famous for his gesticulation when holding conversation, was one day attempting to convince a customer on the telephone of the advantage of something or another.

Presently he began waving his free arm, thumping the desk and working his mouth and face like India rubber. Still making no progress, he put the receiver down, so that both hands were free, and, standing before the telephone, went on as if he were addressing a street-corner meeting.

When he had "run down" he realized that he had not had the

receiver to his ear to listen to the other man. He picked up the instrument, but the customer had gone.—*Kansas City Journal.*

THE OLD, OLD STORY

"Num————ber, pleeeeseee."

"Main 2332."

"M—a—i—n threeeeeeeee twoooooooo threeeeeeeee twoooooo-ooo."

"I will ring them a gain."

"I will ring them a gain."

"I will ring them a gain."

"Re peat your num ber and I will ring them again."

"Main 2332."

"M—a—i—n threeeeeeeee twoooooooo threeeeeeeee twoooooo-ooo."

"The line is biz zeeeeeeeeeeee."—*Detroit Times.*

SHE DID NOT KNOW

The telephone rang and the new maid answered it.

"Hello!" came from the receiver.

"Hello!" answered the girl timidly.

"Who is this?" again came the voice.

"I don't know who it is," said the girl. "I can't see you."—*Selected.*

IT WAS A CALLING

"How would you classify a telephone girl?" asked the old fogy. "Is hers a business or a profession?" "Neither," replied his friend. "It's a calling."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

WIRE BUSY

Two telephone girls in different country exchanges were having a chat over the wires on the subject of dress. For four minutes, five minutes, ten minutes, the topic held their attention, and was still unexhausted when an impertinent, impatient, imperative masculine voice broke up the conversational meeting.

"Are you there?" the voice yelled. "Are you there? Halloa! Ah, at last! Who is that speaking?"

"What line d'you think you're on?" demanded one of the girls, indignant and annoyed.

"Really," came the weary reply, "I don't know, but from the discussion that's going on I should think I'm on the clothes line." —*Tit-Bits.*

TELEPHONES AND FISHING

"I believe," said the impatient man, as he put aside the telephone, "that I'll go fishing." "Didn't know you cared for fishing." "I don't, ordinarily, but it's the only chance I have of finding myself at the end of a line that isn't busy."—*Selected.*

WHY SHE WAS MISUNDERSTOOD

"No one understands me."

"That's not to be wondered at, girlie. Your mother was a telephone girl before she married and your father was a train announcer."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

WANTED ANOTHER NUMBER

Indignant Party—"Hello, Central! Can you suggest the wrong number to ask for in order to get 6380 Franklin?"—*Judge.*

TEMPERANCE

COULD SEE THE SNAKES

"The Germans," said a congressman, "still talk solemnly to one another about their defensive war which the Allies thrust upon them.

"They remind me of two pallid, wild-eyed men in a barroom.

"'I've been very sick,' said the first man, and he shuddered. 'I had snakes all over me.'

"The second man looked at his friend and then he, too, shuddered.

"'Why, pardner, you're still sick. I can see them crawling all over you now!'"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

GOT A VERDICT OF NOT GUILTY

Pat O'Flaherty, very palpably not a Prohibitionist, was arrested in Arizona recently charged with selling liquor in violation of the Prohibition law. But Pat had an impregnable defense. His counsel, in addressing the jury, said: "Your Honor, gentlemen of the jury, look at the defendant." A dramatic pause, then: "Now, gentlemen of the jury, do you honestly think that if the defendant had a quart of whisky he would sell it?" The verdict, reached in one minute, was "Not guilty."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

NOT THE LIQUOR COMPANY

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

A clergyman took down the receiver and placed it to his ear.

"Is that the Dickel Liquor Company?" a woman asked.

The clergyman recognized the voice as that of one of his parishioners.

"No," he replied in stern reproof; "it is your rector."

Was there a dull thud?

No.

"Indeed," said the lady, quick as a flash, "and pray what are you doing there?"—*Hopkinsville New Era.*

HIS FACE LIKE A GAS-METER

The Vicar: "I'm afraid, Smith, you're becoming a hard drinker."

Smith: "There you goes, sir, judgin' by appearances. W'y, I 'ardly do two glasses a week."

The Vicar: "Well, Smith, your face must be like my gas-meter. It registers more than it consumes."—*Passing Show.*

RAGS AND BOTTLES

"Rags and bottles! Rags and bottles!" called the ragman.

"Why do you put those two words together?" asked a passerby.

"Because, sir," was the ragman's courteous reply, "wherever you find many bottles, you find the rags."—*Selected.*

AN EXTREME TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

"Briggs seems to be a temperance crank of the extremist kind." "I should say he is! Why, he won't have anything to do with stocks because they frequently take a drop."—*Boston Transcript.*

GONE OUT OF LIQUIDATION

Because of legislative menace, a Chicago distiller has gone into liquidation. In other words, he has gone out of liquidation.—*Selected.*

DRINKING WAS HIS BUSINESS

Lawyer—"Do you drink?"

Witness (quite huffy)—"That's my business."

Lawyer—"Have you any other business?"—*Widow.*

"DRY" HUMOR

This generation may miss the booze; the next will wonder what it was.—*Baltimore American.*

The shipwrecked sailor of the future may not be so keen about reaching dry land.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

It is going to take hard work for some people to take to soft drinking.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Certainly it must be that this country is under a dry moon. But, ah, there's the moonshine.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The distillers might turn some of their plants into Orphans' Homes. They are responsible for lots of them.—*Philadelphia Junior.*

Just think of the footnotes that will be necessary to make most of Bobby Burns' verse intelligible to coming generations.—*Manchester Union.*

The Sahara desert at one time was the largest dry area on earth.—*Detroit News.*

There, little brewery, don't you cry; you'll grind sausages by and by.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

A lot of women are going to regret Prohibition, the way it will lead to their husbands' staying around home.—*New York Sun.*

THE JUDGE WAS RIGHT

Magistrate: "Well, Uncle Rastus, what brought you here?"

Uncle Rastus: "Dem two big perlicemen by de railin', yo' honor."

Magistrate: "Yes, but didn't liquor have anything to do with it?"

Uncle Rastus: "Yessah! day wuz bofe drunk, yo' honor."—*Selected.*

KNEW THE EFFECTS

Judge Ben B. Lindsey was lunching one very hot day, when a politician paused beside his table. "Judge," said he, "I see you're drinking coffee. That's a heating drink. Did you ever try gin and ginger ale?" "No," said the Judge, smiling, "but I have tried several fellows who did."—*Selected.*

A TEMPERANCE CRANK

"She seems a positive crank on the subject of temperance." "A crank? I should say so! Why, that woman refuses to entertain a doubt because she says doubts are so often dissipated."—*Selected.*

WEATHER

ONE ON THE WEATHER

Six kinds of weather:

Jan.
  Freezes!
Feb.
  Wheezes!
March
  Breezes!
Apr.
  Sneezes!
May
  Eases!
June
  Pleases!—*New York Sun.*

A WARM DAY

"It's a very warm day," observed Billy,
"I hope that you won't think it silly
If I say that this heat
Makes me think 'twould be sweet
If one were a coolie in Chile!"—*Selected.*

THE WEATHER FORECAST

Mistress—Well, Cooper, what is the weather to be like?

Gardener—Well, mum, I dunno; but the paper do say, "Forecast."—Selected.

WEDDINGS

GIVING AWAY HIS DAUGHTER

A minister, like his father before him, had often officiated at marriage ceremonies, but this was his first experience at giving away the bride.

He was in a devout mood; his church was small, his salary meager and his family numerous. This daughter had been especially expensive.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" droned the preacher.

Gently the father placed the slender hand of the bride in that of the embarrassed groom.

"Take her, my boy," he exclaimed, his face aglow. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

WANTED A DUPLICATE PRESENT

Bride-to-Be: "I hope, dear, we won't get any duplicate wedding presents."

Groom-to-Be: "Oh, I don't know. Dad's promised us a $5,000 check, and I wouldn't mind getting a duplicate from your father." —*Boston Transcript.*

IT WAS DURING THE WAR

"Any old shoes thrown at the wedding last night?"

"No; the people were saving them for farmwork."

"Any rice?"

"What! With foodstuffs so high?"

"Confetti, then?"

"Say! I guess you don't know how paper has gone up."—*Boston Transcript.*

A DEAR FRIEND

Clerk—"I'd like to get a week off, sir, to attend the wedding of a friend."

Employer—"A very dear friend, I should say, to make you want that much time."

Clerk—"Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife."—*Boston Transcript.*

INSTEAD OF CASH

A young couple went to a minister's house to get married. After the ceremony the bridegroom drew the clergyman aside and said in a whisper, "I'm sorry I have no money to pay your fee, but if you'll take me down into the cellar I'll show you how to fix your gas meter so that it won't register."—*Argonaut.*

SHE TOLD THE TRUTH

Parson—"Do you, Liza, take Rastus for bettah or for wuss?"

Bride—"Well, if Ah got to tell the truth, pahson, Ah'm takin' him 'cause he's de fust man what eveh axed me."—*Boston Transcript.*

HE WAS FLUSTERED

Maud—"The young clergyman who performed the ceremony seemed dreadfully flustered."

Ethel—"Mercy, yes! Why, he kissed the bridegroom and shook hands with the bride."—*Selected.*

WISDOM

ORIGINS

Who first discovered two and two make four?
  That greater things include the less?
That two right angles mixed together score
  A straight line—who first made that guess?

I stand aghast before such wizardry:
  What ever put it in the first
Man's head to rip up a hyperbole
  And square the segments thus disbursed?

But pioneer of all who dared to fling
  Their compasses athwart the lid
Of holy parallelopiped, sing
  I most adoring, O Euclid!

—*Stanley K. Wilson, in New York Sun.*

WHAT CAUSES THE TIDES

"Uncle Joe," some one asked, "do you know what causes the tides?" The old man admitted he did. After some urging he explained: "You've turned over in bed, I think likely?" "Certainly." "And when you went over, the bedclothes kind o' slipped round and sloshed round, and didn't get there at the same time you did?" "Yes." "Wal, that's the way of the tides. The old world slips round inside of the sea like a man under the bedclothes, and that's what makes the tides. It's easy enough after you understand it."—*Brooklyn Times.*

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

DID NOT CARE TO VOTE

A farmer's wife in Connecticut, hurrying from milking the cows to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the churn, from the churn to the woodshed, and back to the kitchen stove, was asked if she wanted to vote. She vehemently replied:

"No, I certainly do not. I say now, if there's one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for heaven's sake let 'em do it."—*Argonaut.*

WOMEN AND POLITICS

"I try to think," said Benham, "that woman is the equal of man and as well qualified to take part in political life; but it sort of jars that belief to get the reply I did this morning from my wife when I remarked, on reading the returns, that Bingham ran ahead of his ticket, and she innocently inquired, 'What was his hurry?'"—*Judge.*

DID NOT VOTE LIKE A MAN

"I told Henrietta that I was proud to see her vote just like a man," said Mr. Meekton.

"Did that please her?"

"No. The choice of phrase was unfortunate. She said that if she couldn't use better judgment than a man there would have been no need of her troubling about the vote in the first place."—*Sketch.*

THOUGHT HE WAS BRAGGING

"My dear lady, I go further than believing in woman suffrage; I maintain that man and women are equal in every way."

"Oh, Professor! Now you're bragging."—*Life.*

WORK

CAN'T DREAM LONG

I love to sit and dream in fall
Romantic things
Of creepers crimson on the wall
And grapevine swings.

Prosaic problems I abhor,
But bless my soul
I must get out and hustle for
My winter coal.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

DID NOT DESERVE A RAISE

A young fellow over at the City Hall asked his boss for a raise the other day. The boss told him he didn't deserve a raise, because he hadn't done any work at all last year. And he proved it like this:

"There were 365 days last year. You slept eight hours each day, or 122 days. That leaves 243 days. You rested eight hours a day,

or another 122 days, leaving 121 days. Fifty-two Sundays you didn't work, leaving 69 days. You had an hour and a half each day for for lunch, a total of 23 days, leaving 46 days. You got half a day off each Saturday, or 26 days, leaving 20 days. You got two weeks' vacation each day, leaving 6 days. These 6 days were New Year's Day, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. The office was closed on all of them—so you didn't work at all."—*Selected.*

THE CLOTHES DID IT

Bill was reading the paper instead of washing the windows of the hotel when the manager looked in. "What's this?" he said. "Pack up your things, and go." So poor Bill drew his money, went upstairs, and put on his good clothes. Coming down he met the manager, who did not recognize him in his black coat. "Do you want a job?" asked he. "Yes, sir," said Bill. "Can you clean windows?" "Yes, sir." "You look a handy sort of fellow." "Thank you, sir," said Bill; and in half an hour he was back in the same old room earning two dollars a week more than before—but cleaning the window this time, and not reading the paper.—*Collier's Weekly.*

A CURE FOR INSOMNIA

"How did you cure yourself of insomnia?" "I left a lot of my day's work unfinished and tried to stay awake and do it at night."—*Selected.*

IT LOOKED SUSPICIOUS

Belle—"He said he was a millionaire's son, and I find he is working for $10 a week."

Ida—"That looks suspicious! A millionaire's son couldn't get over $5."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

YANKEE HUMOR

JOSH BILLINGS' SAYINGS

A true friend iz one who ain't afraid to tell yu ov yure falts.

A good deal ov buty, and a good deal ov sense are seldom found together.

He who expekts to be praised every time he duz a virtewous thing will soon git tired ov the bizzness.

I think it iz good taste, and also good judgment, when a man prays for the sin ov the people, that he should count himself in.

He who ellevates hiz profeshun iz the best mechanik, whether he preaches the gospel, peddles phisiks, or skins eels for a living.—*Selected.*

STROPPING ITSELF

When the train stopped at the little Southern station, the tourist from the North sauntered out and gazed curiously at a lean animal with scraggy bristles which was rubbing itself against a scrub-oak.

"What do you call that?" he asked curiously of a native.

"Razorback hawg, suh."

"What is he doing rubbing himself against that tree?"

"He's stropping hisself, suh, just stropping hisself."—*Selected.*

ONE BETTER

An English lord, who had just arrived from England, was talking to an American Boy Scout. "My grandfather," he said, "was a very great man. One day Queen Victoria touched his shoulder with a sword and made him a lord."

"Aw, that's nothin'," the Boy Scout replied. "One day Red Wing, an Indian, touched my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel."—*Boys' Life.*

AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE

Stranger: "How far is it from here to Swamptown?" Native: "Just nine miles." "How far is it from Swamptown to this place?" "Don't you know that it is as far from one place to another as it is from that place back?" "Oh, I don't know; it is a lot farther from New Year's to Christmas than it is from Christmas to New Year's."—*Selected.*

BLEW THAT WAY ONLY SIX MONTHS

Tourist (getting off the train in Oklahoma and holding on desperately to his hat)—"Phew! Does the wind always blow this way out here?"

Native (solemnly)—"Naw, indeed. It blows this way for six months o' the year, and then it turns round and blows the other way."—*Selected.*

IN FLY TIME

"What're ye comin' home with your milk pail empty for?" demanded the old farmer, irritably. "Didn't the old cow give anything?"

"Yep," replied the chore boy, "nine quarts and a kick!"—*Selected.*

A WINNER

"The man who can smile when he feels like cussing has the qualities of a winner."—*Kern.*

THE END

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